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THOMAS CARLYLE.

Thomas Carlyle, a distinguished Scottish essayist and historian, born at Ecclefechan, Scotland, Dec. 4, 1795; died in London, Feb. 4, 1881. Thomas was sent at the age of fourteen to the University of Edinburgh. He was already fairly grounded in Latin, and mathematics, and read French with facility. Having completed his four years' course at the University, he was for two years mathematical tutor at Annan, then for two years more master of a new school at Kirkcaldy. In 1818 Carlyle went back to Edinburgh, and devoted himself to literary work. He married Jane Welsh in October, 1826, he being thirty-one and she six years younger. For a year and a half they lived at Comely Bank, in the suburbs of Edinburgh; then for some six years at Craigenputtock, a wild moorland farm, then in 1834 they went to London, and took a modest house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, then a suburb of the great city, but now almost in its very heart. This house was their home through the ensuing thirty years during which Jane Carlyle lived, and that of Thomas Carlyle for the fifteen years more during which he survived her.

Early in 1881 it became evident that the end was rapidly approaching. His power of speech failed him on the evening of the 4th of February; and he passed quietly away the next morning, at the age of eighty-five years and two months.

His works, as published, are: "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," a translation (1824); "Legendre's Elements of Geometry and Trigonometry," a translation (1824); "Life of Schiller" (1825); "German Romance," translations from Tieck, Musäus, Richter, etc. (1827); "Sartor Resartus" (first edition in book form, Boston, 1835; second, London, 1838); "The French Revolution" (1837); "Chartism" (1839); "Heroes, Hero Worship, and the Heroic in History" (1841); "Past and Present" (1843); "Life and Letters of Oliver Cromwell" (1845); "Latter-Day Pamphlets" (1850); "Life of Sterling" (1851); "Friedrich II." (1858–1865); "Inaugural Address at Edinburgh" (1866); "Reminiscences of my Irish Journey in 1849" (1882); "Last Words of Thomas Carlyle" (1882). He wrote also innumerable magazine articles, still uncollected.

The Procession.

(From "The French Revolution.")

On the first Saturday of May, it is gala at Versailles; and Monday, fourth of the month, is to be a still greater day. The Deputies have mostly got thither, and sought out lodgings; and are now successively, in long, well-ushered files, kissing the hand of Majesty in the Château. Supreme Usher de Brézé does not give the highest satisfaction: we cannot but observe that in ushering Noblesse or Clergy into the anointed Presence, he liberally opens *both* his folding-doors; and on the other hand, for members of the Third Estate opens only one! However, there is room to enter; Majesty has smiles for all.

The good Louis welcomes his Honorable Members, with smiles of hope. He has prepared for them the Hall of *Menus*, the largest near him; and often surveyed the workmen as they went on. A spacious Hall: with raised platform for Throne, Court and Blood-royal; space for six hundred Commons Deputies in front; for half as many Clergy on this hand, and half as many Noblesse on that. It has lofty galleries; wherefrom dames of honor, splendent in *gaze d'or;* foreign Diplomacies, and other gilt-edged white-frilled individuals, to the number of two thousand, — may sit and look. Broad passages flow through it; and, outside the inner wall, all round it. There are committee-rooms, guard-rooms, robing-rooms: really a noble Hall; where upholstery, aided by the subject fine-arts, has done its best; and crimson tasseled cloths, and emblematic *fleurs-de-lys* are not wanting.

The Hall is ready: the very costume, as we said, has been settled; and the Commons are *not* to wear that hated slouch-hat (*chapeau clabaud*), but one not quite so slouched (*chapeau rabattu*). As for their manner of *working*, when all dressed for their "voting by head or by order" and the rest, — this, which it were perhaps still time to settle, and in a few hours will be no longer time, remains unsettled; hangs dubious in the breast of Twelve Hundred men.

But now finally the Sun, on Monday the 4th of May, has risen; — unconcerned, as if it were no special day. And yet, as his first rays could strike music from the Memnon's Statue on the Nile, what tones were these, so thrilling, tremulous, of preparation and foreboding, which he awoke in every bosom at

THOMAS CARLYLE

Versailles! Huge Paris, in all conceivable and inconceivable vehicles, is pouring itself forth; from each Town and Village come subsidiary rills: Versailles is a very sea of men. But above all, from the Church of St. Louis to the Church of Notre-Dame: one vast suspended billow of life, — with *spray* scattered even to the chimney-tops! For on chimney-tops too, as over the roofs, and up thitherwards on every lamp-iron, signpost, break-neck coign of vantage, sits patriotic Courage; and every window bursts with patriotic Beauty: for the Deputies are gathering at St. Louis Church; to march in procession to Notre-Dame, and hear sermon.

Yes, friends, ye may sit and look: bodily or in thought, all France, and all Europe, may sit and look; for it is a day like few others. Oh, one might weep like Xerxes: — So many serried rows sit perched there; like winged creatures, alighted out of Heaven: all these, and so many more that follow them, shall have wholly fled aloft again, vanishing into the blue Deep; and the memory of this day still be fresh. It is the baptism-day of Democracy; sick Time has given it birth, the numbered months being run. The extreme-unction day of Feudalism! A superannuated System of Society, decrepit with toils (for has it not done much; produced *you*, and what ye have and know!) — and with thefts and brawls, named glorious victories; and with profligacies, sensualities, and on the whole with dotage and senility, — is now to die: and so, with death-throes and birth-throes a new one is to be born. What a work, O Earth and Heavens, what a work! Battles and bloodshed, September Massacres, Bridges of Lodi, retreats of Moscow, Waterloos, Peterloos, Tenpound Franchises, Tarbarrels and Guillotines; — and from this present date, if one might prophesy, some two centuries of it still to fight! Two centuries; hardly less; before Democracy go through its due, most baleful, stages of *Quack*ocracy; and a pestilential World be burnt up, and have begun to grow green and young again.

Rejoice nevertheless, ye Versailles multitudes; to you, from whom all this is hid, the glorious end of it is visible. This day, sentence of death is pronounced on Shams; judgment of resuscitation, were it but afar off, is pronounced on Realities. This day it is declared aloud, as with a Doom-trumpet, that *a Lie is unbelievable*. Believe that, stand by that, if more there be not; and let what thing or things soever will follow it follow. "Ye can no other; God be your help!" So spake

a greater than any of you; opening *his* Chapter of World-History.

Behold, however! The doors of St. Louis Church flung wide; and the Procession of Processions advancing towards Notre-Dame! Shouts rend the air; one shout, at which Grecian birds might drop dead. It is indeed a stately, solemn sight. The Elected of France, and then the Court of France; they are marshaled and march there, all in prescribed place and costume. Our Commons "in plain black mantle and white cravat;" Noblesse, in gold-worked, bright-dyed cloaks of velvet, resplendent, rustling with laces, waving with plumes; the Clergy in rochet, alb, or other best *pontificalibus;* lastly comes the King himself, and King's Household, also in their brightest blaze of pomp, — their brightest and final one. Some Fourteen Hundred Men blown together from all winds, on the deepest errand.

Yes, in that silent marching mass there lies futurity enough. No symbolic Ark, like the old Hebrews, do these men bear: yet with them too is a Covenant; they too preside at a new Era in the History of Men. The whole Future is there, and Destiny dim-brooding over it; in the hearts and unshaped thoughts of these men, it lies illegible, inevitable. Singular to think: *they* have it in them; yet not they, not mortal, only the Eye above can read it, — as it shall unfold itself, in fire and thunder, of siege, and field artillery; in the rustling of battle-banners, the tramp of hosts, in the glow of burning cities, the shriek of strangled nations! Such things lie hidden, safe-wrapt in this Fourth day of May; — say rather, had lain in some other unknown day, of which this latter is the public fruit and outcome. As indeed what wonders lie in every Day, — had we the sight, as happily we have not, to decipher it: for is not every meanest Day "the conflux of two Eternities!"

Meanwhile, suppose we too, good Reader, should, as now without miracle Muse Clio enables us, — take *our* station also on some coign of vantage; and glance momentarily over this Procession, and this Life-sea; with far other eyes than the rest do, — namely with prophetic? We can mount, and stand there, without fear of falling.

As for the Life-sea, or on-looking unnumbered Multitude, it is unfortunately all too dim. Yet as we gaze fixedly, do not nameless Figures not a few, which shall not always be nameless,

disclose themselves; visible or presumable there! Young Baroness de Staël — she evidently looks from a window; among older honorable women.[1] Her father is Minister, and one of the gala personages; to his own eyes the chief one. Young spiritual Amazon, thy rest is not there; nor thy loved Father's: "as Malebranche saw all things in God, so M. Necker sees all things in Necker," — a theorem that will not hold.

But where is the brown-locked, light-behaved, fire-hearted Demoiselle Théroigne? Brown eloquent Beauty; who, with thy winged words and glances, shalt thrill rough bosoms, whole steel battalions, and persuade an Austrian Kaiser, — pike and helm lie provided for thee in due season; and, alas, also strait-waistcoat and long lodging in the Salpêtrière! Better hadst thou stayed in native Luxemburg, and been the mother of some brave man's children: but it was not thy task, it was not thy lot.

Of the rougher sex how, without tongue, or hundred tongues, of iron, enumerate the notabilities! Has not Marquis Valadi hastily quitted his Quaker broadbrim; his Pythagorean Greek in Wapping, and the city of Glasgow?[2] De Morande from his *Courrier de l'Europe;* Linguet from his *Annales*, they looked eager through the London fog, and became Ex-Editors, — that they might feed the guillotine, and have their due. Does Louvet (of *Faublas*) stand a-tiptoe? And Brissot, hight De Warville, friend of the Blacks? He, with Marquis Condorcet, and Clavière the Genevese "have created the *Moniteur* Newspaper," or are about creating it. Able Editors must give account of such a day.

Or seest thou with any distinctness, low down probably, not in places of honor, a Stanislas Maillard, riding-tipstaff (*huissier à Cheval*) of the Châtelet; one of the shiftiest of men? A Captain Hulin of Geneva, Captain Elie of the Queen's Regiment; both with an air of half-pay? Jourdan, with tile-colored whiskers, not yet with tile-beard; an unjust dealer in mules? He shall be, in few months, Jourdan the Headsman, and have other work.

Surely also, in some place not of honor, stands or sprawls up querulous, that he too, though short, may see, — one squalidest

[1] Madame de Staël: *Considérations sur la Révolution Française* (London, 1818), i. 114–191.

[2] *Founders of the French Republic* (London, 1798), § Valadi.

bleared mortal, redolent of soot and horse-drugs: Jean Paul Marat of Neuchâtel! O Marat, Renovator of Human Science, Lecturer on Optics; O thou remarkablest Horseleech, once in D'Artois' Stables, — as thy bleared soul looks forth, through thy bleared, dull-acrid, woe-stricken face, what sees it in all this? Any faintest light of hope; like dayspring after Nova-Zembla night? Or is it but *blue* sulphur-light, and specters; woe, suspicion, revenge without end?

Of Draper Lecointre, how he shut his cloth-shop hard by, and stepped forth, one need hardly speak. Nor of Santerre, the sonorous Brewer from the Faubourg St. Antoine. Two other Figures, and only two, we signalize there. The huge, brawny Figure; through whose black brows, and rude flattened face (*figure écrasée*), there looks a waste energy as of Hercules not yet furibund, — he is an esurient, unprovided Advocate; Danton by name: him mark. Then that other, his slight-built comrade and craft-brother; he with the long curling locks; with the face of dingy blackguardism, wondrously irradiated with genius, as if a naphtha-lamp burnt within it: that Figure is Camille Desmoulins. A fellow of infinite shrewdness, wit, nay, humor; one of the sprightliest, clearest souls in all these millions. Thou poor Camille, say of thee what they may, it were but falsehood to pretend one did not almost love thee, thou headlong lightly sparkling man! But the brawny, not yet furibund Figure, we say, is Jacques Danton; a name that shall be "tolerably known in the Revolution." He is President to the electoral Cordeliers District at Paris, or about to be it; and shall open his lungs of brass.

We dwell no longer on the mixed shouting Multitude: for now, behold, the Commons Deputies are at hand!

Which of these Six Hundred individuals, in plain white cravat, that have come up to regenerate France, might one guess would become their *king?* For a king or a leader they, as all bodies of men, must have: be their work what it may, there is one man there who, by character, faculty, position, is fittest of all to do it; that man, as future not yet elected king, walks there among the rest. He with the thick black locks, will it be? With the *hure*, as himself calls it, or black *boar's-head*, fit to be "shaken" as a senatorial portent? Through whose shaggy, beetle-brows, and rough-hewn, seamed, carbuncled face, there look natural ugliness, small-pox, incontinence,

bankruptcy, — and burning fire of genius; like comet-fire glaring fuliginous through murkiest confusions? It is *Gabriel Honoré Riquetti de Mirabeau*, the world-compeller; man-ruling Deputy of Aix! According to the Baroness de Staël, he steps proudly along, though looked at askance here; and shakes his black *chevelure*, or lion's-mane; as if prophetic of great deeds.

Yes, Reader, that is the Type-Frenchman of this epoch; as Voltaire was of the last. He is French in his aspirations, acquisitions, in his virtues, in his vices; perhaps more French than any other man; — and intrinsically such a mass of manhood too. Mark him well. The National Assembly were all different without that one; nay, he might say with the old Despot: "The National Assembly? I am that."

Of a southern climate, of wild southern blood: for the Riquettis, or Arrighettis, had to fly from Florence and the Guelfs, long centuries ago, and settled in Provence; where from generation to generation they have ever approved themselves a peculiar kindred: irascible, indomitable, sharp-cutting, true, like the steel they wore; of an intensity and activity that sometimes verged towards madness, yet did not reach it. One ancient Riquetti, in mad fulfillment of a mad vow, chains two Mountains together; and the chain, with its "iron star of five rays," is still to be seen. May not a modern Riquetti *un*chain so much, and set it drifting, — which also shall be seen?

Destiny has work for that swart burly-headed Mirabeau; Destiny has watched over him, prepared him from afar. Did not his grandfather, stout *Col-d'Argent* (Silver-Stock, so they named him), shattered and slashed by seven-and-twenty wounds in one fell day, lie sunk together on the Bridge at Casano; while Prince Eugene's cavalry galloped and regalloped over him, — only the flying sergeant had thrown a camp-kettle over that loved head; and Vendôme, dropping his spyglass, moaned out, "Mirabeau is *dead*, then!" Nevertheless he was not dead: he awoke to breath, and miraculous surgery; — for Gabriel was yet to be. With his *silver-stock* he kept his scarred head erect, through long years; and wedded; and produced tough Marquis Victor, the *Friend of Men*. Whereby at last in the appointed year 1749, this long-expected rough-hewn Gabriel Honoré did likewise see the light: roughest lion's-whelp ever littered of that rough breed. How the old lion (for our old Marquis too was lion-like, most unconquerable, kingly-genial, most perverse) gazed wondering on his offspring; and determined to train him

as no lion had yet been! It is in vain, O Marquis! This cub, though thou slay him and flay him, will not learn to draw in dogcart of Political Economy, and be a *Friend of Men;* he will not be Thou, but must and will be Himself, another than Thou. Divorce lawsuits, "whole family save one in prison, and threescore *Lettres-de-Cachet*" for thy own sole use, do but astonish the world.

Our luckless Gabriel, sinned against and sinning, has been in the Isle of Rhé, and heard the Atlantic from his tower; in the Castle of If, and heard the Mediterranean at Marseilles. He has been in the Fortress of Joux; and forty-two months, with hardly clothing to his back, in the Dungeon of Vincennes;—all by *Lettre-de-Cachet,* from his lion father. He has been in Pontarlier Jails (self-constituted prisoner); was noticed fording estuaries of the sea (at low water), in flight from the face of men. He had pleaded before Aix Parlements (to get back his wife); the public gathering on roofs, to see since they could not hear: "the clatter-teeth (*claque-dents*)!" snarls singular old Mirabeau; discerning in such admired forensic eloquence nothing but two clattering jawbones, and a head vacant, sonorous, of the drum species.

But as for Gabriel Honoré, in these strange wayfarings, what has he not seen and tried! From drill-sergeants, to prime-ministers, to foreign and domestic booksellers, all manner of men he has seen. All manner of men he has gained; for at bottom it is a social, loving heart, that wild unconquerable one;—more especially all manner of women. From the Archer's Daughter at Saintes to that fair young Sophie Madame Monnier, whom he could not but "steal," and be beheaded for—in effigy! For indeed hardly since the Arabian Prophet lay dead to Ali's admiration, was there seen such a Love-hero, with the strength of thirty men. In War, again, he has helped to conquer Corsica; fought duels, irregular brawls; horsewhipped calumnious barons. In Literature, he has written on "Despotism" on *Lettres-de-Cachet;* Erotics Sapphic-Werterean, Obscenities, Profanities; Books on the "Prussian Monarchy," on "Cagliostro," on "Calonne," on the "Water-Companies of Paris":—each Book comparable, we will say, to a bituminous alarumfire; huge, smoky, sudden! The firepan, the kindling, the bitumen were his own; but the lumber, of rags, old wood and nameless combustible rubbish (for all is fuel to him), was gathered from hucksters, and ass-panniers, of every description

under heaven. Whereby, indeed, hucksters enough have been heard to exclaim: Out upon it, the fire is *mine!*

Nay, consider it more generally, seldom had man such a talent for borrowing. The idea, the faculty of another man he can make his; the man himself he can make his. "All reflex and echo (*tout de reflet et de réverbère*)!" snarls old Mirabeau, who can see, but will not. Crabbed old Friend of Men! it is his sociality, his aggregative nature; and will now be the quality of qualities for him. In that forty-years' "struggle against despotism," he has gained the glorious faculty of *self-help*, and yet not lost the glorious natural gift of *fellowship*, of being helped. Rare union: this man can live self-sufficing — yet lives also in the life of other men; can make men love him, work with him; a born king of men!

But consider further how, as the old Marquis still snarls, he has "made away with (*humé*, swallowed, snuffed up) all *Formulas;*" — a fact which, if we meditate it, will in these days mean much. This is no man of system, then; he is only a man of instincts and insights. A man nevertheless who will glare fiercely on any object; and see through it, and conquer it: for he has intellect, he has will, force beyond other men. A man not with *logic-spectacles;* but with an *eye!* Unhappily without Decalogue, moral Code or Theorem of any fixed sort; yet not without a strong living Soul in him, and Sincerity there: a Reality, not an Artificiality, not a sham! And so he, having struggled "forty years against despotism," and "made away with all formulas," shall now become the spokesman of a Nation bent to do the same. For is it not precisely the struggle of France also to cast off despotism; to make away with *her* old formulas, — having found them naught, worn out, far from the reality? She will make away with *such* formulas; — and even go *bare*, if need be, till she have found new ones.

Towards such work, in such manner, marches he, this singular Riquetti Mirabeau. In fiery rough figure, with black Samson-locks under the slouch-hat, he steps along there. A fiery fuliginous mass, which could not be choked and smothered, but would fill all France with smoke. And now it has got *air:* it will burn its whole substance, its whole smoke atmosphere too, and fill all France with flame. Strange lot! Forty years of that smoldering, with foul fire-damp and vapor enough; then victory over that; — and like a burning mountain he blazes heaven-high; and, for twenty-three resplendent

months, pours out, in flame and molten fire-torrents, all that is in him, the Pharos and wonder-sign of an amazed Europe; — and then lies hollow, cold forever! Pass on, thou questionable Gabriel Honoré, the greatest of them all: in the whole National Deputies, in the whole Nation, there is none like and none second to thee.

But now if Mirabeau is the greatest, who of these Six Hundred may be the meanest? Shall we say, that anxious, slight, ineffectual-looking man, under thirty, in spectacles; his eyes (were the glasses off) troubled, careful; with upturned face, snuffing dimly the uncertain future time; complexion of a multiplex atrabiliar color, the final shade of which may be the pale sea-green. That greenish-colored (*verdâtre*) individual is an Advocate of Arras; his name is *Maximilien Robespierre*. The son of an Advocate; his father founded mason-lodges under Charles Edward, the English Prince or Pretender. Maximilien the first-born was thriftily educated; he had brisk Camille Desmoulins for schoolmate in the College of Louis le Grand, at Paris. But he begged our famed Necklace-Cardinal, Rohan, the patron, to let him depart thence, and resign in favor of a younger brother. The strict-minded Max departed; home to paternal Arras; and even had a Law-case there and pleaded, not unsuccessfully, "in favor of the first Franklin thunder-rod." With a strict painful mind, an understanding small but clear and ready, he grew in favor with official persons, who could foresee in him an excellent man of business, happily quite free from genius. The Bishop, therefore, taking counsel, appoints him Judge of his diocese; and he faithfully does justice to the people: till behold, one day, a culprit comes whose crime merits hanging; and the strict-minded Max must abdicate, for his conscience will not permit the dooming of any son of Adam to die. A strict-minded, strait-laced man! A man unfit for Revolutions? Whose small soul, transparent wholesome-looking as small-ale, could by no chance ferment into virulent *alegar*, — the mother of ever new alegar; till all France were grown acetous virulent? We shall see.

Between which two extremes of grandest and meanest, so many grand and mean roll on, towards their several destinies, in that Procession! There is *Cazalès*, the learned young soldier; who shall become the eloquent orator of Royalism, and earn the shadow of a name. Experienced *Mounier;* experienced *Malouet;* whose Presidential Parlementary experience the stream

of things shall soon leave stranded. A *Pétion* has left his gown and briefs at Chartres for a stormier sort of pleading; has not forgotten his violin, being fond of music. His hair is grizzled, though he is still young: convictions, beliefs placid-unalterable are in that man; not hindmost of them, belief in himself. A Protestant-clerical *Rabaut-St.-Etienne*, a slender young eloquent and vehement *Barnave*, will help to regenerate France. There are so many of them young. Till thirty the Spartans did not suffer a man to marry: but how many men here under thirty; coming to produce not one sufficient citizen, but a nation and a world of such! The old to heal up rents; the young to remove rubbish: — which latter, is it not, indeed, the task here?

Dim, formless from this distance, yet authentically there, thou noticest the Deputies from Nantes? To us mere clothes-screens, with slouch-hat and cloak, but bearing in their pocket a *Cahier* of *doléances* with this singular clause, and more such in it: "That the master wigmakers of Nantes be not troubled with new guild-brethren, the actually existing number of ninety-two being more than sufficient!" The Rennes people have elected Farmer *Gérard*, "a man of natural sense and rectitude, without any learning." He walks there, with solid step; unique, "in his rustic farmer-clothes;" which he will wear always; careless of short-cloaks and costumes. The name Gérard, or "*Père Gérard*, Father Gérard," as they please to call him, will fly far; borne about in endless banter; in Royalist satires, in Republican didactic Almanacs. As for the man Gérard, being asked once, what he did, after trial of it, candidly think of this Parlementary work, — "I think," answered he, "that there are a good many scoundrels among us." So walks Father Gérard; solid in his thick shoes, whithersoever bound.

And worthy *Doctor Guillotin*, whom we hoped to behold one other time? If not here, the Doctor should be here, and we see him with the eye of prophecy: for indeed the Parisian Deputies are all a little late. Singular Guillotin, respectable practitioner: doomed by a satiric destiny to the strangest immortal glory that ever kept obscure mortal from his resting-place, the bosom of oblivion! Guillotin can improve the ventilation of the Hall: in all cases of medical police and *hygiène* be a present aid: but greater far, he can produce his "Report on the Penal Code;" and reveal therein a cunningly devised Beheading Machine, which shall become famous and world-

famous. This is the product of Guillotin's endeavors, gained not without meditation and reading; which product popular gratitude or levity christens by a feminine derivative name, as if it were his daughter: *La Guillotine!* "With my machine, Messieurs, I whisk off your head (*vous fais sauter la tête*) in a twinkling, and you have no pain;" — whereat they all laugh. Unfortunate Doctor! for two-and-twenty years he, unguillotined, shall hear nothing but guillotine, see nothing but guillotine; then dying, shall through long centuries wander, as it were, a disconsolate ghost, on the wrong side of Styx and Lethe; his name like to outlive Cæsar's.

See *Bailly*, likewise of Paris, time-honored Historian of Astronomy Ancient and Modern. Poor Bailly, how thy serenely beautiful Philosophizing, with its soft moonshiny clearness and thinness, ends in foul thick confusion — of Presidency, Mayorship, diplomatic Officiality, rabid Triviality, and the throat of everlasting Darkness! Far was it to descend from the heavenly Galaxy to the *Drapeau Rouge:* beside that fatal dung-heap, on that last hell-day, thou must "tremble," though only with cold, "*de froid.*" Speculation is not practice: to be weak is not so miserable; but to be weaker than our task. Woe the day when they mounted thee, a peaceable pedestrian, on that wild Hippogriff of a Democracy; which, spurning the firm earth, nay lashing at the very *stars*, no yet known Astolpho could have ridden!

In the Commons Deputies there are Merchants, Artists, Men of Letters; three hundred and seventy-four Lawyers; and at least one Clergyman: the *Abbé Sieyès.* Him also Paris sends, among its twenty. Behold him, the light thin man; cold, but elastic, wiry; instinct with the pride of Logic; passionless, or with but one passion, that of self-conceit. If indeed that can be called a passion, which, in its independent concentrated greatness, seems to have soared into transcendentalism; and to sit there with a kind of godlike indifference, and look down on passion! He is the man, and wisdom shall die with him. This is the Sieyès who shall be System-builder, Constitution-builder General; and build Constitutions (as many as wanted) sky-high, — which shall all unfortunately fall before he get the scaffolding away. "*La Politique*," said he to Dumont, "Polity is a science I think I have completed (*achevée*)." What things, O Sieyès, with thy clear assiduous eyes, art thou to see! But were it not curious to know how Sieyès, now in these days (for he is said

to be still alive) looks out on all that Constitution masonry, through the rheumy soberness of extreme age? Might we hope, still with the old irrefragable transcendentalism? The victorious cause pleased the gods, the vanquished one pleased Sieyès (*victa Catoni*).

Thus, however, amid sky-rending *vivats*, and blessings from every heart, has the Procession of the Commons Deputies rolled by.

Next follow the Noblesse, and next the Clergy; concerning both of whom it might be asked, What they specially have come for? Specially, little as they dream of it, to answer this question, put in a voice of thunder: What are you doing in God's fair Earth and Task-garden; where whosoever is not working is begging or stealing? Woe, woe to themselves and to all, if they can only answer: Collecting tithes, Preserving game! — Remark, meanwhile, how *D'Orléans* affects to step before his own Order, and mingle with the Commons. For him are *vivats:* few for the rest, though all wave in plumed "hats of a feudal cut," and have sword on thigh; though among them is *D'Antraigues*, the young Languedocian gentleman, — and indeed many a Peer more or less noteworthy.

There are *Liancourt*, and *La Rochefoucauld;* the liberal Anglomaniac Dukes. There is a filially pious *Lally;* a couple of liberal *Lameths*. Above all, there is a *Lafayette;* whose name shall be Cromwell-Grandison, and fill the world. Many a "formula" has this Lafayette too made away with; yet not *all* formulas. He sticks by the Washington-formula; and by that he will stick; — and hang by it, as by sure bower-anchor hangs and swings the tight war-ship, which, after all changes of wildest weather and water, is found still hanging. Happy for him; be it glorious or not! Alone of all Frenchmen he has a theory of the world, and right mind to conform thereto; he can become a hero and perfect character, were it but the hero of one idea. Note further our old Parlementary friend, *Crispin-Catiline d'Espréménil*. He is returned from the Mediterranean Islands, a red-hot royalist, repentant to the finger-ends; — unsettled-looking; whose light, dusky-glowing at best, now flickers foul in the socket; whom the National Assembly will by and by, to save time, "regard as in a state of distraction." Note lastly that globular *Younger* Mirabeau; indignant that his elder Brother is among the Commons: it is *Viscomte* Mirabeau; named oftener

Mirabeau *Tonneau* (Barrel Mirabeau), on account of his rotundity, and the quantities of strong liquor he contains.

There then walks our French Noblesse. All in the old pomp of chivalry: and yet, alas, how changed from the old position; drifted far down from their native latitude, like Arctic icebergs got into the Equatorial sea, and fast thawing there! Once these Chivalry *Duces* (Dukes as they are still named) did actually *lead* the world, — were it only towards battle-spoil, where lay the world's best wages then: moreover, being the ablest Leaders going, they had their lion's share, those *Duces;* which none could grudge them. But now, when so many Looms, improved Plowshares, Steam-Engines and Bills of Exchange have been invented; and, for battle-brawling itself, men hire Drill-Sergeants at eighteenpence a day, — what mean these gold-mantled Chivalry Figures, walking there "in black-velvet cloaks," in high-plumed "hats of a feudal cut"? Reeds shaken in the wind!

The Clergy have got up; with *Cahiers* for abolishing pluralities, enforcing residence of bishops, better payment of tithes. The Dignitaries, we can observe, walk stately, apart from the numerous Undignified, — who indeed are properly little other than Commons disguised in Curate-frocks. Here, however, though by strange ways, shall the Precept be fulfilled, and they that are greatest (much to their astonishment) become least. For one example, out of many, mark that plausible *Grégoire:* one day Curé Grégoire shall be a Bishop, when the now stately are wandering distracted, as Bishops *in partibus.* With other thought, mark also the *Abbé Maury:* his broad bold face; mouth accurately primmed; full eyes, that ray out intelligence, falsehood, — the sort of sophistry which is astonished you should find it sophistical. Skillfulest vamper-up of old rotten leather, to make it look like new; always a rising man; he used to tell Mercier, "You will see; I shall be in the Academy before you." Likely indeed, thou skillfulest Maury; nay thou shalt have a Cardinal's Hat, and plush and glory; but alas, also, in the long-run — mere oblivion like the rest of us; and six feet of earth! What boots it, vamping rotten leather on these terms? Glorious in comparison is the livelihood thy good old Father earns, by making shoes, — one may hope, in a sufficient manner. Maury does not want for audacity. He shall wear pistols, by and by; and, at death-cries of "*La Lanterne*, The Lamp-iron!" — answer coolly, "Friends, will you see better there?"

But yonder, halting lamely along, thou noticest next *Bishop Talleyrand-Périgord*, his Reverence of Autun. A sardonic grimness lies in that irreverend Reverence of Autun. He will do and suffer strange things; and will *become* surely one of the strangest things ever seen, or like to be seen. A man living in falsehood, and on falsehood; yet not what you can call a false man; there is the specialty! It will be an enigma for future ages, one may hope; hitherto such a product of Nature and Art was possible only for this age of ours, — Age of Paper, and of the Burning of Paper. Consider Bishop Talleyrand and Marquis Lafayette as the topmost of their two kinds; and say once more, looking at what they did and what they were, *O Tempus ferax rerum!*

On the whole, however, has not this unfortunate Clergy also drifted in the Time-stream, far from its native latitude? An anomalous mass of men; of whom the whole world has already a dim understanding that it can understand nothing. They were once a Priesthood, interpreters of Wisdom, revealers of the Holy that is in Man; a true *Clerus* (or inheritance of God on Earth): but now? — They pass silently, with such *Cahiers* as they have been able to redact; and none cries, God bless them.

King Louis with his Court brings up the rear: he cheerful, in this day of hope, is saluted with plaudits; still more Necker his Minister. Not so the Queen; on whom hope shines not steadily any more. Ill-fated Queen! Her hair is already gray with many cares and crosses; her first-born son is dying in these weeks: black falsehood has ineffaceably soiled her name; ineffaceably while this generation lasts. Instead of *Vive la Reine*, voices insult her with *Vive d'Orléans*. Of her queenly beauty little remains except its stateliness; not now gracious, but haughty, rigid, silently enduring. With a most mixed feeling, wherein joy has no part, she resigns herself to a day she hoped never to have seen. Poor Marie Antoinette; with thy quick noble instincts; vehement glancings, vision all too fitful narrow for the work thou hast to do! Oh, there are tears in store for thee; bitterest wailings, soft womanly meltings, though thou hast the heart of an imperial Theresa's Daughter. Thou doomed one, shut thy eyes on the future! —

And so, in stately Procession, have passed the Elected of France. Some towards honor and quick fire-consummation;

most towards dishonor; not a few towards massacre, confusion, emigration, desperation: all towards Eternity! — So many heterogeneities cast together into the fermenting-vat; there, with incalculable action, counteraction, elective affinities, explosive developments, to work out healing for a sick moribund System of Society! Probably the strangest Body of Men, if we consider well, that ever met together on our Planet on such an errand. So thousand-fold complex a Society, ready to burst up from its infinite depths; and these men, its rulers and healers, without life-rule for themselves, — other life-rule than a Gospel according to Jean Jacques! To the wisest of them, what we must call the wisest, man is properly an Accident under the sky. Man is without Duty round him; except it be "to make the Constitution." He is without Heaven above him, or Hell beneath him; he has no God in the world.

What further or better belief can be said to exist in these Twelve Hundred? Belief in high-plumed hats of a feudal cut; in heraldic scutcheons; in the divine right of Kings, in the divine right of Game-destroyers. Belief, or what is still worse, canting half-belief; or worst of all, mere Machiavellic pretense-of-belief, — in consecrated dough-wafers, and the godhood of a poor old Italian Man! Nevertheless in that immeasurable Confusion and Corruption, which struggles there so blindly to become less confused and corrupt, there is, as we said, this one salient point of a New Life discernible: the deep fixed Determination to have done with Shams. A determination, which, consciously or unconsciously, is *fixed;* which waxes ever more fixed, into very madness and fixed-idea; which in such embodiment as lies provided there, shall now unfold itself rapidly: monstrous, stupendous, unspeakable; new for long thousands of years! — How has the Heaven's *light*, oftentimes in this Earth, to clothe itself in thunder and electric murkiness; and descend as molten *lightning*, blasting, if purifying! Nay is it not rather the very murkiness, and atmospheric suffocation, that *brings* the lightning and the light? The new Evangel, as the old had been, was it to be born in the Destruction of the World?

But how the Deputies assisted at High Mass, and heard sermon, and applauded the preacher, church as it was, when he preached politics; how, next day, with sustained pomp, they are, for the first time, installed in their Salle-des-Menus (Hall no longer of *Amusements*), and become a States-General, — readers

can fancy for themselves. The King from his *estrade*, gorgeous as Solomon in all his glory, runs his eye over that majestic Hall; many-plumed, many-glancing; bright-tinted as rainbow, in the galleries and near side-spaces, where Beauty sits raining bright influence. Satisfaction, as of one that after long voyaging had got to port, plays over his broad simple face: the innocent King! He rises and speaks, with sonorous tone, a conceivable speech. With which, still more with the succeeding one-hour and two-hour speeches of Garde-des-Scéaux and M. Necker, full of nothing but patriotism, hope, faith, and deficiency of the revenue, — no reader of these pages shall be tried.

We remark only that, as his Majesty, on finishing the speech, put on his plumed hat, and the Noblesse according to custom imitated him, our *Tiers-État* Deputies did mostly, not without a shade of fierceness, in like manner clap on, and even crush on their slouched hats; and stand there awaiting the issue. Thick buzz among them, between majority and minority of *Couvrez-vous*, *Découvrez-vous* (Hats off, Hats on)! To which his Majesty puts end, by taking *off* his own royal hat again.

The session terminates without further accident or omen than this; with which, significantly enough, France has opened her States-General.

The Equal Diet.

But why lingers Mounier; returns not with his Deputation? It is six, it is seven o'clock; and still no Mounier, no Acceptance pure and simple.

And, behold, the dripping Menads, not now in deputation but in mass, have penetrated into the Assembly: to the shamefulest interruption of public speaking and order of the day. Neither Maillard nor Vice-President can restrain them, except within wide limits; not even, except for minutes, can the lion-voice of Mirabeau, though they applaud it: but ever and anon they break in upon the regeneration of France with cries of: "Bread; not so much discoursing! *Du pain; pas tant de longs discours!*" — So insensible were these poor creatures to bursts of parliamentary eloquence.

One learns also that the royal Carriages are getting yoked, as if for Metz. Carriages, royal or not, have verily showed themselves at the back Gates. They even produced, or quoted, a written order from our Versailles Municipality — which is a

Monarchic not a Democratic one. However, Versailles Patrols drove them in again; as the vigilant Lecointre had strictly charged them to do.

A busy man, truly, is Major Lecointre, in these hours. For Colonel d'Estaing loiters invisible in the Œil-de-Bœuf, invisible, or still more questionably *visible* for instants: then also a too loyal Municipality requires supervision: no order, civil or military, taken about any of these thousand things! Lecointre is at the Versailles Town-hall: he is at the Grate of the Grand Court; communing with Swiss and Body-guards. He is in the ranks of Flandre; he is here, he is there: studious to prevent bloodshed; to prevent the Royal Family from flying to Metz; the Menads from plundering Versailles.

At the fall of night, we behold him advance to those armed groups of Saint-Antoine, hovering all too grim near the Salle-des-Menus. They receive him in a half-circle; twelve speakers behind cannons with lighted torches in hand, the cannon-mouths *towards* Lecointre: a picture for Salvator! He asks, in temperate but courageous language: What they, by this their journey to Versailles, do specially want? The twelve speakers reply, in few words inclusive of much: "Bread, and the end of these brabbles; *Du pain, et la fin des affaires.*" When the *affairs* will end, no Major Lecointre, nor no mortal can say; but as to bread, he inquires, How many are you? — learns that they are six hundred, that a loaf each will suffice; and rides off to the Municipality to get six hundred loaves.

Which loaves, however, a Municipality of Monarchic temper will not give. It will give two tons of rice rather, — could you but know whether it should be boiled or raw. Nay when this too is accepted, the Municipals have disappeared; — ducked under, as the Six-and-twenty Long-gowned of Paris did; and, leaving not the smallest vestige of rice, in the boiled or raw state, they there vanish from History!

Rice comes not; one's hope of food is balked; even one's hope of vengeance: is not M. de Moucheton of the Scotch Company, as we said, deceitfully smuggled off? Failing all which, behold only M. de Moucheton's slain war-horse, lying on the Esplanade there! Saint-Antoine, balked, esurient, pounces on the slain war-horse; flays it; roasts it, with such fuel, of paling, gates, portable timber as can be come at, not without shouting; *and*, after the manner of ancient Greek Heroes, *they lifted their hands to the daintily readied repast;* such as it might

be. Other Rascality prowls discursive; seeking what it may devour. Flandre will retire to its barracks; Lecointre also with his Versaillese, — all but the vigilant Patrols, charged to be doubly vigilant.

So sink the shadows of night, blustering, rainy; and all paths grow dark. Strangest Night ever seen in these regions, — perhaps since the Bartholomew Night, when Versailles, as Bassompierre writes of it, was a *chétif château*. Oh for the Lyre of some Orpheus, to constrain, with touch of melodious strings, these mad masses into Order! For here all seems fallen asunder, in wide-yawning dislocation. The highest, as in down rushing of a World, is come in contact with the lowest: the Rascality of France beleaguering the Royalty of France; "iron-shod bâtons" lifted round the diadem, not to guard it! With denunciations of blood-thirsty Anti-National Body-guards, are heard dark growlings against a Queenly Name.

The Court sits tremulous, powerless; varies with the varying temper of the Esplanade, with the varying color of the rumors from Paris. Thick-coming rumors; now of peace, now of war. Necker and all the Ministers consult; with a blank issue. The Œil-de-Bœuf is one tempest of whispers: — We will fly to Metz; we will not fly. The royal Carriages again attempt egress, — though for trial merely; they are again driven in by Lecointre's Patrols. In six hours nothing has been resolved on; not even the Acceptance pure and simple.

In six hours? Alas, he who, in such circumstances, cannot resolve in six minutes, may give up the enterprise: him Fate has already resolved for. And Menadism, meanwhile, and Sansculottism take counsel with the National Assembly; grow more and more tumultuous there. Mounier returns not; Authority nowhere shows itself: the Authority of France lies, for the present, with Lecointre and Usher Maillard. — This then is the abomination of desolation; come suddenly, though long foreshadowed as inevitable! For, to the blind, all things are sudden. Misery which, through long ages, had no spokesman, no helper, will now be its own helper and speak for itself. The dialect, one of the rudest, is, what it could be, *this*.

At eight o'clock there returns to our Assembly not the Deputation; but Doctor Guillotin announcing that it will return; also that there is hope of the Acceptance pure and simple. He himself has brought a Royal Letter, authorizing and commanding the freest "circulation of grains." Which Royal Let-

ter Menadism with its whole heart applauds. Conformably to which the Assembly forthwith passes a Decree; also received with rapturous Menadic plaudits: — Only could not an august Assembly contrive farther to "*fix* the price of bread at eight sous the half-quartern; butchers'-meat at six sous the pound;" which seem fair rates? Such motion do "a multitude of men and women," irrepressible by Usher Maillard, now make; does an august Assembly hear made. Usher Maillard himself is not always perfectly measured in speech; but if rebuked, he can justly excuse himself by the peculiarity of the circumstances.

But finally, this Decree well passed, and the disorder continuing; and Members melting away, and no President Mounier returning, — what can the Vice-President do but also melt away? The Assembly melts, under such pressure, into deliquium; or, as it is officially called, adjourns. Maillard is dispatched to Paris, with the "Decree concerning Grains" in his pocket; he and some women, in carriages belonging to the King. Thitherward slim Louison Chabray has already set forth, with that "written answer" which the Twelve She-deputies returned in to seek. Slim sylph, she has set forth, through the black muddy country: she has much to tell, her poor nerves so flurried; and travels, as indeed to-day on this road all persons do, with extreme slowness. President Mounier has not come, nor the Acceptance pure and simple; though six hours with their events have come; though courier on courier reports that Lafayette is coming. Coming, with war or with peace? It is time that the Château also should determine on one thing or another; that the Château also should show itself alive, if it would continue living!

Victorious, joyful after such delay, Mounier does arrive at last, and the hard-earned Acceptance with him; which now, alas, is of small value. Fancy Mounier's surprise to find his Senate, whom he hoped to charm by the Acceptance pure and simple, all gone; and in its stead a Senate of Menads! For as Erasmus's Ape mimicked, say with wooden splint, Erasmus shaving, so do these Amazons hold, in mock majesty, some confused parody of National Assembly. They make motions; deliver speeches; pass enactments; productive at least of loud laughter. All galleries and benches are filled; a Strong Dame of the Market is in Mounier's Chair. Not without difficulty, Mounier, by aid of macers and persuasive speaking, makes his way to the Female President; the Strong Dame, before abdicating,

signifies that, for one thing, she and indeed her whole senate male and female (for what was one roasted warhorse among so many?) are suffering very considerably from hunger.

Experienced Mounier, in these circumstances, takes a twofold resolution: To reconvoke his Assembly Members by sound of drum; also to procure a supply of food. Swift messengers fly, to all bakers, cooks, pastrycooks, vintners, restorers; drums beat, accompanied with shrill vocal proclamation, through all streets. They come: the Assembly Members come; what is still better, the provisions come. On tray and barrow come these latter; loaves, wine, great store of sausages. The nourishing baskets circulate harmoniously along the benches; *nor*, according to the Father of Epics, *did any soul lack a fair share of victual* (δαῖτος ἐΐσης, *an equal diet*); highly desirable at the moment.

Gradually some hundreds or so of Assembly Members get edged in, Menadism making way a little, round Mounier's chair; listen to the Acceptance pure and simple; and begin, what is the order of the night, "discussion of the Penal Code." All benches are crowded; in the dusky galleries, duskier with unwashed heads, is a strange "coruscation," — of impromptu billhooks. It is exactly five months this day since these same galleries were filled with high-plumed jeweled Beauty, raining bright influences; and now? To such length have we got in regenerating France. Methinks the travail-throes are of the sharpest! — Menadism will not be restrained from occasional remarks; asks, "What is the use of Penal Code? The thing we want is Bread." Mirabeau turns round with lion-voiced rebuke; Menadism applauds him; but recommences.

Thus they, chewing tough sausages, discussing the Penal Code, make night hideous. What the issue will be? Lafayette with his thirty thousand must arrive first: him, who cannot now be distant, all men expect, as the messenger of Destiny.

Lafayette.

Towards midnight lights flare on the hill; Lafayette's lights! The roll of his drums comes up the Avenue de Versailles. With peace, or with war? Patience, friends! With neither. Lafayette is come, but not yet the catastrophe.

He has halted and harangued so often, on the march; spent

nine hours on four leagues of road. At Montreuil, close on Versailles, the whole Host had to pause; and, with uplifted right hand, in the murk of Night, to these pouring skies, swear solemnly to respect the King's Dwelling; to be faithful to King and National Assembly. Rage is driven down out of sight, by the laggard march; the thirst of vengeance slaked in weariness and soaking clothes. Flandre is again drawn out under arms: but Flandre, grown so patriotic, now needs no "exterminating." The wayworn Battalions halt in the Avenue: they have, for the present, no wish so pressing as that of shelter and rest.

Anxious sits President Mounier; anxious the Château. There is a message coming from the Château, that M. Mounier would please to return thither with a fresh Deputation, swiftly; and so at least *unite* our two anxieties. Anxious Mounier does of himself send, meanwhile, to apprise the General that his Majesty has been so gracious as to grant us the Acceptance pure and simple. The General, with a small advance column, makes answer in passing; speaks vaguely some smooth words to the National President, — glances, only with the eye, at that so mixtiform National Assembly; then fares forward towards the Château. There are with him two Paris Municipals; they were chosen from the Three Hundred for that errand. He gets admittance through the locked and padlocked Grates, through sentries and ushers, to the Royal Halls.

The Court, male and female, crowds on his passage, to read their doom on his face; which exhibits, say Historians, a mixture "of sorrow, of fervor, and valor," singular to behold. The King, with Monsieur, with Ministers and Marshals, is waiting to receive him: He "is come," in his high-flown chivalrous way, "to offer his head for the safety of his Majesty's." The two Municipals state the wish of Paris: four things, of quite pacific tenor. First, that the honor of guarding his sacred person be conferred on patriot National Guards; — say, the Centre Grenadiers, who as Gardes Françaises were wont to have that privilege. Second, that provisions be got, if possible. Third, that the Prisons, all crowded with political delinquents, may have judges sent them. Fourth, *that it would please his Majesty to come and live in Paris.* To all which four wishes, except the fourth, his Majesty answers readily, Yes; or indeed may almost say that he has already answered it. To the fourth he can answer only, Yes or No; would so gladly answer, Yes *and* No! — But, in any case, are not their dispositions,

thank Heaven, so entirely pacific? There is time for deliberation. The brunt of the danger seems past!

Lafayette and D'Estaing settle the watches; Centre Grenadiers are to take the Guard-room they of old occupied as Gardes Françaises; — for indeed the Gardes-du-Corps, its late ill-advised occupants, are gone mostly to Rambouillet. That is the order of *this* night; sufficient for the night is the evil thereof. Whereupon Lafayette and the two Municipals, with high-flown chivalry, take their leave.

So brief has the interview been, Mounier and his Deputation were not yet got up. So brief and satisfactory. A stone is rolled from every heart. The fair Palace Dames publicly declare that this Lafayette, detestable though he be, is their savior for once. Even the ancient vinaigrous *Tantes* admit it; the King's Aunts, ancient *Graille* and Sisterhood, known to us of old. Queen Marie-Antoinette has been heard often to say the like. She alone, among all women and all men, wore a face of courage, of lofty calmness and resolve, this day. She alone saw clearly what she *meant* to do; and Theresa's Daughter *dares* do what she means, were all France threatening her: abide where her children are, where her husband is.

Towards three in the morning all things are settled: the watches set, the Centre Grenadiers put into their old Guard-room, and harangued; the Swiss, and few remaining Body-guards harangued. The wayworn Paris Battalions, consigned to "the hospitality of Versailles," lie dormant in spare-beds, spare-barracks, coffee-houses, empty churches. A troop of them, on their way to the Church of Saint-Louis, awoke poor Weber, dreaming troublous, in the Rue Sartory. Weber has had his waistcoat-pocket full of balls all day; "two hundred balls, and two *pears* of powder"! For waistcoats were waistcoats then, and had flaps down to mid-thigh. So many balls he has had all day; but no opportunity of using them: he turns over now, execrating disloyal bandits; swears a prayer or two, and straight to sleep again.

Finally the National Assembly is harangued; which thereupon, on motion of Mirabeau, discontinues the Penal Code, and dismisses for this night. Menadism, Sansculottism has cowered into guard-houses, barracks of Flandre, to the light of cheerful fire; failing that, to churches, office-houses, sentry-boxes, wheresoever wretchedness can find a lair. The troublous Day has

brawled itself to rest: no lives yet lost but that of one war-horse. Insurrectionary Chaos lies slumbering round the Palace, like Ocean round a Diving-bell, — no crevice yet disclosing itself.

Deep sleep has fallen promiscuously on the high and on the low; suspending most things, even wrath and famine. Darkness covers the Earth. But, far on the Northeast, Paris flings up her great yellow gleam; far into the wet black Night. For all is illuminated there, as in the old July Nights; the streets deserted, for alarm of war; the Municipals all wakeful; Patrols hailing, with their hoarse *Who-goes*. There, as we discover, our poor slim Louison Chabray, her poor nerves all fluttered, is arriving about this very hour. There Usher Maillard will arrive, about an hour hence, "towards four in the morning." They report, successively, to a wakeful Hôtel-de-Ville what comfort they can; which again, with early dawn, large comfortable Placards shall impart to all men.

Lafayette, in the Hôtel-de-Noailles, not far from the Château, having now finished haranguing, sits with his Officers consulting: At five o'olock the unanimous best counsel is, that a man so tost and toiled for twenty-four hours and more, fling himself on a bed, and seek some rest.

Thus, then, has ended the First Act of the Insurrection of Women. How it will turn on the morrow? The morrow, as always, is with the Fates! But his Majesty, one may hope, will consent to come honorably to Paris; at all events, he can visit Paris. Anti-National Body-guards, here and elsewhere, must take the National Oath; make reparation to the Tricolor; Flandre will swear. There may be much swearing; much public speaking there will infallibly be: and so, with harangues and vows, may the matter in some handsome way wind itself up.

Or, alas, may it not be all otherwise, *un*handsome; the consent not honorable, but extorted, ignominious? Boundless Chaos of Insurrection presses slumbering round the Palace, like Ocean round a Diving-bell; and may penetrate at any crevice. Let but that accumulated insurrectionary mass find entrance! Like the infinite inburst of water; or say rather, of inflammable, self-igniting fluid; for example, "turpentine-and-phosphorus oil," — fluid known to Spinola Santerre!

The Grand Entries.

The dull dawn of a new morning, drizzly and chill, had but broken over Versailles, when it pleased Destiny that a Body-guard should look out of window, on the right wing of the Château, to see what prospect there was in Heaven and in Earth. Rascality male and female is prowling in view of him. His fasting stomach is, with good cause, sour; he perhaps cannot forbear a passing malison on them; least of all can he forbear answering such.

Ill words breed worse: till the worst word come; and then the ill deed. Did the maledicent Body-guard, getting (as was too inevitable) better malediction than he gave, load his musketoon, and threaten to fire; nay actually fire? Were wise who wist! It stands asserted; to us not credibly. But be this as it may, menaced Rascality, in whinnying scorn, is shaking at all Grates: the fastening of one (some write, it was a chain merely) gives way; Rascality is in the Grand Court, whinnying louder still.

The maledicent Body-guard, more Body-guards than he do now give fire; a man's arm is shattered. Lecointre will depose that "the Sieur Cardine, a National Guard without arms, was stabbed." But see, sure enough, poor Jerôme l'Héritier, an unarmed National Guard he too, "cabinet-maker, a saddler's son, of Paris," with the down of youthhood still on his chin, — he reels death-stricken; rushes to the pavement, scattering it with his blood and brains! — Alleleu! Wilder than Irish wakes rises the howl; of pity, of infinite revenge. In few moments, the Grate of the inner and inmost Court, which they name Court of Marble, this too is forced, or surprised, and bursts open: the Court of Marble too is overflowed: up the Grand Staircase, up all stairs and entrances rushes the living Deluge! Deshuttes and Varigny, the two sentry Body-guards, are trodden down, are massacred with a hundred pikes. Women snatch their cutlasses, or any weapon, and storm in Menadic: — other women lift the corpse of shot Jerôme; lay it down on the Marble steps; there shall the livid face and smashed head, dumb forever, *speak*.

Woe now to all Body-guards, mercy is none for them! Miomandre de Sainte-Marie pleads with soft words, on the Grand Staircase, "descending four steps:" — to the roaring tornado. His comrades snatch him up, by the skirts and belts; literally,

from the jaws of Destruction; and slam to their Door. This also will stand few instants; the panels shivering in, like pot-sherds. Barricading serves not: fly fast ye Body-guards: rabid Insurrection, like the Hell-hound Chase, uproaring at your heels!

The terror-struck Body-guards fly, bolting and barricading; it follows. Whitherward? Through hall on hall: woe, now! towards the Queen's Suite of Rooms, in the farthest room of which the Queen is now asleep. Five sentinels rush through that long Suite; they are in the Anteroom knocking loud: "Save the Queen!" Trembling women fall at their feet with tears: are answered: "Yes, we will die; save ye the Queen!"

Tremble not, women, but haste: for, lo, another voice shouts far through the outermost door, "Save the Queen!" and the door is shut. It is brave Miomandre's voice that shouts this second warning. He has stormed across imminent death to do it; fronts imminent death, having done it. Brave Tardivet du Repaire, bent on the same desperate service, was borne down with pikes; his comrades hardly snatched him in again alive. Miomandre and Tardivet: let the names of these two Body-guards, as the names of brave men should, live long.

Trembling Maids-of-Honor, one of whom from afar caught glimpse of Miomandre as well as heard him, hastily wrap the Queen; not in robes of state. She flies for her life, across the Œil-de-Bœuf; against the main door of which too Insurrection batters. She is in the King's Apartment, in the King's arms; she clasps her children amid a faithful few. The Imperial-hearted bursts into mother's tears: "O my friends, save me and my children; *O mes amis, sauvez-moi et mes enfans!*" The battering of Insurrectionary axes clangs audible across the Œil-de-Bœuf. What an hour!

Yes, Friends; a hideous, fearful hour; shameful alike to Governed and Governor; wherein Governed and Governor ignominiously testify that their relation is at an end. Rage, which had brewed itself in twenty thousand hearts for the last four-and-twenty hours, has taken *fire:* Jerôme's brained corpse lies there as live coal. It is, as we said, the infinite Element bursting in; wild-surging through all corridors and conduits.

Meanwhile the poor Body-guards have got hunted mostly into the Œil-de-Bœuf. They may die there, at the King's threshold; they can do little to defend it. They are heaping

tabourets (stools of honor), benches and all movables against the door; at which the ax of Insurrection thunders. — But did brave Miomandre perish, then, at the Queen's outer door? No, he was fractured, slashed, lacerated, left for dead; he has nevertheless crawled hither; and shall live, honored of loyal France. Remark also, in flat contradiction to much which has been said and sung, that Insurrection did *not* burst that door he had defended; but hurried elsewhither, seeking new Body-guards.

Poor Body-guards, with their Thyestes Opera-Repast! Well for them that Insurrection has only pikes and axes; no right sieging-tools! It shakes and thunders. Must they all perish miserably, and Royalty with them? Deshuttes and Varigny, massacred at the first inbreak, have been beheaded in the Marble Court; a sacrifice to Jerôme's *manes:* Jourdan with the tile-beard did that duty willingly; and asked, If there were no more? Another captive they are leading round the corpse, with howl-chantings: may not Jourdan again tuck up his sleeves?

And louder and louder rages Insurrection within, plundering if it cannot kill; louder and louder it thunders at the Œil-de-Bœuf: what can now hinder its bursting in? — On a sudden it ceases; the battering has ceased! Wild rushing; the cries grow fainter; there is silence, or the tramp of regular steps; then a friendly knocking: "We are the Centre Grenadiers, old Gardes Françaises: Open to us, Messieurs of the Garde-du-Corps; we have not forgotten how you saved us at Fontenoy!" The door is opened; enter Captain Gondran and the Centre Grenadiers: there are military embracings; there is sudden deliverance from death into life.

Strange Sons of Adam! It was to "exterminate" these Gardes-du-Corps that the Centre Grenadiers left home: and now they have rushed to save them from extermination. The memory of common peril, of old help, melts the rough heart; bosom is clasped to bosom, not in war. The King shows himself, one moment, through the door of his Apartment, with: "Do not hurt my Guards!" — "*Soyons frères*, Let us be brothers!" cries Captain Gondran; and again dashes off, with leveled bayonets, to sweep the Palace clear.

Now too Lafayette, suddenly roused, not from sleep (for his eyes had not yet closed), arrives; with passionate popular eloquence, with prompt military word of command. National

Guards, suddenly roused, by sound of trumpet and alarm-drum, are all arriving. The death-melly ceases: the first sky-lambent blaze of Insurrection is got damped down; it burns now, if unextinguished yet flameless, as charred coals do, and not inextinguishable. The King's Apartments are safe. Ministers, Officials, and even some loyal National Deputies are assembling round their Majesties. The consternation will, with sobs and confusion, settle down gradually, into plan and counsel, better or worse.

But glance now, for a moment, from the royal windows! A roaring sea of human heads, inundating both Courts; billowing against all passages: Menadic women; infuriated men, mad with revenge, with love of mischief, love of plunder! Rascality has slipped its muzzle; and now bays, three-throated, like the Dog of Erebus. Fourteen Body-guards are wounded; two massacred, and as we saw, beheaded; Jourdan asking, "Was it worth while to come so far for two?" Hapless Deshuttes and Varigny! Their fate surely was sad. Whirled down so suddenly to the abyss; as men are, suddenly, by the wide thunder of the Mountain Avalanche, awakened not by *them*, awakened far off by others! When the Château Clock last struck, they two were pacing languid, with poised musketoon; anxious mainly that the next hour would strike. It has struck; to them inaudible. Their trunks lie mangled: their heads parade, "on pikes twelve feet long," through the streets of Versailles; and shall, about noon, reach the Barriers of Paris, — a too ghastly contradiction to the large comfortable Placards that have been posted there!

The other captive Body-guard is still circling the corpse of Jerôme, amid Indian war-whooping; bloody Tilebeard, with tucked sleeves, brandishing his bloody ax; when Gondran and the Grenadiers come in sight. "Comrades, will you see a man massacred in cold blood?" — "Off, butchers!" answer they; and the poor Body-guard is free. Busy runs Gondran, busy run Guards and Captains; scouring all corridors; dispersing Rascality and Robbery; sweeping the Palace clear. The mangled carnage is removed; Jerôme's body to the Town-hall, for inquest: the fire of Insurrection gets damped, more and more, into measurable, manageable heat.

Transcendent things of all sorts, as in the general outburst of multitudinous Passion, are huddled together; the ludicrous, nay the ridiculous, with the horrible. Far over the billowy sea of heads, may be seen Rascality, caprioling on horses from the

Royal Stud. The Spoilers these; for Patriotism is always infected so, with a proportion of mere thieves and scoundrels. Gondran snatched their prey from them in the Château; whereupon they hurried to the Stables, and took horse there. But the generous Diomedes' steeds, according to Weber, disdained such scoundrel-burden; and, flinging up their royal heels, did soon project most of it, in parabolic curves, to a distance, amid peals of laughter; and were caught. Mounted National Guards secured the rest.

Now too is witnessed the touching last flicker of Etiquette; which sinks not here, in the Cimmerian World-wreckage, without a sign; as the house-cricket might still chirp in the pealing of a Trump of Doom. "Monsieur," said some Master of Ceremonies (one hopes it might be De Brézé), as Lafayette, in these fearful moments, was rushing towards the inner Royal Apartments, "*Monsieur, le Roi vous accorde les grandes entrées*, Monsieur, the King grants you the Grand Entries," — not finding it convenient to refuse them!

Count Fersen.

Royalty, in fact, should, by this time, be far on with its preparations. Unhappily much preparation is needful. Could a Hereditary Representative be carried in leather *vache*, how easy were it! But it is not so.

New Clothes are needed; as usual, in all Epic transactions, were it in the grimmest iron ages; consider "Queen Chrimhilde, with her sixty sempstresses," in that iron *Nibelungen Song!* No Queen can stir without new clothes. Therefore, now, Dame Campan whisks assiduous to this mantua-maker and to that: and there is clipping of frocks and gowns, upper clothes and under, great and small; such a clipping and sewing as — might have been dispensed with. Moreover, her Majesty cannot go a step any-whither without her *Nécessaire;* dear *Nécessaire*, of inlaid ivory and rosewood; cunningly devised; which holds perfumes, toilette-implements, infinite small queenlike furnitures: necessary to terrestrial life. Not without a cost of some five hundred louis, of much precious time, and difficult hoodwinking which does not blind, can this same Necessary of life be forwarded by the Flanders Carriers, — never to get to hand. All which, you would say, augurs

ill for the prospering of the enterprise. But the whims of women and queens must be humored.

Bouillé, on his side, is making a fortified Camp at Montmédi; gathering Royal-Allemand, and all manner of other German and true French Troops thither, "to watch the Austrians." His Majesty will not cross the frontiers, unless on compulsion. Neither shall the Emigrants be much employed, hateful as they are to all people. Nor shall old war-god Broglie have any hand in the business; but solely our brave Bouillé; to whom, on the day of meeting, a Marshal's Bâton shall be delivered, by a rescued King, amid the shouting of all the troops. In the mean while, Paris being so suspicious, were it not perhaps good to write your Foreign Ambassadors an ostensible Constitutional Letter; desiring all Kings and men to take heed that King Louis loves the Constitution, that he has voluntarily sworn, and does again swear, to maintain the same, and will reckon those his enemies who affect to say otherwise? Such a Constitutional Circular is dispatched by Couriers, is communicated confidentially to the Assembly, and printed in all Newspapers; with the finest effect. Simulation and dissimulation mingle extensively in human affairs.

We observe, however, that Count Fersen is often using his Ticket of Entry; which surely he has clear right to do. A gallant Soldier and Swede, devoted to this fair Queen; — as indeed the Highest Swede now is. Has not King Gustav, famed fiery *Chevalier du Nord*, sworn himself, by the old laws of chivalry, her Knight? He will descend on fire-wings, of Swedish musketry, and deliver her from these foul dragons, — if, alas, the assassin's pistol intervene not!

But, in fact, Count Fersen does seem a likely young soldier, of alert decisive ways: he circulates widely, seen, unseen; and has business on hand. Also Colonel the Duke de Choiseul, nephew of Choiseul the great, of Choiseul the now deceased; he and Engineer Goguelat are passing and repassing between Metz and the Tuileries: and Letters go in cipher,— one of them, a most important one, hard to *de*cipher; Fersen having ciphered it in haste. As for Duke de Villequier, he is gone ever since the Day of Poniards; but his Apartment is useful for her Majesty.

On the other side, poor Commandant Gouvion, watching at the Tuileries, second in National command, sees several

things hard to interpret. It is the same Gouvion who sat, long months ago, at the Town-hall, gazing helpless into that Insurrection of Women; motionless, as the brave stabled steed when conflagration rises, till Usher Maillard snatched his drum. Sincerer Patriot there is not; but many a shiftier. He, if Dame Campan gossip credibly, is paying some similitude of love-court to a certain false Chambermaid of the Palace, who betrays much to him: the *Nécessaire*, the clothes, the packing of jewels, — could he understand it when betrayed. Helpless Gouvion gazes with sincere glassy eyes into it; stirs up his sentries to vigilance; walks restless to and fro; and hopes the best.

But, on the whole, one finds that, in the second week of June, Colonel de Choiseul is privately in Paris; having come "to see his children." Also that Fersen has got a stupendous new Coach built, of the kind named *Berline;* done by the first artists; according to a model: they bring it home to him, in Choiseul's presence; the two friends take a proof-drive in it, along the streets; in meditative mood; then send it up to "Madame Sullivan's, in the Rue de Clichy," far North, to wait there till wanted. Apparently a certain Russian Baroness de Korff, with Waiting-woman, Valet, and two Children, will travel homewards with some state: in whom these young military gentlemen take interest? A Passport has been procured for her; and much assistance shown, with Coach-builders and such like; — so helpful-polite are young military men. Fersen has likewise purchased a Chaise fit for two, at least for two waiting-maids; further, certain necessary horses: one would say, he is himself quitting France, not without outlay? We observe finally that their Majesties, Heaven willing, will assist at *Corpus-Christi Day*, this blessed Summer Solstice, in Assumption Church, here at Paris, to the joy of all the world. For which same day, moreover, brave Bouillé, at Metz, as we find, has invited a party of friends to dinner; but indeed is gone from home, in the interim, over to Montmédi.

These are of the Phenomena, or visual Appearances, of this wide-working terrestrial world: which truly is all phenomenal; what they call spectral; and never rests at any moment; one never at any moment can know why.

On Monday night, the Twentieth of June, 1791, about eleven o'clock, there is many a hackney-coach, and glass-coach (*car-*

rosse de remise), still rumbling, or at rest, on the streets of Paris. But of all glass-coaches, we recommend this to thee, O Reader, which stands drawn up in the Rue de l'Echelle, hard by the Carrousel and outgate of the Tuileries; in the Rue de l'Echelle that then was; "opposite Ronsin the Saddler's door," as if waiting for a fare there! Not long does it wait: a hooded Dame, with two hooded Children has issued from Villequier's door, where no sentry walks, into the Tuileries Court-of-Princes; into the Carrousel; into the Rue de l'Echelle; where the Glass-coachman readily admits them; and again waits. Not long; another Dame, likewise hooded or shrouded, leaning on a servant, issues in the same manner; bids the servant good-night; and is, in the same manner, by the Glass-coachman, cheerfully admitted. Whither go so many Dames? 'Tis his Majesty's *Couchée*, Majesty just gone to bed, and all the Palace-world is retiring home. But the Glass-coachman stills waits; his fare seemingly incomplete.

By and by, we note a thick-set Individual, in round hat and peruke, arm-and-arm with some servant, seemingly of the Runner or Courier sort; he also issues through Villequier's door; starts a shoe-buckle as he passes one of the sentries, stoops down to clasp it again; is however, by the Glass-coachman, still more cheerfully admitted. And *now*, is his fare complete? Not yet; the Glass-coachman still waits. — Alas! and the false Chambermaid has warned Gouvion that she thinks the Royal Family will fly this very night; and Gouvion, distrusting his own glazed eyes, has sent express for Lafayette; and Lafayette's Carriage, flaring with lights, rolls this moment through the inner Arch of the Carrousel, — where a Lady shaded in broad gypsy-hat, and leaning on the arm of a servant, also of the Runner or Courier sort, stands aside to let it pass, and has even the whim to touch a spoke of it with her *badine*, — light little magic rod which she calls *badine*, such as the Beautiful then wore. The flare of Lafayette's Carriage rolls past: all is found quiet in the Court-of-Princes; sentries at their post; Majesties' Apartments closed in smooth rest. Your false Chambermaid must have been mistaken? Watch thou, Gouvion, with Argus' vigilance; for, of a truth, treachery is within these walls.

But where is the Lady that stood aside in gypsy-hat, and touched the wheelspoke with her *badine?* O Reader, that Lady that touched the wheelspoke was the Queen of France!

She has issued safe through that inner Arch, into the Carrousel itself; but not into the Rue de l'Echelle. Flurried by the rattle and rencounter, she took the right hand not the left; neither she nor her Courier knows Paris; he indeed is no Courier, but a loyal stupid *ci-devant* Body-guard disguised as one. They are off, quite wrong, over the Pont Royal and River; roaming disconsolate in the Rue du Bac; far from the Glass-coachman, who still waits. Waits, with flutter of heart; with thoughts — which he must button close up, under his jarvie-surtout!

Midnight clangs from all the City-steeples; one precious hour has been spent so; most mortals are asleep. The Glass-coachman waits; and in what mood! A brother jarvie drives up, enters into conversation; is answered cheerfully in jarvie-dialect: the brothers of the whip exchange a pinch of snuff; decline drinking together; and part with good-night. Be the Heavens blest! here at length is the Queen-lady, in gypsy-hat; safe after perils; who has had to inquire her way. She too is admitted; her Courier jumps aloft, as the other, who is also a disguised Body-guard, has done: and now, O Glass-coachman of a thousand, — Count Fersen, for the Reader sees it is thou, — drive!

Dust shall not stick to the hoofs of Fersen: crack! crack! the Glass-coach rattles, and every soul breathes lighter. But is Fersen on the right road? Northeastward, to the Barrier of Saint-Martin and Metz Highway, thither were we bound: and lo, he drives right Northward! The royal Individual, in round hat and peruke, sits astonished; but right or wrong, there is no remedy. Crack, crack, we go incessant, through the slumbering City. Seldom, since Paris rose out of mud, or the Long-haired Kings went in Bullock-carts, was there such a drive. Mortals on each hand of you, close by, stretched out horizontal, dormant; and we alive and quaking! Crack, crack, through the Rue de Grammont; across the Boulevard; up the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, — these windows, all silent, of Number 42, were Mirabeau's. Towards the Barrier not of Saint-Martin, but of Clichy on the utmost North! Patience, ye royal Individuals; Fersen understands what he is about. Passing up the Rue de Clichy, he alights for one moment at Madame Sullivan's: "Did Count Fersen's Coachman get the Baroness de Korff's new Berline?" — "Gone with it an hour-and-half ago," grumbles responsive the drowsy Porter. — "*C'est bien.*"

Yes, it is well; — though had not such hour-and-half been *lost*, it were still better. Forth therefore, O Fersen, fast, by the Barrier de Clichy; then Eastward along the Outer Boulevard, what horses and whipcord can do!

Thus Fersen drives, through the ambrosial night. Sleeping Paris is now all on the right-hand of him; silent except for some snoring hum: and now he is Eastward as far as the Barrier de Saint-Martin; looking earnestly for Baroness de Korff's Berline. This Heaven's Berline he at length does descry, drawn up with its six horses, his own German Coachman waiting on the box. Right, thou good German: now haste, whither thou knowest! — And as for us of the Glass-coach, haste too, oh haste; much time is already lost! The august Glass-coach fare, six Insides, hastily packs itself into the new Berline; two Body-guard Couriers behind. The Glass-coach itself is turned adrift, its head towards the City; to wander whither it lists, — and be found next morning tumbled in a ditch. But Fersen is on the new box, with its brave new hammer-cloths; flourishing his whip; he bolts forward towards Bondy. There a third and final Body-guard Courier of ours ought surely to be, with post-horses ready-ordered. There likewise ought that purchased Chaise, with the two Waiting-maids and their bandboxes, to be; whom also her Majesty could not travel without. Swift, thou deft Fersen, and may the Heavens turn it well!

Once more, by Heaven's blessing, it is all well. Here is the sleeping Hamlet of Bondy; Chaise with Waiting-women; horses all ready, and postilions with their churn-boots, impatient in the dewy dawn. Brief harnessing done, the postilions with their churn-boots vault into the saddles; brandish circularly their little noisy whips. Fersen, under his jarvie-surtout, bends in lowly silent reverence of adieu; royal hands wave speechless inexpressible response; Baroness de Korff's Berline, with the Royalty of France, bounds off: forever, as it proved. Deft Fersen dashes obliquely Northward, through the country, towards Bougret; gains Bougret, finds his German Coachman and chariot waiting there; cracks off, and drives undiscovered into unknown space. A deft active man, we say; what he undertook to do is nimbly and successfully done.

And so the Royalty of France is actually fled? This precious night, the shortest of the year, it flies, and drives! *Baroness de Korff* is, at bottom, Dame de Tourzel, Governess of the

Royal Children: she who came hooded with the two hooded little ones; little Dauphin; little Madame Royale, known long afterwards as Duchesse d'Angoulême. Baroness de Korff's *Waiting-maid* is the Queen in gypsy-hat. The royal Individual in round hat and peruke, he is *Valet* for the time being. That other hooded Dame, styled *Traveling companion*, is kind Sister Elizabeth; she had sworn, long since, when the Insurrection of Women was, that only death should part her and them. And so they rush there, not too impetuously, through the Wood of Bondy: — over a Rubicon in their own and France's History.

Great; though the future is all vague! If we reach Bouillé? If we do not reach him? O Louis! and this all round thee is the great slumbering Earth (and overhead, the great watchful Heaven); the slumbering Wood of Bondy,— where long-haired Childeric Donothing was struck through with iron; not unreasonably, in a world like ours. These peaked stone-towers are Raincy; towers of wicked D'Orléans. All slumbers save the multiplex rustle of our new Berline. Loose-skirted scarecrow of an Herb-merchant, with his ass and early greens, toilsomely plodding, seems the only creature we meet. But right ahead the great Northeast sends up evermore his gray brindled dawn: from dewy branch, birds here and there, with short deep warble, salute the coming Sun. Stars fade out, and Galaxies; Street-lamps of the City of God. The Universe, O my brothers, is flinging wide its portals for the Levee of the Great High King. Thou, poor King Louis, farest nevertheless, as mortals do, towards Orient lands of Hope; and the Tuileries with *its* Levees, and France and the earth itself, is but a larger kind of dog-hutch,— occasionally going rabid.

. . . . . .

The Return.

So, then, our grand Royalist Plot, of Flight to Metz, has *executed* itself. Long hovering in the background, as a dread royal *ultimatum*, it has rushed forward in its terrors: verily, to some purpose. How many Royalist Plots and Projects, one after another, cunningly devised, that were to explode like powder-mines and thunder-claps; not one solitary Plot of which has issued otherwise! Powder-mine of a *Séance Royale* on the Twenty-third of June, 1789, which exploded, as we

then said, "through the touch-hole"; which next, your war-god Broglie, having *re*loaded it, brought a Bastille about your ears. Then came fervent Opera-Repast, with flourishing of sabers, and *O Richard, O my King!* which, aided by Hunger, produces Insurrection of Women, and Pallas Athene in the shape of Demoiselle Théroigne. Valor profits not; neither has fortune smiled on fanfaronade. The Bouillé armament ends as the Broglie one had done. Man after man spends himself in this cause, only to work it quicker ruin; it seems a cause doomed, forsaken of Earth and Heaven.

On the Sixth of October gone a year, King Louis, escorted by Demoiselle Théroigne and some two hundred thousand, made a Royal Progress and Entrance into Paris, such as man had never witnessed; we prophesied him Two more such: and accordingly another of them, after this flight to Metz, is now coming to pass. Théroigne will not escort here; neither does Mirabeau now "sit in one of the accompanying carriages." Mirabeau lies dead, in the Pantheon of Great Men. Théroigne lies living, in dark Austrian Prison; having gone to Liége, professionally, and been seized there. Bemurmured now by the hoarse-flowing Danube: the light of her Patriot Supper-parties gone quite out; so lies Théroigne: she shall speak with the Kaiser face to face, and return. And France lies — how! Fleeting Time shears down the great and the little; and in two years alters many things.

But at all events, here, we say, is a second Ignominious Royal Procession, though much altered; to be witnessed also by its hundreds of thousands. Patience, ye Paris Patriots; the Royal Berline is returning. Not till Saturday: for the Royal Berline travels by slow stages; amid such loud-voiced confluent sea of National Guards, sixty thousand as they count; amid such tumult of all people. Three National-Assembly Commissioners, famed Barnave, famed Pétion, generally respectable Latour-Maubourg, have gone to meet it; of whom the two former ride in the Berline itself beside Majesty, day after day. Latour, as a mere respectability, and man of whom all men speak well, can ride in the rear, with Dame de Tourzel and the *Soubrettes*.

So on Saturday evening, about seven o'clock, Paris by hundreds of thousands is again drawn up: not now dancing the tricolor joy-dance of hope; nor as yet dancing in fury-dance of hate and revenge: but in silence, with vague look of conjecture,

and curiosity mostly scientific. A Saint-Antoine Placard has given notice this morning that "whosoever insults Louis shall be caned, whosoever applauds him shall be hanged." Behold then, at last, that wonderful New Berline; encircled by blue National sea with fixed bayonets, which flows slowly, floating it on, through the silent assembled hundreds of thousands. Three yellow Couriers sit atop bound with ropes; Pétion, Barnave, their Majesties, with Sister Elizabeth, and the Children of France, are within.

Smile of embarrassment, or cloud of dull sourness, is on the broad phlegmatic face of his Majesty; who keeps declaring to the successive Official persons, what is evident, "*Eh bien, me voilà*, Well, here you have me;" and what is not evident, "I do assure you I did not mean to pass the frontiers;" and so forth: speeches natural for that poor Royal Man; which Decency would veil. Silent is her Majesty, with a look of grief and scorn; natural for that Royal Woman. Thus lumbers and creeps the ignominious Royal Procession, through many streets, amid a silent-gazing people: comparable, Mercier thinks, to some *Procession du Roi de Basoche;* or say, Procession of King Crispin, with his Dukes of Sutormania and royal blazonry of Cordwainery. Except indeed that this is *not* comic; ah no, it is comico-tragic; with bound Couriers, and a Doom hanging over it; most fantastic, yet most miserably real. Miserablest *flebile ludibrium* of a Pickle-herring Tragedy! It sweeps along there, in most *un*gorgeous pall, through many streets in the dusty summer evening; gets itself at length wriggled out of sight; vanishing in the Tuileries Palace, — towards its doom, of slow torture, *peine forte et dure*.

Populace, it is true, seizes the three rope-bound yellow Couriers; will at least massacre *them*. But our august Assembly, which is sitting at this great moment, sends out Deputation of rescue; and the whole is got huddled up. Barnave "all dusty," is already there, in the National Hall; making brief discreet address and report. As indeed, through the whole journey, this Barnave has been most discreet, sympathetic; and has gained the Queen's trust, whose noble instinct teaches her always who is to be trusted. Very different from heavy Pétion; who, if Campan speak truth, ate his luncheon, comfortably filled his wine-glass, in the Royal Berline; flung out his chicken-bones past the nose of Royalty itself; and, on the King's saying, "France cannot be a Republic," answered, "No, it is not ripe

yet." Barnave is henceforth a Queen's adviser, if advice could profit: and her Majesty astonishes Dame Campan by signifying almost a regard for Barnave; and that, in a day of retribution and Royal triumph, Barnave shall *not* be executed.

On Monday night Royalty went; on Saturday evening it returns: so much, within one short week, has Royalty accomplished for itself. The Pickle-herring Tragedy has vanished in the Tuileries Palace, towards "pain strong and hard." Watched, fettered and humbled, as Royalty never was. — Watched even in its sleeping-apartments and inmost recesses: for it has to sleep with door set ajar, blue National Argus watching, his eye fixed on the Queen's curtains; nay, on one occasion, as the Queen cannot sleep, he offers to sit by her pillow, and converse a little!

Charlotte Corday.

In the leafy months of June and July, several French Departments germinate a set of rebellious *paper*-leaves, named Proclamations, Resolutions, Journals, or Diurnals, "of the Union for Resistance to Oppression." In particular, the Town of Caen, in Calvados, sees its paper-leaf of *Bulletin de Caen* suddenly bud, suddenly establish itself as Newspaper there; under the Editorship of Girondin National Representatives!

For among the proscribed Girondins are certain of a more desperate humor. Some, as Vergniaud, Valazé, Gensonné, "arrested in their own houses," will await with stoical resignation what the issue may be. Some, as Brissot, Rabaut, will take to flight, to concealment; which, as the Paris Barriers are opened again in a day or two, is not yet difficult. But others there are who will rush, with Buzot, to Calvados; or far over France, to Lyons, Toulon, Nantes and elsewhither, and then rendezvous at Caen: to awaken as with war-trumpet the respectable Departments; and strike down an anarchic Mountain Faction; at least not yield without a stroke at it. Of this latter temper we count some score or more, of the Arrested, and of the Not-yet-arrested: a Buzot, a Barbaroux, Louvet, Guadet, Pétion, who have escaped from Arrestment in their own homes; a Salles, a Pythagorean Valady, a Duchâtel, the Duchâtel that came in blanket and nightcap to vote for the life of Louis, who have escaped from danger and

likelihood of Arrestment. These, to the number at one time of Twenty-seven, do accordingly lodge here, at the "*Intendance*, or Departmental Mansion," of the town of Caen in Calvados; welcomed by Persons in Authority; welcomed and defrayed, having no money of their own. And the *Bulletin de Caen* comes forth, with the most animating paragraphs: How the Bordeaux Department, the Lyons Department, this Department after the other is declaring itself; sixty, or say sixty-nine, or seventy-two respectable Departments either declaring, or ready to declare. Nay Marseilles, it seems, will march on Paris by itself, if need be. So has Marseilles Town said, That she will march. But on the other hand, that Montélimart Town has said, No thoroughfare; and means even to "bury herself" under her own stone and mortar first, — of this be no mention in *Bulletin de Caen*.

Such animating paragraphs we read in this new Newspaper; and fervors and eloquent sarcasm: tirades against the Mountain, from the pen of Deputy Salles; which resemble, say friends, Pascal's *Provincials*. What is more to the purpose, these Girondins have got a General in chief, one Wimpfen, formerly under Dumouriez; also a secondary questionable General Puisaye, and others; and are doing their best to raise a force for war. National Volunteers, whosoever is of right heart: gather in, ye national Volunteers, friends of Liberty; from our Calvados Townships, from the Eure, from Brittany, from far and near: forward to Paris, and extinguish Anarchy! Thus at Caen, in the early July days, there is a drumming and parading, a perorating and consulting: Staff and Army; Council; Club of *Carabots*, Anti-Jacobin friends of Freedom, to denounce atrocious Marat. With all which, and the editing of *Bulletins*, a National Representative has his hands full.

At Caen it is most animated; and, as one hopes, more or less animated in the "Seventy-two Departments that adhere to us." And in a France begirt with Cimmerian invading Coalitions, and torn with an internal La Vendée, *this* is the conclusion we have arrived at: to put down Anarchy by Civil War! *Durum et durum*, the Proverb says, *non faciunt murum*. La Vendée burns: Santerre can do nothing there; he may return home and brew beer. Cimmerian bombshells fly all along the North. That Siege of Mentz is become famed; — lovers of the Picturesque (as Goethe will testify), washed country-people of both sexes, stroll thither on Sundays, to see the artillery work

and counterwork; "you only duck a little while the shot whizzes past." Condé is capitulating to the Austrians; Royal Highness of York, these several weeks, fiercely batters Valenciennes. For, alas, our fortified Camp of Famars was stormed; General Dampierre was killed; General Custine was blamed, — and indeed is now come to Paris to give "explanations."

Against all which the Mountain and atrocious Marat must even make head as they can. They, anarchic Convention as they are, publish Decrees, expostulatory, explanatory, yet not without severity; they ray forth Commissioners, singly or in pairs, the olive-branch in one hand, yet the sword in the other. Commissioners come even to Caen; but without effect. Mathematical Romme, and Prieur named of the Côte d'Or, venturing thither, with their olive and sword, are packed into prison: there may Romme lie, under lock and key, "for fifty days;" and meditate his New Calendar, if he please. Cimmeria, La Vendée, and Civil War! Never was Republic One and Indivisible at a lower ebb.

Amid which dim ferment of Caen and the World, History specially notices one thing: in the lobby of the Mansion *de l'Intendance*, where busy Deputies are coming and going, a young Lady with an aged valet, taking grave graceful leave of Deputy Barbaroux. She is of stately Norman figure; in her twenty-fifth year; of beautiful still countenance: her name is Charlotte Corday, heretofore styled D'Armans, while Nobility still was. Barbaroux has given her a Note to Deputy Duperret, — him who once drew his sword in the effervescence. Apparently she will to Paris on some errand? "She was a Republican before the Revolution, and never wanted energy." A completeness, a decision is in this fair female Figure: "by energy she means the spirit that will prompt one to sacrifice himself for his country." What if she, this fair young Charlotte, had emerged from her secluded stillness, suddenly like a Star; cruel-lovely, with half-angelic, half-demonic splendor; to gleam for a moment, and in a moment be extinguished: to be held in memory, so bright complete was she, through long centuries! — Quitting Cimmerian Coalitions without, and the dim-simmering Twenty-five Millions within, History will look fixedly at this one fair Apparition of a Charlotte Corday; will note whither Charlotte moves, how the little Life burns forth so radiant, then vanishes swallowed of the Night.

With Barbaroux's Note of Introduction, and slight stock of

luggage, we see Charlotte on Tuesday the ninth of July seated in the Caen Diligence, with a place for Paris. None takes farewell of her, wishes her Good-journey: her Father will find a line left, signifying that she has gone to England, that he must pardon her, and forget her. The drowsy Diligence lumbers along; amid drowsy talk of Politics, and praise of the Mountain; in which she mingles not: all night, all day, and again all night. On Thursday, not long before noon, we are at the bridge of Neuilly; here is Paris with her thousand black domes, the goal and purpose of thy journey! Arrived at the Inn de la Providence in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, Charlotte demands a room; hastens to bed; sleeps all afternoon and night, till the morrow morning.

On the morrow morning, she delivers her Note to Duperret. It relates to certain Family Papers which are in the Minister of the Interior's hand; which a Nun at Caen, an old Convent-friend of Charlotte's, has need of; which Duperret shall assist her in getting: this then was Charlotte's errand to Paris? She has finished this, in the course of Friday; — yet says nothing of returning. She has seen and silently investigated several things. The Convention, in bodily reality, she has seen; what the Mountain is like. The living physiognomy of Marat she could not see; he is sick at present, and confined at home.

About eight on the Saturday morning, she purchases a large sheath-knife in the Palais Royal; then straightway, in the Place des Victoires, takes a hackney-coach: "To the Rue de l'École de Médecine, No. 44." It is the residence of the Citoyen Marat! — The Citoyen Marat is ill, and cannot be seen: which seems to disappoint her much. Her business is with Marat, then? Hapless beautiful Charlotte; hapless squalid Marat! From Caen in the utmost West, from Neuchâtel in the utmost East, they two are drawing nigh each other; they two have, very strangely, business together. — Charlotte, returning to her Inn, dispatches a short Note to Marat; signifying that she is from Caen, the seat of rebellion; that she desires earnestly to see him, and will put it in his power to do France a great service." No answer. Charlotte writes another Note, still more pressing; sets out with it by coach, about seven in the evening, herself. Tired day-laborers have again finished their Week; huge Paris is circling and simmering, manifold, according to its vague wont: this one fair Figure has decision in it; drives straight, — towards a purpose.

It is yellow July evening, we say, the thirteenth of the month; eve of the Bastille day, — when "M. Marat," four years ago, in the crowd of the Pont Neuf, shrewdly required of that Besenval Hussar-party, which had such friendly dispositions, "to dismount, and give up their arms, then;" and became notable among Patriot men. Four years: what a road he has traveled; — and sits now, about half-past seven of the clock, stewing in slipper-bath; sore afflicted; ill of Revolution Fever, — of what other malady this History had rather not name. Excessively sick and worn, poor man: with precisely eleven-pence-halfpenny of ready-money, in paper; with slipper-bath; strong three-footed stool for writing on, the while; and a squalid — Washerwoman, one may call her: that is his civic establishment in Medical-School Street; thither and not elsewhither has his road led him. Not to the reign of Brotherhood and Perfect Felicity; yet surely on the way towards that? — Hark, a rap again! A musical woman's voice, refusing to be rejected: it is the Citoyenne who would do France a service. Marat, recognizing from within, cries, Admit her. Charlotte Corday is admitted.

Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen the seat of rebellion, and wished to speak with you. — Be seated, *mon enfant*. Now what are the Traitors doing at Caen? What Deputies are at Caen? — Charlotte names some Deputies. "Their heads shall fall within a fortnight," croaks the eager People's-Friend, clutching his tablets to write: *Barbaroux*, *Pétion*, writes he with bare shrunk arm, turning aside in the bath: *Pétion*, and *Louvet*, and — Charlotte has drawn her knife from the sheath; plunges it, with one sure stroke, into the writer's heart. "*À moi, chère amie*, Help, dear!" no more could the Death-choked say or shriek. The helpful Washerwoman running in, there is no Friend of the People, or Friend of the Washerwoman left; but his life with a groan gushes out, indignant, to the shades below.

And so Marat People's-Friend is ended: the lone Stylites has got hurled down suddenly from his Pillar, — *whitherward* He that made him knows. Patriot Paris may sound triple and tenfold, in dole and wail; reëchoed by Patriot France; and the Convention, "Chabot pale with terror, declaring that they are to be all assassinated," may decree him Pantheon Honors, Public Funeral, Mirabeau's dust making way for him; and Jacobin Societies, in lamentable oratory, summing

up his character, parallel him to One, whom they think it honor to call "the good Sansculotte," — whom we name not here; also a Chapel may be made, for the urn that holds his Heart, in the Place du Carrousel; and new-born children be named Marat; and Lago-di-Como Hawkers bake mountains of stucco into unbeautiful Busts; and David paint his Picture, or Death-scene; and such other Apotheosis take place as the human genius, in these circumstances, can device: but Marat returns no more to the light of this Sun. One sole circumstance we have read with clear sympathy, in the old *Moniteur* Newspaper: how Marat's Brother comes from Neuchâtel to ask of the Convention, "that the deceased Jean-Paul Marat's musket be given him." For Marat too had a brother and natural affections; and was wrapt once in swaddling-clothes, and slept safe in a cradle like the rest of us. Ye children of men! — A sister of his, they say, lives still to this day in Paris.

As for Charlotte Corday, her work is accomplished; the recompense of it is near and sure. The *chère amie*, and neighbors of the house, flying at her, she "overturns some movables," entrenches herself till the gendarmes arrive; then quietly surrenders; goes quietly to the Abbaye Prison: she alone quiet, all Paris sounding, in wonder, in rage or admiration, round her. Duperret is put in arrest, on account of her; his Papers sealed, — which may lead to consequences. Fauchet, in like manner; though Fauchet had not so much as heard of her. Charlotte, confronted with these two Deputies, praises the grave firmness of Duperret, censures the dejection of Fauchet.

On Wednesday morning, the thronged Palais de Justice and Revolutionary Tribunal can see her face; beautiful and calm: she dates it "fourth day of the Preparation of Peace." A strange murmur ran through the Hall, at sight of her; you could not say of what character. Tinville has his indictments and tape-papers: the cutler of the Palais Royal will testify that he sold her the sheath-knife; "All these details are needless," interrupted Charlotte; "it is I that killed Marat." By whose instigation? — "By no one's." What tempted you, then? His crimes. "I killed one man," added she, raising her voice extremely (*extrêmement*), as they went on with their questions, "I killed one man to save a hundred thousand; a villain to save innocents; a savage wild-beast to give repose to my country. I was a Republican before the Revolution; I never wanted

energy." There is therefore nothing to be said. The public gazes astonished: the hasty limners sketch her features, Charlotte not disapproving: the men of law proceed with their formalities. The doom is Death as a murderess. To her Advocate she gives thanks; in gentle phrase, in high-flown classical spirit. To the Priest they send her she gives thanks; but needs not any shriving, any ghostly or other aid from him.

On this same evening therefore, about half-past seven o'clock, from the gate of the Conciergerie, to a City all on tip-toe, the fatal Cart issues; seated on it a fair young creature, sheeted in red smock of Murderess; so beautiful, serene, so full of life; journeying towards death, — alone amid the World. Many take off their hats, saluting reverently; for what heart but must be touched? Others growl and howl. Adam Lux, of Mentz, declares that she is greater than Brutus; that it were beautiful to die with her: the head of this young man seems turned. At the Place de la Révolution, the countenance of Charlotte wears the same still smile. The executioners proceed to bind her feet; she resists, thinking it meant as an insult; on a word of explanation, she submits with cheerful apology. As the last act, all being now ready, they take the neckerchief from her neck; a blush of maidenly shame overspreads that fair face and neck; the cheeks were still tinged with it when the executioner lifted the severed head, to show it to the people. "It is most true," says Forster, "that he struck the cheek insultingly; for I saw it with my eyes: the Police imprisoned him for it."

In this manner have the Beautifulest and the Squalidest come in collision, and extinguished one another. Jean-Paul Marat and Marie-Anne Charlotte Corday both, suddenly, are no more. "Day of the Preparation of Peace?" Alas, how were peace possible or preparable, while, for example, the hearts of lovely Maidens, in their convent-stillness, are dreaming not of Love-paradises and the light of Life, but of Codrus'-sacrifices and Death well-earned? That Twenty-five Million hearts have got to such temper, this *is* the Anarchy; the soul of it lies in this: whereof not peace can be the embodiment! The death of Marat, whetting old animosities tenfold, will be worse than any life. O ye hapless Two, mutually extinctive, the Beautiful and the Squalid, sleep ye well, — in the Mother's bosom that bore you both!

This is the History of Charlotte Corday; most definite, most complete; angelic-demonic: like a Star! Adam Lux goes home,

half-delirious; to pour forth his Apotheosis of her, in paper and print; to propose that she have a statue with this inscription, *Greater than Brutus*. Friends represent his danger; Lux is reckless; thinks it were beautiful to die with her.

Cromwell.

(From "Heroes and Hero-Worship.")

Poor Cromwell, — great Cromwell! The inarticulate Prophet; Prophet who could not *speak*. Rude, confused, struggling to utter himself, with his savage depth, with his wild sincerity; and he looked so strange, among the elegant Euphemisms, dainty little Falklands, didactic Chillingworths, diplomatic Clarendons! Consider him. An outer hull of chaotic confusion, visions of the Devil, nervous dreams, almost semi-madness; and yet such a clear determinate man's-energy working in the heart of that. A kind of chaotic man. The ray as of pure starlight and fire, working in such an element of boundless hypochondria, *un*formed black of darkness! And yet withal this hypochondria, what was it but the very greatness of the man? The depth and tenderness of his wild affections: the quantity of *sympathy* he had with things,— the quantity of insight he would yet get into the heart of things, the mastery he would yet get over things: this was his hypochondria. The man's misery, as man's misery always does, came of his greatness. Samuel Johnson too is that kind of man. Sorrow-stricken, half-distracted; the wide element of mournful *black* enveloping him, — wide as the world. It is the character of a prophetic man; a man with his whole soul *seeing*, and struggling to see.

On this ground, too, I explain to myself Cromwell's reputed confusion of speech. To himself the internal meaning was sun-clear; but the material with which he was to clothe it in utterance was not there. He had *lived* silent; a great unnamed sea of Thought round him all his days; and in his way of life little call to attempt *naming* or uttering that. With his sharp power of vision, resolute power of action, I doubt not he could have learned to write Books withal, and speak fluently enough; — he did harder things than writing of Books. This kind of man is precisely he who is fit for doing manfully all things you will set him on doing. Intellect is not speaking and logicizing; it is

seeing and ascertaining. Virtue, *Vir-tus,* manhood, *hero*hood, is not fair-spoken immaculate regularity; it is first of all, what the Germans well name it, *Tugend* (*Taugend*, *dow*-ing, or *Dough*-tiness), Courage and the Faculty to *do*. This basis of the matter Cromwell had in him.

One understands moreover how, though he could not speak in Parliament, he might *preach*, rhapsodic preaching; above all, how he might be great in extempore prayer. These are the free outpouring utterances of what is in the heart: method is not required in them; warmth, depth, sincerity are all that is required. Cromwell's habit of prayer is a notable feature of him. All his great enterprises were commenced with prayer. In dark inextricable-looking difficulties, his Officers and he used to assemble, and pray alternately, for hours, for days, till some definite resolution rose among them, some "door of hope," as they would name it, disclosed itself. Consider that. In tears, in fervent prayers, and cries to the great God, to have pity on them, to make His light shine before them. They, armed Soldiers of Christ, as they felt themselves to be; a little band of Christian Brothers, who had drawn the sword against a great black devouring world not Christian, but Mammonish, Devilish, — they cried to God in their straits, in their extreme need, not to forsake the Cause that was His. The light which now rose upon them, — how could a human soul, by any means at all, get better light? Was not the purpose so formed like to be precisely the best, wisest, the one to be followed without hesitation any more? To them it was as the shining of Heaven's own Splendor in the waste-howling darkness; the Pillar of Fire by night, that was to guide them on their desolate perilous way. *Was* it not such? Can a man's soul, to this hour, get guidance by any other method than intrinsically by that same, — devout prostration of the earnest struggling soul before the Highest, the Giver of all Light; be such *prayer* a spoken, articulate, or be it a voiceless, inarticulate one? There is no other method. "Hypocrisy?" One begins to be weary of all that. They who call it so, have no right to speak on such matters. They never formed a purpose, what one can call a purpose. They went about balancing expediencies, plausibilities; gathering votes, advices; they never were alone with the *truth* of a thing at all. — Cromwell's prayers were likely to be "eloquent," and much more than that. His was the heart of a man who *could* pray.

But indeed his actual Speeches, I apprehend, were not nearly so ineloquent, incondite, as they look. We find he was, what all speakers aim to be, an impressive speaker, even in Parliament; one who, from the first, had weight. With that rude passionate voice of his, he was always understood to *mean* something, and men wished to know what. He disregarded eloquence, nay despised and disliked it; spoke always without premeditation of the words he was to use. The Reporters, too, in those days seem to have been singularly candid; and to have given the Printer precisely what they found on their own note-paper. And withal, what a strange proof is it of Cromwell's being the premeditative ever-calculating hypocrite, acting a play before the world, that to the last he took no more charge of his Speeches! How came he not to study his words a little, before flinging them out to the public? If the words were true words, they could be left to shift for themselves.

But with regard to Cromwell's "lying," we will make one remark. This, I suppose, or something like this, to have been the nature of it. All parties found themselves deceived in him; each party understood him to be meaning *this*, heard him even say so, and behold he turns-out to have been meaning *that!* He was, cry they, the chief of liars. But now, intrinsically, is not all this the inevitable fortune, not of a false man in such times, but simply of a superior man? Such a man must have *reticences* in him. If he walk wearing his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at, his journey will not extend far! There is no use for any man's taking-up his abode in a house built of glass. A man always is to be himself the judge how much of his mind he will show to other men; even to those he would have work along with him. There are impertinent inquiries made; your rule is, to leave the inquirer *un*informed on that matter; not, if you can help it, *mis*informed, but precisely as dark as he was!

This, could one hit the right phrase of response, is what the wise and faithful man would aim to answer in such a case.

Cromwell, no doubt of it, spoke often in the dialect of small subaltern parties; uttered to them a *part* of his mind. Each little party thought him all its own. Hence their rage, one and all, to find him not of their party, but of his own party! Was it his blame? At all seasons of his history he must have felt, among such people, how if he explained to them the deeper insight he had, they must either have shuddered aghast at it, or

believing it, their own little compact hypothesis must have gone wholly to wreck. They could not have worked in his province any more; nay perhaps they could not have now worked in their own province. It is the inevitable position of a great man among small men. Small men, most active, useful, are to be seen everywhere, whose whole activity depends on some conviction which to you is palpably a limited one; imperfect, what we call an *error*. But would it be a kindness always, is it a duty always or often, to disturb them in that? Many a man, doing loud work in the world, stands only on some thin traditionality, conventionality to him indubitable, to you incredible: break that beneath him, he sinks to endless depths! "I might have my hand full of truth," said Fontenelle, "and open only my little finger."

And if this be the fact even in matters of doctrine, how much more in all departments of practice! He that cannot withal *keep his mind to himself* cannot practice any considerable thing whatever. And we call it "dissimulation," all this? What would you think of calling the general of an army a dissembler because he did not tell every corporal and private soldier who pleased to put the question, what his thoughts were about everything? — Cromwell, I should rather say, managed all this in a manner we must admire for its perfection. An endless vortex of such questioning "corporals" rolled confusedly round him through his whole course; whom he did answer. It must have been as a great true-seeing man that he managed this too. Not one proved falsehood, as I said; not one! Of what man that ever wound himself through such a coil of things will you say so much?

But in fact there are two errors, widely prevalent, which pervert to the very basis our judgments formed about such men as Cromwell; about their "ambition," "falsity," and suchlike. The first is what I might call substituting the *goal* of their career for the course and starting-point of it. The vulgar Historian of a Cromwell fancies that he had determined on being Protector of England, at the time when he was plowing the marsh lands of Cambridgeshire. His career lay all mapped-out: a program of the whole drama; which he then step by step dramatically unfolded with all manner of cunning, deceptive dramaturgy, as he went on, — the hollow scheming Ὑποκριτής, or Play-actor, that he was! This is a radical perversion; all but universal in such cases. And think for an instant

how different the fact is! How much does one of *us* foresee of his own life? Short way ahead of us it is all dim; an *un*wound skein of possibilities, of apprehensions, attemptabilities, vague-looming hopes. This Cromwell had *not* his life lying all in that fashion of Program, which he needed then, with that unfathomable cunning of his, only to enact dramatically, scene after scene! Not so. We see it so; but to him it was in no measure so. What absurdities would fall away of themselves, were this one undeniable fact kept honestly in view by History! Historians indeed will tell you that they do keep it in view; — but look whether such is practically the fact! Vulgar History, as in this Cromwell's case, omits it altogether; even the best kinds of History only remember it now and then. To remember it duly with rigorous perfection, as in the fact it *stood*, requires indeed a rare faculty; rare, nay impossible. A very Shakespeare for faculty; or more than Shakespeare; who could *enact* a brother man's biography, see with the brother man's eyes at all points of his course what things *he* saw; in short, *know* his course and him, as few "Historians" are like to do. Half or more of all the thick-plied perversions which distort our image of Cromwell, will disappear, if we honestly so much as try to represent them so; in sequence, as they *were;* not in the lump, as they are thrown down before us.

But a second error which I think the generality commit refers to this same "ambition" itself. We exaggerate the ambition of Great Men; we mistake what the nature of it is. Great Men are not ambitious in that sense; he is a small poor man that is ambitious so. Examine the man who lives in misery because he does not shine above other men; who goes about producing himself, pruriently anxious about his gifts and claims; struggling to force everybody, as it were begging everybody for God's sake, to acknowledge him a great man, and set him over the heads of men! Such a creature is among the wretchedest sights seen under this sun. A *great* man? A poor morbid prurient empty man; fitter for the ward of a hospital than for a throne among men. I advise you to keep out of his way. He cannot walk on quiet paths; unless you will look at him, wonder at him, write paragraphs about him, he cannot live. It is the *emptiness* of the man, not his greatness. Because there is nothing in himself, he hungers and thirsts that you would find something in him. In good truth, I believe no great man, not so much as a genuine man who had health and real

substance in him of whatever magnitude, was ever much tormented in this way.

Your Cromwell, what good could it do him to be "noticed" by noisy crowds of people? God his Maker already noticed him. He, Cromwell, was already there; no notice would make *him* other than he already was. Till his hair was grown gray; and Life from the down-hill slope was all seen to be limited, not infinite but finite, and all a measurable matter *how* it went, — he had been content to plow the ground, and read his Bible. He in his old days could not support it any longer, without selling himself to Falsehood, that he might ride in gilt carriages to Whitehall, and have clerks with bundles of papers haunting him, "Decide this, decide that," which in utmost sorrow of heart no man can perfectly decide! What could gilt carriages do for this man? From of old was there not in his life a weight of meaning, a terror and a splendor as of Heaven itself? His existence there as man set him beyond the need of gilding. Death, Judgment, and Eternity: these already lay as the background of whatsoever he thought or did. All his life lay begirt as in a sea of nameless Thoughts, which no speech of a mortal could name. God's Word, as the Puritan prophets of that time had read it: this was great, and all else was little to him. To call such a man "ambitious," to figure him as the prurient wind-bag described above, seems to me the poorest solecism. Such a man will say: "Keep your gilt carriages and huzzaing mobs, keep your red-tape clerks, your influentialities, your important businesses. Leave me alone, leave me alone; there is *too much of life* in me already!" Old Samuel Johnson, the greatest soul in England in his day, was not ambitious. "Corsica Boswell" flaunted at public shows with printed ribbons round his hat; but the great old Samuel staid at home. The world-wide soul, wrapt-up in its thoughts, in its sorrows; — what could paradings and ribbons in the hat, do for it?

Ah yes, I will say again: The great *silent* men! Looking round on the noisy inanity of the world, words with little meaning, actions with little worth, one loves to reflect on the great Empire of *Silence*. The noble silent men, scattered here and there, each in his own department; silently thinking; silently working; whom no Morning Newspaper makes mention of! They are the salt of the Earth. A country that has none or few of these is in a bad way. Like a forest which had no *roots;* which had all turned into leaves and boughs; — which must

soon wither and be no forest. Woe for us if we had nothing but what we can *show*, or speak. Silence, the great Empire of Silence: higher than the stars; deeper than the Kingdoms of Death! It alone is great; all else is small. — I hope we English will long maintain our *grand talent pour le silence*. Let others that cannot do without standing on barrel-heads, to spout, and be seen of all the market-place, cultivate speech exclusively, — become a most green forest without roots! Solomon says, There is a time to speak; but also a time to keep silence. Of some great silent Samuel, not urged to writing, as old Samuel Johnson says he was, by *want of money* and nothing other, one might ask, "Why do not you too get up and speak; promulgate your system, found your sect?" "Truly," he will answer, "I am *continent* of my thought hitherto; happily I have yet had the ability to keep it in me, no compulsion strong enough to speak it. My 'system' is not for promulgation first of all; it is for serving myself to live by. That is the great purpose of it to me. And then the 'honor'? Alas, yes; — but as Cato said of the statue: So many statues in that Forum of yours, may it not be better if they ask, Where is Cato's statue?"

But now, by way of counterpoise to this of Silence, let me say that there are two kinds of ambition: one wholly blamable, the other laudable and inevitable. Nature has provided that the great silent Samuel shall not be silent too long. The selfish wish to shine over others, let it be accounted altogether poor and miserable. "Seekest thou great things, seek them not": this is most true. And yet, I say, there is an irrepressible tendency in every man to develop himself according to the magnitude which Nature has made him of; to speak out, to act out, what Nature has laid in him. This is proper, fit, inevitable; nay, it is a duty, and even the summary of duties for a man. The meaning of life here on earth might be defined as consisting in this: To unfold your *self*, to work what thing you have the faculty for. It is a necessity for the human being, the first law of our existence. Coleridge beautifully remarks that the infant learns to *speak* by this necessity it feels. — We will say therefore: To decide about ambition, whether it is bad or not, you have two things to take into view. Not the coveting of the place alone, but the fitness for the man of the place withal: that is the question. Perhaps the place was *his*, perhaps he had a natural right, and even obligation to seek the place! Mirabeau's ambition to be Prime Minister, how shall we blame it, if he were

"the only man in France that could have done any good there"? Hopefuler perhaps had he not so clearly *felt* how much good he could do! But a poor Necker, who could do no good, and had even felt that he could do none, yet sitting broken-hearted because they had flung him out and he was now quit of it, well might Gibbon mourn over him. —Nature, I say, has provided amply that the silent great man shall strive to speak withal; *too* amply, rather!

Fancy, for example, you had revealed to the brave old Samuel Johnson, in his shrouded-up existence, that it was possible for him to do priceless divine work for his country and the whole world. That the perfect Heavenly Law might be made Law on this Earth; that the prayer he prayed daily, "Thy kingdom come," was at length to be fulfilled! If you had convinced his judgment of this; that it was possible, practicable; that he the mournful silent Samuel was called to take a part in it! Would not the whole soul of the man have flamed-up into a divine clearness, into noble utterance and determination to act; casting all sorrows and misgivings under his feet, counting all affliction and contradiction small, — the whole dark element of his existence blazing into articulate radiance of light and lightning? It were a true ambition this! And think now how it actually was with Cromwell. From of old, the sufferings of God's Church, true zealous Preachers of the truth flung into dungeons, whipt, set on pillories, their ears cropt-off, God's Gospel-cause trodden under foot of the unworthy: all this had lain heavy on his soul. Long years he had looked upon it in silence, in prayer; seeing no remedy on Earth; trusting well that a remedy in Heaven's goodness would come,— that such a course was false, unjust, and could not last forever. And now behold the dawn of it; after twelve years' silent waiting, all England stirs itself; there is to be once more a Parliament, the Right will get a voice for itself: inexpressible well-grounded hope has come again into the Earth. Was not such a Parliament worth being a member of? Cromwell threw down his plow, and hastened thither.

He spoke there, — rugged bursts of earnestness, of a self-seen truth, where we get a glimpse of them. He worked there; he fought and strove, like a strong true giant of a man, through cannon-tumult and all else, — on and on, till the Cause *triumphed*, its once so formidable enemies all swept from before it, and the dawn of hope had become clear light of victory and certainty.

That *he* stood there as the strongest soul of England, the undisputed Hero of all England, — what of this? It was possible that the Law of Christ's Gospel could now establish itself in the world! The Theocracy which John Knox in his pulpit might dream of as a "devout imagination," this practical man, experienced in the whole chaos of most rough practice, dared to consider as capable of being *realized*. Those that were highest in Christ's Church, the devoutest wisest men, were to rule the land: in some considerable degree, it might be so and should be so. Was it not *true*, God's truth? And if *true*, was it not then the very thing to do? The strongest practical intellect in England dared to answer, Yes! This I call a noble true purpose; is it not, in its own dialect, the noblest that could enter into the heart of Statesman or man? For a Knox to take it up was something; but for a Cromwell, with his great sound sense and experience of what our world *was*, — History, I think, shows it only this once in such a degree. I account it the culminating point of Protestantism; the most heroic phasis that "Faith in the Bible" was appointed to exhibit here below. Fancy it: that it were made manifest to one of us, how we could make the Right supremely victorious over Wrong, and all that we had longed and prayed for, as the highest good to England and all lands, an attainable fact!

Well, I must say, the *vulpine* intellect, with its knowingness, its alertness and expertness in "detecting hypocrites," seems to me a rather sorry business. We have had but one such Statesman in England; one man, that I can get sight of, who ever had in the heart of him any such purpose at all. One man, in the course of fifteen hundred years; and this was his welcome. He had adherents by the hundred or the ten; opponents by the million. Had England rallied all round him, — why, then, England might have been a *Christian* land! As it is, vulpine knowingness sits yet at its hopeless problem, "Given a world of Knaves, to educe an Honesty from their united action;" — how cumbrous a problem, you may see in Chancery Law-Courts, and some other places! Till at length, by Heaven's just anger, but also by Heaven's great grace, the matter begins to stagnate; and this problem is becoming to all men a *palpably* hopeless one.

BLISS CARMAN.

Bliss Carman, a Canadian poet, was born at Fredericton, N.B., April 15, 1861. He was graduated from the University of New Brunswick in 1881, with honors. Until 1888, he spent in private reading and study at Edinburgh and Harvard. Later he taught school, read law, and practiced engineering. He has been connected with "The Independent," "The Cosmopolitan," and "The Atlantic," also assisted in starting "The Chap-Book." His chief works are "Low Tide on Grand Pré" (1893), second edition (1894); "Songs from Vagabondia" (1894), with Richard Hovey; "A Seamark: a Threnody for R. L. Stevenson" (1895); "Behind the Arras: A Book of the Unseen" (1895); "More Songs from Vagabondia" (1896); "Ballads of Lost Haven" (1897); "By the Aurelian Wall" (1898).

Drifting.[1]

(From "Low Tide on Grand Pré.")

The while the river at our feet —
A drowsy inland meadow stream —
At set of sun the after-heat
Made running gold, and in the gleam
We freed our birch upon the stream.

There, down along the elms at dusk,
We lifted dripping blade to drift,
Through twilight scented fine like musk,
Where night and gloom a while uplift,
Nor sunder soul and soul adrift.

And that we took into our hands —
Spirit of life or subtler thing —
Breathed on us there, and loosed the bands
Of death, and taught us, whispering,
The secret of some wonder-thing.

Then all your face grew light, and seemed
To hold the shadow of the sun;

[1] The following selections used by permission of Lamson, Wolffe & Co.

The evening faltered, and I deemed
That time was ripe, and years had done
Their wheeling underneath the sun.

A Vagabond Song.

(From "More Songs from Vagabondia.")

There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood —
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

O, the scarlet of the maple-trees can shake me like the cry
Of the bugles going by;
And my lonely spirit thrills
When I see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gypsy blood astir;
And we rise and follow her,
When from every hill aflame
She is calling, calling, calling every vagabond by name.

At the Granite Gate.

(From "Behind the Arras.")

There paused to shut the door
A fellow called the Wind.
With mystery before,
And reticence behind,

A portal waits me too
In the glad house of spring;
One day I shall pass through
And leave you wondering.

It lies beyond the marge
Of evening or of prime,
Silent and dim and large,
The gateway of all time.

There troop by night and day
My brothers of the field;
And I shall know the way
Their wood-songs have revealed.

The dusk will hold some trace
Of all my radiant crew

Who vanished to that place,
Ephemeral as dew.

Into the twilight dun,
Blue moth and dragon-fly
Adventuring alone, —
Shall be more brave than I?

There innocents shall bloom,
And the white cherry-tree,
With birch and willow plume
To strew the road for me.

The wilding orioles then
Shall make the golden air
Heavy with joy again,
And the dark heart shall dare

Resume the old desire, —
The exigence of spring
To be the orange fire
That tips the world's gray wing.

And the lone wood-bird — Hark!
The whippoorwill, night-long,
Threshing the summer dark
With his dim flail of song! —

Shall be the lyric lift,
When all my senses creep,
To bear me through the rift
In the blue range of sleep.

And so I pass beyond
The solace of your hand.
But ah, so brave and fond!
Within that morrow-land,

Where deed and daring fail,
But joy forevermore
Shall tremble and prevail
Against the narrow door,

Where sorrow knocks too late,
And grief is overdue,
Beyond the granite gate
There will be thoughts of you.

A Sea Child.

The lover of child Marjory
Had one white hour of life brim full;
Now the old nurse, the rocking sea,
Hath him to lull.

The daughter of child Marjory
Hath in her veins, to beat and run,
The glad indomitable sea,
The strong white sun.

A Windflower.

(From "Low Tide on Grand Pré.")

Between the roadside and the wood,
Between the dawning and the dew,
A tiny flower before the wind,
Ephemeral in time, I grew.

The chance of straying feet came by, —
Nor death nor love nor any name
Known among men in all their lands, —
Yet failure put desire to shame.

To-night can bring no healing now,
The calm of yesternight is gone;
Surely the wind is but the wind,
And I a broken waif thereon.

How fair my thousand brothers wave
Upon the floor of God's abode:
Whence came that careless wanderer
Between the woodside and the road!

LEWIS CARROLL.

Lewis Carroll, pseudonym of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, an English clergyman and writer on mathematical subjects, born in 1832; died in January, 1898. He was lecturer at Christ Church, Oxford, from 1855 to 1881. His principal works are "A Syllabus of Plain and Algebraical Geometry" (1860); "Guide to the Mathematical Student," etc. (1864); "Elementary Treatise on Determinats" (1867). His fame chiefly rests, however, upon his two very popular tales for children, entitled "Alice in Wonderland" (1869), and "Through the Looking-glass" (1875). They are fantasy-fables, full of what seems pure nonsense, but really based largely on "reductions to absurdity" of illogical popular usages in language or reasoning. They have been translated into most of the languages of Europe. He also published "The Hunting of the Snark" (1876); "Rhyme? and Reason?" (1883); "A Tangled Tale" (1886); "Euclid and His Modern Rivals" (1879); "Game of Logic" (1887); "Curiosa Mathematica" (1888); "Sylvie and Bruno" (1890).

A Mad Tea-Party.

(From "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.")

There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it: a Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. "Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice; "only as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming. "There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

"Have some wine," the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any wine," she remarked.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

From a Painting by Sidley

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was *your* table," said Alice: "it's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," Alice said with some severity: "it's very rude."

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he *said* was "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they've begun asking riddles — I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

"I do," Alice hastily replied; "at least — at least I mean what I say — that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. "Why, you might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see'!"

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like'!"

"You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, which seemed to be talking in its sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe'!"

"It *is* the same thing with you," said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn't much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence. "What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice: he had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and then said "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter

wouldn't suit the works!" he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled: "you shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily: then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again: but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the *best* butter, you know."

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch!" she remarked. "It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!"

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice replied very readily: "but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together."

"Which is just the case with *mine*," said the Hatter.

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to her to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English. "I don't quite understand you," she said, as politely as she could.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea upon its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head impatiently, and said, without opening its eyes, "Of course, of course: just what I was going to remark myself."

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

"No, I give it up," Alice replied. "What's the answer?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. "I think you might do something better with the time," she said, "than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers."

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied; "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

"Ah! That accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!"

("I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.)

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice thoughtfully; "but then — I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter: "but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that the way *you* manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully. "Not I!" he replied. "We quarreled last March — just before *he* went mad, you know —" (pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare,) "— it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing

'Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!'

You know the song, perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way: —

'Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea-tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle'" —

Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep "*Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle*" — and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen bawled out, 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!'"

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, "he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it," said the Hatter with a sigh: "it's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles."

"Then you keep moving round, I suppose?" said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter: "as the things get used up."

"But what happens when you come to the beginning again?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Suppose we change the subject," the March Hare interrupted, yawning. "I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story."

"I'm afraid I don't know one," said Alice, rather alarmed at the proposal.

"Then the Dormouse shall!" they both cried. "Wake up, Dormouse!" And they pinched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened its eyes. "I wasn't asleep," it said in a hoarse, feeble voice, "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story!" said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before it's done."

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry; "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well"—

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked. "They'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse; "*very* ill."

Alice tried a little to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much; so she went on: "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone: "so I can't take more."

"You mean you can't take *less*," said the Hatter: "it's very easy to take *more* than nothing."

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked triumphantly.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this: so she helped

herself to some tea and bread-and-butter, and then turned to the Dormouse, and repeated her question. "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, "It was a treacle-well."

"There's no such thing," Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went "Sh! Sh!" and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, "If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said very humbly. "I won't interrupt you again. I dare say there may be *one*."

"One, indeed!" said the Dormouse indignantly. However, he consented to go on. "And so these three little sisters — they were learning to draw, you know"—

"What did they draw?" said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

"Treacle," said the Dormouse, without considering at all, this time.

"I want a clean cup," interrupted the Hatter: "let's all move one place on."

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him: the March Hare moved into the Dormouse's place, and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change; and Alice was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk-jug into his plate.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously: "But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?"

"You can draw water out of a water-well," said the Hatter; "so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well — eh, stupid?"

"But they were *in* the well," Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse; "well in."

This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; "and they drew all manner of things — everything that begins with an M"—

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze; but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on; "—that begins with an M, such as mouse-traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness — you know you say things are 'much of a muchness'— did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness!"

"Really, now you ask me," said Alice, very much confused, "I don't think" —

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear: she got up in great disgust, and walked off: the Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her: the last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

"At any rate I'll never go *there* again!" said Alice, as she picked her way through the wood. "It's the stupidest tea-party I ever was at in all my life!"

Just as she said this, she noticed that one of the trees had a door leading right into it. "That's very curious!" she thought. "But everything's curious to-day. I think I may as well go in at once." And in she went.

Once more she found herself in the long hall, and close to the little glass table. "Now, I'll manage better this time," she said to herself, and began by taking the little golden key, and unlocking the door that led into the garden. Then she set to work nibbling at the mushroom (she had kept a piece of it in her pocket) till she was about a foot high: then she walked down the little passage: and *then* — she found herself at last in the beautiful garden, among the bright flower-beds and the cool fountains.

Who Stole the Tarts?

The King and Queen of Hearts were seated on their throne when they arrived, with a great crowd assembled about them — all sorts of little birds and beasts, as well as the whole pack of cards: the Knave was standing before them, in chains, with a soldier on each side to guard him; and near the King was the

White Rabbit, with a trumpet in one hand, and a scroll of parchment in the other. In the very middle of the court was a table, with a large dish of tarts upon it; they looked so good, that it made Alice quite hungry to look at them—"I wish they'd get the trial done," she thought, "and hand round the refreshments!" But there seemed to be no chance of this; so she began looking at everything about her to pass away the time.

Alice had never been in a court of justice before, but she had read about them in books, and she was quite pleased to find that she knew the name of nearly everything there. "That's the judge," she said to herself, "because of his great wig."

The judge, by the way, was the King; and, as he wore his crown over the wig, he did not look at all comfortable, and it was certainly not becoming.

"And that's the jury-box," thought Alice; "and those twelve creatures," (she was obliged to say "creatures," you see, because some of them were animals, and some were birds,) "I suppose they are the jurors." She said this last word two or three times over to herself, being rather proud of it: for she thought, and rightly too, that very few little girls of her age knew the meaning of it at all. However, "jury-men" would have done just as well.

The twelve jurors were all writing very busily on slates. "What are they doing?" Alice whispered to the Gryphon. "They can't have anything to put down yet, before the trial's begun."

"They're putting down their names," the Gryphon whispered in reply, "for fear they should forget them before the end of the trial."

"Stupid things!" Alice began in a loud indignant voice; but she stopped herself hastily, for the White Rabbit cried out "Silence in the court!" and the King put on his spectacles and looked anxiously round, to make out who was talking.

Alice could see, as well as if she were looking over their shoulders, that all the jurors were writing down "Stupid things!" on their slates, and she could even make out that one of them didn't know how to spell "stupid," and that he had to ask his neighbor to tell him. "A nice muddle their slates'll be in, before the trial's over!" thought Alice.

One of the jurors had a pencil that squeaked. This, of course, Alice could *not* stand, and she went round the court

and got behind him, and very soon found an opportunity of taking it away. She did it so quickly that the poor little juror (it was Bill, the Lizard) could not make out at all what had become of it; so, after hunting all about for it, he was obliged to write with one finger for the rest of the day; and this was of very little use, as it left no mark on the slate.

"Herald, read the accusation!" said the King.

On this the White Rabbit blew three blasts on the trumpet, and then unrolled the parchment-scroll, and read as follows: —

"The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer day:
The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts
And took them quite away!"

"Consider your verdict," the King said to the jury.

"Not yet, not yet!" the Rabbit hastily interrupted. "There's a great deal to come before that!"

"Call the first witness," said the King; and the White Rabbit blew three blasts on the trumpet, and called out "First witness!"

The first witness was the Hatter. He came in with a teacup in one hand and a piece of bread-and-butter in the other. "I beg pardon, your Majesty," he began, "for bringing these in; but I hadn't quite finished my tea when I was sent for."

"You ought to have finished," said the King. "When did you begin?"

The Hatter looked at the March Hare, who had followed him into the court, arm-in-arm with the Dormouse. "Fourteenth of March, I *think* it was," he said.

"Fifteenth," said the March Hare.

"Sixteenth," said the Dormouse.

"Write that down," the King said to the jury; and the jury eagerly wrote down all three dates on their slates, and then added them up, and reduced the answer to shillings and pence.

"Take off your hat," the King said to the Hatter.

"It isn't mine," said the Hatter.

"*Stolen!*" the King exclaimed, turning to the jury, who instantly made a memorandum of the fact.

"I keep them to sell," the Hatter added as an explanation. "I've none of my own. I'm a hatter."

Here the Queen put on her spectacles, and began staring hard at the Hatter, who turned pale and fidgeted.

"Give your evidence," said the King; "and don't be nervous, or I'll have you executed on the spot."

This did not seem to encourage the witness at all: he kept shifting from one foot to the other, looking uneasily at the Queen, and in his confusion he bit a large piece out of his teacup instead of the bread-and-butter.

Just at this moment Alice felt a very curious sensation, which puzzled her a good deal until she made out what it was: she was beginning to grow larger again, and she thought at first she would get up and leave the court; but on second thoughts she decided to remain where she was as long as there was room for her.

"I wish you wouldn't squeeze so," said the Dormouse, who was sitting next to her. "I can hardly breathe."

"I can't help it," said Alice very meekly: "I'm growing."

"You've no right to grow *here*," said the Dormouse.

"Don't talk nonsense," said Alice more boldly: "you know you're growing too."

"Yes, but *I* grow at a reasonable pace," said the Dormouse: "not in that ridiculous fashion." And he got up very sulkily and crossed over to the other side of the court.

All this time the Queen had never left off staring at the Hatter, and, just as the Dormouse crossed the court, she said, to one of the officers of the court, "Bring me the list of the singers in the last concert!" on which the wretched Hatter trembled so, that he shook off both his shoes.

"Give your evidence," the King repeated angrily, "or I'll have you executed, whether you're nervous or not."

"I'm a poor man, your Majesty," the Hatter began, in a trembling voice, "and I hadn't begun my tea — not above a week or so — and what with the bread-and-butter getting so thin — and the twinkling of the tea"—

"The twinkling of *what?*" said the King.

"It *began* with the tea," the Hatter replied.

"Of course twinkling *begins* with a T!" said the King sharply. "Do you take me for a dunce? Go on!"

"I'm a poor man," the Hatter went on, "and most things twinkled after that — only the March Hare said"—

"I didn't!" the March Hare interrupted in a great hurry.

"You did!" said the Hatter.

"I deny it!" said the March Hare.

"He denies it," said the King: "leave out that part."

"Well, at any rate, the Dormouse said" — the Hatter went on, looking anxiously round to see if he would deny it too; but the Dormouse denied nothing, being fast asleep.

"After that," continued the Hatter, "I cut some more bread-and-butter" —

"But what did the Dormouse say?" one of the jury asked.

"That I can't remember," said the Hatter.

"You *must* remember," remarked the King, "or I'll have you executed."

The miserable Hatter dropped his teacup and bread-and-butter, and went down on one knee. "I'm a poor man, your Majesty," he began.

"You're a *very* poor *speaker*," said the King.

Here one of the guinea-pigs cheered, and was immediately suppressed by the officers of the court. (As that is rather a hard word, I will just explain to you how it was done. They had a large canvas bag, which tied up at the mouth with strings: into this they slipped the guinea-pig, head first, and then sat upon it.)

"I'm glad I've seen that done," thought Alice. "I've so often read in the newspapers, at the end of trials, 'There was some attempt at applause, which was immediately suppressed by the officers of the court,' and I never understood what it meant till now."

"If that's all you know about it, you may stand down," continued the King.

"I can't go no lower," said the Hatter: "I'm on the floor, as it is."

"Then you may *sit* down," the King replied.

Here the other guinea-pig cheered, and was suppressed.

"Come, that finishes the guinea-pigs!" thought Alice. "Now we shall get on better."

"I'd rather finish my tea," said the Hatter, with an anxious look at the Queen, who was reading the list of singers.

"You may go," said the King, and the Hatter hurriedly left the court, without even waiting to put his shoes on.

— "and just take his head off outside," the Queen added to one of the officers; but the Hatter was out of sight before the officer could get to the door.

"Call the next witness!" said the King.

The next witness was the Duchess's cook. She carried the pepper-box in her hand, and Alice guessed who it was, even

before she got into the court, by the way the people near the door began sneezing all at once.

"Give your evidence," said the King.

"Sha'n't," said the cook.

The King looked anxiously at the White Rabbit, who said, in a low voice, "Your Majesty must cross-examine *this* witness."

"Well, if I must, I must," the King said with a melancholy air, and, after folding his arms and frowning at the cook till his eyes were nearly out of sight, he said, in a deep voice, "What are tarts made of?"

"Pepper, mostly," said the cook.

"Treacle," said a sleepy voice behind her.

"Collar that Dormouse!" the Queen shrieked out. "Behead that Dormouse! Turn that Dormouse out of court! Suppress him! Pinch him! Off with his whiskers!"

For some minutes the whole court was in confusion, getting the Dormouse turned out, and, by the time they had settled down again, the cook had disappeared.

"Never mind!" said the King, with an air of great relief. "Call the next witness. And," he added, in an under-tone to the Queen, "really, my dear, *you* must cross-examine the next witness. It quite makes my forehead ache!"

Alice watched the White Rabbit as he fumbled over the list, feeling very curious to see what the next witness would be like, — "for they haven't got much evidence *yet*," she said to herself. Imagine her surprise, when the White Rabbit read out, at the top of his shrill little voice, the name "Alice!"

Alice's Evidence.

"Here!" cried Alice, quite forgetting in the flurry of the moment how large she had grown in the last few minutes, and she jumped up in such a hurry that she tipped over the jury-box with the edge of her skirt, upsetting all the jurymen on to the heads of the crowd below, and there they lay sprawling about, reminding her very much of a globe of gold-fish she had accidentally upset the week before.

"Oh, I *beg* your pardon!" she exclaimed in a tone of great dismay, and began picking them up again as quickly as she could, for the accident of the gold-fish kept running in her head,

and she had a vague sort of idea that they must be collected at once and put back into the jury-box, or they would die.

"The trial cannot proceed," said the King, in a very grave voice, "until all the jurymen are back in their proper places — *all*," he repeated with great emphasis, looking hard at Alice as he said so.

Alice looked at the jury-box, and saw that, in her haste, she had put the Lizard in head downwards, and the poor little thing was waving its tail about in a melancholy way, being quite unable to move. She soon got it out again, and put it right; "not that it signifies much," she said to herself; "I should think it would be *quite* as much use in the trial one way up as the other."

As soon as the jury had a little recovered from the shock of being upset, and their slates and pencils had been found and handed back to them, they set to work very diligently to write out a history of the accident, all except the Lizard, who seemed too much overcome to do anything but sit with his mouth open, gazing up into the roof of the court.

"What do you know about this business?" the King said to Alice.

"Nothing," said Alice.

"Nothing *whatever?*" persisted the King.

"Nothing whatever," said Alice.

"That's very important," the King said, turning to the jury. They were just beginning to write this down on their slates, when the White Rabbit interrupted: "*Un*important, your Majesty means, of course," he said, in a very respectful tone, but frowning and making faces at him as he spoke.

"*Un*important, of course, I meant," the King hastily said, and went on to himself in an undertone, "important — unimportant — unimportant — important" — as if he were trying which word sounded best.

Some of the jury wrote it down "important," and some "unimportant." Alice could see this, as she was near enough to look over their slates; "but it doesn't matter a bit," she thought to herself.

At this moment the King, who had been for some time busily writing in his note-book, called out "Silence!" and read out from his book, "Rule Forty-two. *All persons more than a mile high to leave the court.*"

Everybody looked at Alice.

"*I'm* not a mile high," said Alice.

"You are," said the King.

"Nearly two miles high," added the Queen.

"Well, I sha'n't go at any rate," said Alice: "besides, that's not a regular rule: you invented it just now."

"It's the oldest rule in the book," said the King.

"Then it ought to be Number One," said Alice.

The King turned pale, and shut his note-book hastily. "Consider your verdict," he said to the jury, in a low trembling voice.

"There's more evidence to come yet, please your Majesty," said the White Rabbit, jumping up in a great hurry: "this paper has just been picked up."

"What's in it?" said the Queen.

"I haven't opened it yet," said the White Rabbit; "but it seems to be a letter, written by the prisoner to — to somebody."

"It must have been that," said the King, "unless it was written to nobody, which isn't usual, you know."

"Who is it directed to?" said one of the jurymen.

"It isn't directed at all," said the White Rabbit: "in fact, there's nothing written on the *outside*." He unfolded the paper as he spoke, and added, "It isn't a letter, after all: it's a set of verses."

"Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?" asked another of the jurymen.

"No, they're not," said the White Rabbit, "and that's the queerest thing about it." (The jury all looked puzzled.)

"He must have imitated somebody else's hand," said the King. (The jury all brightened up again.)

"Please your Majesty," said the Knave, "I didn't write it, and they can't prove that I did: there's no name signed at the end."

"If you didn't sign it," said the King, "that only makes the matter worse. You *must* have meant some mischief, or else you'd have signed your name like an honest man."

There was a general clapping of hands at this: it was the first really clever thing the King had said that day.

"That *proves* his guilt, of course," said the Queen: "so, off with" —

"It doesn't prove anything of the sort!" said Alice. "Why, you don't even know what they're about!"

"Read them," said the King.

The White Rabbit put on his spectacles. "Where shall I begin, please your Majesty?" he asked.

"Begin at the beginning," the King said, very gravely, "and go on till you come to the end: then stop."

There was a dead silence in the court, whilst the White Rabbit read out these verses: —

"They told me you had been to her,
And mentioned me to him:
She gave me a good character,
But said I could not swim.

He sent them word I had not gone
(We know it to be true):
If she should push the matter on,
What would become of you?

I gave her one, they gave him two,
You gave us three or more;
They all returned from him to you,
Though they were mine before.

If I or she should chance to be
Involved in this affair,
He trusts to you to set them free,
Exactly as we were.

My notion was that you had been
(Before she had this fit)
An obstacle that came between
Him, and ourselves, and it.

Don't let him know she liked them best,
For this must ever be
A secret, kept from all the rest,
Between yourself and me."

"That's the most important piece of evidence we've heard yet," said the King, rubbing his hands; "so now let the jury"—

"If any one of them can explain it," said Alice, (she had grown so large in the last few minutes that she wasn't a bit afraid of interrupting him,) "I'll give him sixpence. *I* don't believe there's an atom of meaning in it."

The jury all wrote down, on their slates, "*She* doesn't believe there's an atom of meaning in it," but none of them attempted to explain the paper.

"If there's no meaning in it," said the King, "that saves a

world of trouble, you know, as we needn't try to find any. And yet I don't know," he went on, spreading out the verses on his knee, and looking at them with one eye; "I seem to see some meaning in them, after all. —'*said I could not swim*' — you can't swim, can you?" he added, turning to the Knave.

The Knave shook his head sadly. "Do I look like it?" he said. (Which he certainly did *not*, being made entirely of cardboard.)

"All right, so far," said the King; and he went on muttering over the verses to himself: "'*We know it to be true*' — that's the jury, of course — '*If she should push the matter on*' — that must be the Queen — '*What would become of you?*' — What, indeed! — '*I gave her one, they gave him two*' — why, that must be what he did with the tarts, you know" —

"But it goes on '*they all returned from him to you,*'" said Alice.

"Why, there they are!" said the King triumphantly, pointing to the tarts on the table. "Nothing can be clearer than *that*. Then again — '*before she had this fit*' — you never had *fits*, my dear, I think?" he said to the Queen.

"Never!" said the Queen, furiously, throwing an inkstand at the Lizard as she spoke. (The unfortunate little Bill had left off writing on his slate with one finger, as he found it made no mark; but he now hastily began again, using the ink, that was trickling down his face, as long as it lasted.)

"Then the words don't *fit* you," said the King, looking round the court with a smile. There was a dead silence.

"It's a pun!" the King added in an angry tone, and everybody laughed. "Let the jury consider their verdict," the King said, for about the twentieth time that day.

"No, no!" said the Queen. "Sentence first — verdict afterwards."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Alice loudly. "The idea of having the sentence first!"

"Hold your tongue!" said the Queen, turning purple.

"I won't!" said Alice.

"Off with her head!" the Queen shouted at the top of her voice. Nobody moved.

"Who cares for *you?*" said Alice (she had grown to her full size by this time). "You're nothing but a pack of cards!"

At this the whole pack rose up into the air, and came flying down upon her; she gave a little scream, half of fright and half

of anger, and tried to beat them off, and found herself lying on the bank, with her head in the lap of her sister, who was gently brushing away some dead leaves that had fluttered down from the trees upon her face.

"Wake up, Alice dear!" said her sister. "Why, what a long sleep you've had!"

"Oh, I've had such a curious dream!" said Alice. And she told her sister, as well as she could remember them, all these strange Adventures of hers that you have just been reading about; and, when she had finished, her sister kissed her, and said, "It *was* a curious dream, dear, certainly; but now run in to your tea: it's getting late." So Alice got up and ran off, thinking while she ran, as well she might, what a wonderful dream it had been.

You Are Old, Father William.

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head —
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain;
But, now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door —
Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment — one shilling the box —
Allow me to sell you a couple?"

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak —
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength, which it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth, "one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose —
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father. "Don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down-stairs!"

The Walrus and the Carpenter.

(From "Through the Looking-Glass.")

The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright —
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done —
"It's very rude of him," she said,
"To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky.
No birds were flying overhead —
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "it *would* be grand!"

"If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing wax —
Of cabbages — and kings —
And why the sea is boiling hot —
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar beside
Are very good indeed —
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on *us!*" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said:
"Do you admire the view?

"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"Cut us another slice:
I wish you were not quite so deaf —
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but —
"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none —
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

The Baker's Tale.

(From "The Hunting of the Snark.")

They roused him with muffins — they roused him with ice —
They roused him with mustard and cress —

They roused him with jam and judicious advice —
They set him conundrums to guess.

When at length he sat up and was able to speak,
His sad story he offered to tell;
And the Bellman cried "Silence! Not even a shriek!"
And excitedly tingled his bell.

There was silence supreme! Not a shriek, not a scream,
Scarcely even a howl or a groan,
As the man they called "Ho!" told his story of woe
In an antediluvian tone.

"My father and mother were honest, though poor" —
"Skip all that!" cried the Bellman in haste.
"If it once becomes dark, there's no chance of a Snark —
We have hardly a minute to waste!"

"I skip forty years," said the Baker, in tears,
"And proceed without further remark
To the day when you took me aboard of your ship
To help you in hunting the Snark.

"A dear uncle of mine (after whom I was named)
Remarked when I bade him farewell" —
"Oh, skip your dear uncle!" the Bellman exclaimed,
As he angrily tingled his bell.

"He remarked to me then," said that mildest of men, —
"'If your Snark be a Snark that is right,
Fetch it home by all means — you may serve it with greens,
And it's handy for striking a light.

"'You may seek it with thimbles — and seek it with care;
You may hunt it with forks and hope;
You may threaten its life with a railway share,
You may charm it with smiles and soap —'"

("That's exactly the method," the Bellman bold
In a hasty parenthesis cried: —
"That's exactly the way I have always been told
That the capture of Snarks should be tried!")

"'But oh, beamish nephew! beware of the day
If your Snark be a Boojum! For then
You will softly and suddenly vanish away,
And never be met with again!'

"It is this, it is this, that oppresses my soul
When I think of my uncle's last words;

And my heart is like nothing so much as a bowl
Brimming over with quivering curds!

"It is this, it is this" — "We have had that before!"
The Bellman indignantly said.
And the Baker replied: "Let me say it once more;
It is this, it is this that I dread!

"I engage with the Snark — every night after dark —
In a dreamy delirious fight;
I serve it with greens in those shadowy scenes,
And I use it for striking a light:

"But if ever I meet with a Boojum, that day,
In a moment (of this I am sure),
I shall softly and silently vanish away —
And the notion I cannot endure!"

Christmas Greetings.

[From a Fairy to a Child.]

Lady dear, if Fairies may
For a moment lay aside
Cunning tricks and elfish play,
'Tis at happy Christmas-tide.

We have heard the children say —
Gentle children, whom we love —.
Long ago, on Christmas Day,
Came a message from above.

Still, as Christmas-tide comes round,
They remember it again —
Echo still the joyful sound
"Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Yet the hearts must childlike be
Where such heavenly guests abide;
Unto children, in their glee,
All the year is Christmas-tide!

Thus, forgetting tricks and play,
For a moment, Lady dear,
We would wish you, if we may,
Merry Christmas, glad New Year!

ALICE AND PHŒBE CARY.

Alice and Phœbe Cary, American poets, were born on their father's farm, near Cincinnati, O., the former, April 20, 1820, and the latter, Sept. 4, 1824. In 1849 they published conjointly a volume of "Poems"; and in the following year, upon the death of their mother, they removed to New York City, where they resided during the rest of their lives. Alice died there Feb. 12, 1871; and her bereaved sister survived her but a few months, dying at Newport July 31 of the same year. In 1869 they had together prepared a volume entitled "From Year to Year"; and two years after their death their "Last Poems" was published. Alice, who was the more voluminous writer of the two, had early become known as "Patty Lee" by her contributions to the *National Era*. In her name were issued "Clovernook" (1852–1853); "Hagar" (1852); "Lyra" (1852); "Clovernook Children" (1854); "Married, not Mated" (1856); "Pictures of Country Life" (1859); "Ballads," "Lyrics," and "Hymns" (1865); "The Bishop's Son" (1867); "Snow-Berries" (1867); and "A Lover's Diary" (1867). Phœbe published in her own name "Poems and Parodies" (1854); and "Poems of Faith, Hope, and Love" (1867).

The Sure Witness.[1]

The solemn wood had spread
Shadows around my head:
"Curtains they are," I said,
"Hung dim and still about the house of prayer;"
Softly among the limbs,
Turning the leaves of hymns,
I hear the winds, and ask if God were there.
No voice replied, but while I listening stood,
Sweet peace made holy hushes through the wood.

With ruddy, open hand,
I saw the wild rose stand
Beside the green gate of the summer hills,
And, pulling at her dress,
I cried, "Sweet hermitess,
Hast thou beheld Him who the dew distills?"

[1] By permission of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

ALICE CARY

No voice replied, but while I listening bent
Her gracious beauty made my heart content.

The moon in splendor shone: —
"She walketh Heaven alone,
And seeth all things," to myself I mused;
"Hast thou beheld Him, then,
Who hides himself from men
In that great power through nature interfused?"
No speech made answer, and no sign appeared,
But in the silence I was soothed and cheered.

Walking one time, strange awe
Thrilling my soul, I saw
A kingly splendor round about the night;
Such cunning work the hand
Of spinner never planned;
The finest wool may not be washed so white.
"Hast thou come out of Heaven?"
I asked; and lo!
The snow was all the answer of the snow.

Then my heart said, Give o'er;
Question no more, no more!
The wind, the snow-storm, the wild hermit flower,
The illuminated air,
The pleasure after prayer,
Proclaim the unoriginated Power!
The mystery that hides him here and there,
Bears the sure witness he is everywhere.

— Alice Cary.

Latent Life.

Though never shown by word or deed,
Within us lies some germ of power,
As lies unguessed, within the seed,
The latent flower.

And under every common sense
That doth its daily use fulfill,
There lies another, more intense,
And beauteous still.

This dusty house, wherein is shrined
The soul, is but the counterfeit
Of that which shall be, more refined
And exquisite.

The light which to our sight belongs,
  Enfolds a light more broad and clear;
Music but intimates the songs
  We do not hear.

The fond embrace, the tender kiss
  Which love to its expression brings,
Are but the husk the chrysalis
  Wears on its wings.

The vigor falling to decay,
  Hopes, impulses that fade and die,
Are but the layers peeled away
  From life more high.

When death shall come and disallow
  These rough and ugly masks we wear,
I think, that we shall be as now —
  Only more fair.

And He who makes his love to be
  Always around me, sure and calm,
Sees what is possible to me,
  Not what I am.

— ALICE CARY.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

AMONG the beautiful pictures
  That hang on Memory's wall
Is one of a dim old forest,
  That seemeth best of all;
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
  Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
  That sprinkle the vale below;

Not for the milk-white lilies
  That lean from the fragrant ledge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
  And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
  Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
  It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
  With eyes that were dark and deep;
In the lap of that dim old forest
  He lieth in peace asleep;

Light as the down of the thistle,
  Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
  The summers of long ago;

But his feet on the hills grew weary,
  And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
  A bed of the yellow leaves.
Sweetly his pale arms folded
  My neck in a weak embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
  Silently covered his face;

And when the arrows of sunset
  Lodged in the tree tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
  Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
  That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
  Seemeth the best of all.

—Alice Cary.

Faded Leaves.

The hills are bright with maples yet;
  But down the level land
The beech-leaves rustle in the wind
  As dry and brown as sand.

The clouds in bars of rusty red
  Along the hill-tops glow,
And in the still, sharp air, the frost
  Is like a dream of snow.

The berries of the brier-rose
  Have lost their rounded pride;
The bitter-sweet chrysanthemums
  Are drooping heavy-eyed.

The cricket grows more friendly now,
  The dormouse sly and wise,
Hiding away in the disgrace
  Of nature, from men's eyes.

The pigeons, in black wavering lines,
  Are swinging toward the sun,

And all the wide and withered fields
  Proclaim the summer done.

His store of nuts and acorns now
  The squirrel hastes to gain,
And sets his house in order for
  The winter's weary reign.

'Tis time to light the evening fire,
  To read good books, to sing
The low and lovely songs that breathe
  Of the eternal Spring.

— ALICE CARY.

DYING HYMN.

EARTH with its dark and dreadful ills,
  Recedes and fades away;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills;
  Ye gates of death give way!

My soul is full of whispered song;
  My blindness is my sight;
Thy shadows that I feared so long
  Are all alive with light.

The while my pulses faintly beat,
  My faith doth so abound,
I feel grow firm beneath my feet
  The green immortal ground.

That faith to me a courage gives,
  Low as the grave, to go;
I know that my Redeemer lives:
  That I shall live I know.

The palace walls I almost see,
  Where dwells my Lord and King;
O grave, where is thy victory!
  O death, where is thy sting!

— ALICE CARY.

FIELD PREACHING.

I HAVE been out to-day in field and wood,
Listening to praises sweet and counsel good,
Such as a little child had understood,
  That, in its tender youth,
Discerns the simple eloquence of truth.

The modest blossoms, crowding round my way,
Though they had nothing great or grand to say,
Gave out their fragrance to the wind all day;
Because his loving breath,
With soft persistence, won them back from death.

And the right royal lily, putting on
Her robes, more rich than those of Solomon,
Opened her gorgeous missal in the sun,
And thanked Him, soft and low,
Whose gracious, liberal hand had clothed her so.

When wearied, on the meadow-grass I sank;
So narrow was the rill from which I drank,
An infant might have stepped from bank to bank,
And the tall rushes near
Lapping together, hid its waters clear.

Yet to the ocean joyously it went;
And rippling in the fullness of content,
Watered the pretty flowers that o'er it leant;
For all the banks were spread
With delicate flowers that on its bounty fed.

The stately maize, a fair and goodly sight,
With serried spear-points bristling sharp and bright,
Shook out his yellow tresses for delight,
To all their tawny length,
Like Samson, glorying in his lusty strength.

And every little bird upon the tree,
Ruffling his plumage bright, for ecstasy,
Sang in the wild insanity of glee;
And seemed, in the same lays,
Calling his mate and uttering songs of praise.

The golden grasshopper did chirp and sing;
The plain bee, busy with her housekeeping,
Kept humming cheerfully upon the wing,
As if she understood
That, with contentment, labor was a good.

I saw each creature, in his own best place,
To the Creator lift a smiling face,
Praising continually his wondrous grace;
As if the best of all
Life's countless blessings was to live at all!

So, with a book of sermons, plain and true,
Hid in my heart, where I might turn them through,
I went home softly through the falling dew,
Still lisping, rapt and calm,
To nature giving out her evening psalm.

While, far along the west, mine eyes discerned
Where, lit by God, the fires of sunset burned,
The tree-tops, unconsumed, to flame were turned,
And I, in that great hush,
Talked with his angels in each burning bush!

—PHŒBE CARY.

OUR HOMESTEAD.

OUR old brown homestead reared its walls
From the wayside dust aloof,
Where the apple-boughs could almost cast
Their fruit upon its roof;
And the cherry-tree so near it grew
That when awake I've lain
In the lonesome nights, I've heard the limbs
As they creaked against the pane;
And those orchard trees, oh, those orchard trees;
I have seen my little brothers rocked
In their tops by the summer breeze.

The sweet-brier, under the window-sill,
Which the early birds made glad,
And the damask rose, by the garden fence,
Were all the flowers we had.
I've looked at many a flower since then,
Exotics rich and rare,
That to other eyes were lovelier
But not to me so fair;
For those roses bright, oh, those roses bright!
I have twined them in my sister's locks,
That are hid in the dust from sight.

We had a well, a deep old well,
Where the spring was never dry,
And the cool drops down from the mossy stones
Were falling constantly,
And there never was water half so sweet
As the draught that filled my cup,
Drawn up to the curb by the rude old sweep
That my father's hand set up.

And that deep old well, oh, that deep old well!
I remember now the plashing sound
Of the bucket as it fell.

Our homestead had an ample hearth,
Where at night we loved to meet;
There my mother's voice was always kind,
And her smile was always sweet;
And there I've sat on my father's knee,
And watched his thoughtful brow,
With my childish hand in his raven hair,—
That hair is silver now!
But that broad hearth's light, oh, that broad
hearth's light!
And my father's look, and my mother's smile,
They are in my heart to-night!

— PHŒBE CARY.

NEARER HOME.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the Cross,
Nearer gaining the Crown!

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home,
Even to-day than I think;

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith.

— PHŒBE CARY.

HENRY G. CATLIN.

HENRY G. CATLIN, an American mining engineer who served in the civil war with the rank of major and has since followed his profession in the West. In "The Yellow Pine Basin" (1897) he has described one of the most original types of character to be met with in this country, the prospector, a character hitherto new to fiction. The scenes and people described in "The Yellow Pine Basin" are those with which the author became familiar in the course of his profession, and it was at the suggestion of a friend that he undertook to embody them in fiction.

ON WITH THE FLAG.

(From "Yellow Pine Basin.") [1]

"We was in Nevady, 'bout forty miles from Reese River, in the winter of '60 and '61, and had a quartz claim there, and was puttin' in the winter sinking a shaft. We got hold of two or three old papers that winter, and things in the States looked bad; hard talk in Washington and bad blood all over the country. I didn't like the way them South fellers talked. I was Dimicrat. Dad was, and I was. But I ain't never been one to crow and flop my wings when I was licked; it's the other rooster's place to do that, and it's his right, too.

"As I sensed it all up, it ranged itself in my head that the Dimicrats and the South put up a man or two men for President, and the Republicans and the North beat 'em, and their man was elected fair and square, and 'twarn't no fair play for the Dimicrats and the South to kick. 'Twas a fair fight and they was licked; and it riled me, too, to have sich talk 'bout the whole country, my country, being nothing but a lot of States, every one it's own boss, no captin, like a bunch of ranchers after Injuns, every one going it on his own hook.

"There warn't no sense in the idee. 'Twas the dangdest tomfoolery ever was, Bud. Then the Southern fellers said one of 'em could lick five Northern men, and the North wouldn't

[1] By permission of Small, Maynard & Company. Copyright, 1898.

fight; and some feller said he was going to call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill, and I knew differnt.

"I was kinder on the fence like; born down in Southern Injianny; father and mother both came from North Caroliny; but perhaps because I was setting high on the fence I could see both sides clearer than them in either field could. I saw that the North they was stubborn and didn't say much, and I knew there was fight there; both sides were dead in earnist, and I felt bad.

"Yank and I didn't say much; course we talked 'bout other things, and each of us knew why we didn't talk. I was kinder Southern in my feelings, and I knew he was for the North straight. There was never no time before we didn't say everything we thought to each other. We worked together, and course we talked 'bout the work and things of no account, but I mean we never talked of the troubles, and both on us knew we were thinking 'bout them all the time. We both felt bad, but he was dead North and I was kinder South. When we got a paper, we would read it, and Yank would say, 'That was a danged smart thief, stole a man's watch from his pocket on Sansome Street, while he was a-looking at a fire.' And I would say, 'I never see such a cussed year for rain; been a-raining all the time in Californy, 'cording to the paper;' but never a word 'bout all the news we saw, that went clean to our toes as we read it. Somehow we was kinder gettin' apart, Yank an' me, who had been brothers, and I couldn't stand it. Yank was so kind of soft like to me in all ways, and that went to my heart, I kin tell ye.

"Grub was scarce with us; we had flour enuf, but meat was scarce. Yank wouldn't eat no bacon; said he was afeered of biles; I knew he only did it so there would be more for me. I couldn't stand it to see him going it only on bread, for we didn't have no coffee, nothing but flour and mighty little bacon. I wouldn't eat the bacon, and Yank got mad, said it seemed as if the devil was in me to try and drive him to eat bacon, and be covered from head to foot with biles. He'd be damned if any man was going to force hog down him when the idee made him sick, and cavorted and carried on so, I had to eat it. Ye couldn't do nothing with Yank. And one night we had only a couple of blankits each and 'twas cold. I was a-laying awake thinking of all the trouble I felt was a-coming, and how Yank and I seemed to be getting apart, shivering with the cold, too. I heered Yank coming still to my bunk, and he put a blankit on

me softly, and I couldn't hold in no longer. 'What ye doing, Yank?' I said. 'I'm so thundering hot,' says he, 'I was going to throw off this blankit, and I thought ye might be cold, and I put it on ye; ye warn't born in Maine, and ye feel the cold.'

"I tried hard to make him take it back, and lied to him, and said I was warm.

"'How cussed contrary ye are getting, Zeb,' he said. 'What's the matter with ye? Ye ain't yerself any more; yer so dang peevish.'

"He wouldn't hear to nothing, and so the blankit stayed with me. If there was any hard end to the work he would have it, and if I said anything he was short and cross, and so it went.

"One day he said to me something 'bout my working in the summer, and I said, 'We'll see 'bout that when the summer comes,' and Yank says, 'I may go East this summer. Haven't seen my folks for a long time.' He warn't thinking 'bout his folks, and I knew it.

"The winter went along, and every paper we see things were gittin' worse. All the talk of seceding made me mad.

"'Twas long in April, nigh the first of May, when a man come by. We was both of us at the mouth of the shaft, and the man said it was the story on the outside that the South had fired on some government forts down there, and that 'Old Abe' had called for volunteers to go and fight. Yank questioned him quiet like 'bout it all, but the man didn't know more and went on.

"Both on us knew 'twas all true.

"We was a-setting on a timber we was a-going to let down the shaft. When the man was gone I see the fight was in Yank's eyes, and 'twas in my heart, too.

"Yank put his hand on my knee. 'Zeb,' said he, 'this means me. We've been pardners through thick and thin. I love ye, Zeb, but I must leave ye. Ye has yer idees, I have mine. I'm going to the States. Uncle Sam has called for his men and I'm a-going to his call. My grandfather fit in the Revolution and his father before him in the old French wars; my father was with Commodore Porter in the Essex, and when the Stars and Stripes are going to the fight it ain't in my blood to stay behind if the President calls for me to foller. I don't say nothing, Zeb, 'bout what's right or what's wrong, God knows. I only think I know. The fight is on; it's my President that calls me to go, and I am a-going. Ye are sort of Southern, Zeb, and ye don't see things as I see 'em; and, old man, it's hard to leave ye, but

I'm a-going. I give ye all my interest in what we've got, and all good be with ye, Zeb.'

"I warn't never mad with Yank afore, but then I was, and I said, 'Yank, I'm going too. It's my country and my flag, and my President calls, and he don't call twice for me, if I am from Injianny nigh the river. Ye had it in yer mind, though ye didn't say it, that I was going to shirk this fight — me, Yank, me, who ye ought to know by this time. I've got my pride, if I am from Injianny, and I tell ye Injianny will be in it same as Maine. Damn it, Yank, this is my country, same as it's yours, and we'll go together, pardners, same as we've always been. Don't ye think I've got no feelings, Yank? I claim to be a man, and I'm ready to do a man's work. I see the work, and I'm going to do it. Ye've hurt me, Yank,' I said; 'ye've hurt me, me who ye have been pardner with so long. Did ye think I was going to be a woman when 'twas time to be a man? Shame on ye for it.'

"With that, Yank jumped up and swore and hugged me.

"'Why, Zeb,' he says, 'it's been on my mind all winter that ye were for the South and I've rasseled with the idee at night, and I thought, "Zeb's a man and he has his notions, and it ain't for one man to argy with another 'bout sich a thing, it is or it isn't; a man has a mind made up, he's going to do what he thinks is the squar thing to do, and it's no thing to talk," but I thought ye were for the South.'

"'The South be damned,' says I, 'and the North, too; I'm for the country, and the old flag.'

"Yank was like a boy, he was so glad, and he said:

"'Them Southern fellers say that one on 'em can lick five on us. Well, if one on 'em tackles us both and licks us, 'twill surprise me like hell;' and he laffed, and I did too, for I knew it would take a mighty good man to lick Yank single-handed, and with me on the outside to help, I didn't believe we'd ever find the man could do it. We was all so glad to be all friends agin same as before.

"Yank said, 'We'll quit this dang hole now,' and we did. We dropped the tools right there, and for all I know they're there now. We got up the hosses, we had one each, and two pack-hosses. There warn't no railroad then, and if there had been we hadn't no money, and we made it up we'd cross the plains to Iowy, and inlist in the first place we could. We had only a little grub, and we didn't know how we'd make it so far:

we reckoned, then it was 'bout the first of May, we could make Iowy by August, but how was we to get grub?

"We talked all over and didn't see no way. At last, Yank, he says, 'Dang it, Zeb, we've got the call, and we ain't going to hang back 'cause we ain't got grub. We hain't no money to go by sea, and it's a long pull to the "Bay," anyway; we've got to go 'cross the plains. We'll go on what grub we've got, and take chances on getting more.' Next morning we packed up and started.

"It's an all-fired ride to the States. We was in a hurry to git there, and the time seemed longer than it was. We made it though; got to Iowy.

"We come into a little town on foot. We'd swapped off the outfit for grub on the way, from time to time; a hoss here and another one there, and one died, and our guns had to go, too. It was nigh September, and, as I said, we come into a little place in Iowy on foot, hungry and ragged and pretty well beat out. An old man was standing at the gate of one of them little white houses with a white fence round it, grass and sunflowers and hollyhocks in the yard, and a trail through the grass to the door, straight as a gun-barrel.

"'Ye look like ye was used up,' said the old man. 'Yes,' said Yank, 'ye've hit the bull's eye, uncle. We've come a long way to go for soldiers, and we want to know where we can jine.'

"At that the old man made us come in, and drew a big bottle on us, and we must drink, and then we must eat, and we must stay with him over night, and his old woman — well, she was that kind we must eat this and that, and she wouldn't take no back talk from us. She told us how she had three boys in the army, and read us a letter that come that day from one.

"There was going to be a meeting that night, and speaking — a Union meeting, they called it — and there was a rigiment of men raising, and at the meeting volunteers could go up and sign, and the old man said there would be a fine lot of boys in it, and that the kernel was a man he knew, and he was going to be there, and he was a good man, but he thought he was too quiet like to be much of a fighter.

"So when we had washed up and had supper, we went with the old folks into the village. We was kind of 'shamed, for we looked like the devil; ragged we was, and our buckskin shirts pretty black, but we warn't dirty, for we were bound to sign with clean hands, anyway. As we went down the street there

was a band a-playin' in front of a church, and into it we went with a lot of folks who looked at us like we was Injuns. Pretty soon ye couldn't get a card in edgewise, the house was that full. A parson prayed, and then some men spoke all about how the Union must be kept solid, and asking the young men to jine the company that was making up in the village, and every once in a while the band would play 'Yankee Doodle,' and 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' and some young gals, putty as picturs, sang war songs, and it all made the blood come and go, I tell ye, Bud.

"Then a little man got up and said how he was to be the kernel of the rigiment; and while he warn't much of a talker, his heart was in the fight and he meant to be as good a soldier as it was in him to be. I took to the feller right off. I see he was a man, if he was small; and Yank he chucked me and says, 'He's our man, Zeb.'

"'Yank knew a man when he saw one, and he sized that little feller up then, and I tell ye he sized him up right, too. But everybody was kind of sneering at the man, and a feller behind says in a low voice, 'That little cuss is no good. Looks like he'd run better than he'd fight.'

"'If that's your idee, it ain't mine,' Yank said to him.

"Then they put a big paper on a little table that was under the pulpit, and the kernel says, 'Who's the first man to put his name down for his country?'

"'I am,' says Yank, 'and my pardner, Zeb, he's with me,' and up he goes with me and down we put our names on the paper.

"'Where are ye from?' says the kernel.

"'We've come from Nevady,' says Yank.

"'How'd ye get here?' says the kernel.

"'We heer'd the call and we saddled up and come,' says Yank.

"'What,' says the kernel, 'ye rode on hossback two thousand miles, to inlist?'

"'Yes,' says Yank, 'we rode and we hoofed it. We know we're strangers, but ye'll find we've come for business. No better man ever stood than Zeb, here, my pardner, and I'll try and keep up with him.'

"I was 'shamed to hear Yank say so 'bout me, and I said, 'Yank's a better man nor me. Why, Yank — there ain't no more sandier man in all the world than him. We'll do our duty,

both on us, to the country and to the flag. Ye don't know us, but try us.'

"'Then,' says the kernel, 'here are two men that heer'd the call in the desert, and they've come two thousand miles to inlist. Come, boys, show them that there are men in Iowy, too.'

"That's all he said, but the way he said it beat all the speeches that was made, and the young men rose up all over the church, and come up and put their names down, and there was nigh to sixty come up, but the kernel says, 'That ain't enough. I won't leave here this night till the roll has a hundred names on it.'

"Then up gits the parson, and a gritty, young-looking fellow he was, and he says, 'There's a time for men to preach and there comes a time for men to fight. The call of the country, that two thousand miles away, beyond the plains and the mountains these men heer'd, has been sounding in my heart for months, and to-night, I answer, "Yes, Father Abraham, I'm a-coming,"' and up he goes and signs the roll.

"I thought the church would bust with the cheering, and men went up two or three at a time and signed, and the men cheered, and women were a-crying, and in ten minutes the roll was full and more — a hundred and seven names.

"It warn't many days afore the rigiment was a full thousand men strong. The parson was made captin of the company we was in, and the kernel he says to Yank, 'What can I do for you, Yank?' and Yank says, 'Kernel, I wants to carry the flag, and I want Zeb with me, and Zeb and I'll carry her where she's got to go, and we'll stay with her.' So the kernel he made Yank color-sargeant and puts me in the color-guard so as to be near him.

"I always thought the Stars and Stripes made a fine show. I knew it was my country's flag and my flag, but bless ye, Bud, I didn't know nothing afore 'bout what that flag is, and what it means, and how a man gets to love it and be proud to his death of it; how it comes to mean everything; how it stands for everything a man loves; how it is a man's pride and his glory. His father and his grandfather and so back had it for their flag; all on 'em lived under it, some on 'em fought under it, some on 'em died under it.

"When ye were a small boy it meant trainings and fairs, and Fourth of July, and everything that was out of the common run. There never was no jollification that ye didn't see it a-

waving overhead; round the fire at night yer father told ye 'bout the last war, and ye could see in yer little cub mind the flag a-flyin', and hear the drums and fifes a-playin', as yer father, long with all the rest, charged the Britishers at Lundy's Lane, or held the cotton bales agin 'em at New Orleans; or yer old grandfather made the tears come in yer little eyes as he told how, when he was a boy, at Valley Forge, in cold and starvation, his frozen feet and his hungry belly was warm and full when day come, and he could see the flag a-waving; and yer little heart got big as he told the story how at Yorktown the men who come to fight us marched prisoners before the Stars and Stripes, saluting of 'em. Ye began to be a man then, and the flag come to mean something.

"But ye don't know nothing 'bout it, Bud, till ye foller it; ye gits to love it. It ain't a pretty piece of cloth, the totem of yer tribe, it's all there is of everything; it's country, it's memry, it's hope. All that's good and squar in ye comes to love it. Yer wet and tired and hungry a-follering of it; ye lose yer blood and yer life for it and it's all a pleasure.

"It's a-waving in the air so much cloth at so much a yard; it lies in yer heart, all the gold and the silver in the mountains; all the ships on the sea; all the farms, and the towns; and all the sweat and blood of them that's dead and gone, the joy and pride of them alive, the hope and cheer of them to come.

"Well, Yank, he carried the flag, and I was with him, with a few as fit men as ye ever see to guard it.

"Our company was 'C' Company, and the colors is always nigh 'C' Company, so all our boys as we were in line was 'long side.

"The parson who we made captin was a fine, straight young man. He was like an egg, the white all mild and pious and good, and the yelk all fight. Dang'd if I hain't thought a heap of parsons since I knew him. He'd preach like Billy be damn'd and fight like hell the same day; he was an all 'round man, I tell ye, but all through he stuck to his trade, as I likes to see a man do; never no swearing. I never could see how he did it; it's such a real comfort to cuss sometimes and it comes so nateral to a man.

"Well, we was sent down into Kentucky and into Tennessee; we marched a many miles and had many tight fights, and Yank was hit a couple of times, and I, too, light like, nothing to count. We was at Pittsburgh Landing and all them fights, and

we was proud of the fellows we was with. The kernel he was a fighter from way back, though he was so small and quiet, and the captin — the parson — there warn't no nervier man, and all the boys stood right into the collar. They all got to know Yank, and nobody warn't afeer'd 'bout the flag being carried by a man.

"Yank was one of them men who put his whole body, head, belly, and boots into anything he did; a-prospecting, a-hunting, a-playin' a game, going to preachings 'twas all the same, and he was all in that war. He didn't talk nothing else, he didn't think nothing else.

"What come hard to me was to be ordered here and there, and be under somebody all the time, but that didn't faze Yank a bit.

"'Zeb,' he used to say, 'ye must get the right savvy of this business. A ship has a captin and she has mates, and in some ships some on 'em are poor men. Ye know yer a better man nor them, but ye've got to obey orders; ye ain't sailin' the ship, yer just doing what yer told to do, that's yer business. It's the same here; I do my business, and ye do yours, and it don't consarn ye, nor I, nothing else.'

"All his idee was the flag, and we all see it, and 'twas our idee too.

"So it went along, marching and fighting, big fights and little ones, long marches and short ones, till it come we were under General Thomas at Chattanoogy. There was a sizable hill and the Johnnies was on the hill. In the morning when we come up to the kernel's tent to get the colors, the kernel himself come out and give the flag to Yank, and he says, 'It's going to be a hot day, and please God we'll have the colors top o' the hill 'fore night.'

"If there's a show, the flag will be there all right, Kernel; Zeb, he'll carry it there, if I don't,' says Yank.

"'We mayn't either of us git there, but the rigimint will, Yank,' says the kernel; 'I feel it somehow.'

"'I hain't no other idee,' says Yank.

"I never was so afore. I looked at Yank, and he looked kind o' strange, and I felt something was a-coming. We had it all put up from the first day Yank carried the flag. Says he to me: 'When I drop, Zeb, you take the flag; if ye leave me a-dyin', the flag must go on. If ye've got anything to say, "Good-by" or "God bless ye," say it now; for if I drop, the

flag must go, mind that, Zeb. I'd die a-cussing ye if ye stopped a second for me. Yer my pardner — dang it, Zeb, yer my brother — and man to man I want ye to say after me these words: "When ye, Yank, drops and can't go on or hold up the flag, I'll take it and go on. If I see yer dying I won't stop to say a word or nothing. I'll take the flag and leave ye where ye lie. I'll carry it and guard it, and die with it if so be I must. So help me God Almighty!" Hold up yer right hand,' he says, 'and say them very words after me.'

"'Oh, Yank,' I said, 'I couldn't leave ye so, I couldn't. I, yer long pardner.'

"'What,' says Yank, and them gray eyes of his looked like a cougar's in the dark, and his voice was so hard and changed; 'ye'd go agin me when I was a-dyin'? Ye'd refuse to give me comfort at such a time? Ye'd have me go afore God a-cussin' ye? Ye'd leave the flag, my flag, to any one else, or a-laying on the ground where I dropped it, while ye played the baby with me? Ain't there any man in ye, Zeb? Ain't there any friend in ye, Zeb? Ain't there any pride in ye for me? When I asked for to carry this flag, 'twas because I thought I had a man that would take it when my hands couldn't hold it no longer; that, if so be I was a-dyin', my eyes would see him going on with it. Didn't we go into this fight 'cause we felt it was a duty and we must? The man that's got the flag he's got his duty to do to his country; the flag has got to be carried, and the man who carries it can't stop to palaver over nobody's carkiss.'

"'Oh, Yank,' I said, 'I sees my duty, and I'll do it, but 'twould come rough the way ye put it.'

"'Yer a man,' Yank said, 'and yer a woman, but I know ye; say them words.' And I held up my right hand and said the words after him.

"When we first got into fights, I was afeered for Yank, but we had been in a many of 'em, and only two shots had hit him, and only one, me, and all on 'em no 'count, much more nor scratches, and somehow my fear 'bout him had got over; but that morning I felt something was a-coming.

"We didn't have much to do all morning, drawn up in a line to go in, and waiting orders. The battle had been going on for a couple of hours; we could see some of it and hear more, for the firing was heavy to the right of us, and the cannons was a-roaring.

"We was standing there and lying on the ground, Yank and

me a-smoking. The kernel had rode the line talking to the captins, and he come where we was.

"'Yank,' he says, 'and ye too, Zeb, I've mentioned ye both in reports, but I never did tell ye what I couldn't say then, and what I have wanted to say to ye both for a long time. Ye did more to raise this rigiment than I did, and all along ye have been good men, and I have to thank ye both. It isn't my fault, Yank, that yer not a commissioned officer,' and 'twas so; for twice he had Yank to be an officer, but Yank wouldn't have it; his idee was all to carry the flag. We was proud to hear the kernel say that, for he warn't no man to talk.

"We was a-smoking when a young officer come a-riding up and says something to the kernel, and the order come sharp to the rigiment, putting us into column, and we marched up over a rise of ground and past some woods where we could see the hill, 'Missionary Ridge' was the name of it. Yank took the pipe from his mouth, a short clay pipe it was, and give it to me. 'Keep that, Zeb,' he said, and I put it in my pocket. It's in my bag now," the old man said. "I've kept it. We could see the hill all spotted here and there with rigiments and brigades, some high up and some low down, and the smoke coming from their guns on both sides. The trees hid what was going on in places, and then there would be clearings where we could see putty good.

"The Johnnies had two or three lines of earthworks, and the fighting was a-going on where the lower line was mostly, but in one place we could see the lower line was carried, and our boys was up agin the next one.

"The other rigiments of our brigade had come up, and we was put in line agin, and right in front of us, and perhaps a half a mile away, the hill began to rise up sharp, and along the steep side we could see two lines of dirt where the rifle-pits was, and behind 'em we could see the tops of the baynits and the flag-staffs of the men behind, when the sun came through the clouds to shine on 'em. Everywhere else, 'cept opposite where we was, we could see either the men or the smoke they made, but there warn't no smoke or show of fight in front of us. It was our place.

"Well, as I said, the line was formed, and pretty soon the orders come to go ahead, and we marched toward the hill. The cannons was a-firing, but they didn't do much harm; ye can't catch the range on a cannon like ye can on a rifle.

"We come up to the front of the hill in good shape, and then they halted us a bit to take breath and to straighten the line.

"The hill above us was steep, and the rifle-pits we could see here and there the lines of between the trees, seemed right over us; and when we could see them at all, there was the Johnnies back of 'em, with their gun-barrels slanting down at us, and 'specially where we was a-going there was a clear strip of ground clean up to the pits; not a tree, hardly a bush a rabbit could get behind. I never see no sich place for men to go agin. Yank, he says to me, 'Zeb, mind what you swore to, and if I don't get the flag to the top ye will.' 'I'll keep my word, Yank,' says I, 'but we'll get there together, or it's as like I'll drop as will ye.'

"I hadn't much idee we'd either of us get there, it was such a dang tough place.

"The kernel he see how it was, and tried how he could manage it to get us to each side of the clear strip, but there warn't room. The other rigiments were up agin ours on either end of our line, and there warn't no time; for while he was a-studying on it come the order to forward up the hill.

"The kernel took his place just behind the color-guard, and most of 'C' Company and the next was in the clear strip, and we with the colors 'bout in the middle of it.

"In the picturs ye see of battles, Bud, ye'll always see the gineral or the kernel a-riding on ahead and a-waving of his sword and a-calling to the men to come on. The fellers who made them picturs don't know nothing. The officers' place is behind the men, and it's right and proper it's so. When it gets hot and mixed a bit, the officers is sometimes ahead; but when the thing goes on right, the men are in front and every officer has his place behind.

"We'd gone up the hill till we was, say, 'bout three hundred yards from the Johnnies behind the pits; it was hard climbing, enough to blow us a little, and the drums and fifes stopped playing, and ye only heer'd the officers a-saying 'Close up, close up,' and trying to keep the line straight.

"We was expecting hell would pop every second, but it didn't. As we was 'bout three hundred yards or so from 'em, as I say, we heer'd the officers a-calling to the Johnnies, and up they got and let us have it, but though it knocked many a feller, it warn't so bad, we was so under 'em like. Then comes

the order to 'Charge,' and at the hill we went, the shots coming down on us like hail stones and the men a-falling fast. I see Yank drop his arm like, and I said, 'yer hit.'

"'Tain't nothing,' he says, 'didn't hit no bone.' Just then come the order from the kernel to 'Fire,' and we picked 'em off the top of the rifle-pits like they was crows on a fence. Then it was 'Load' again. 'Hold yer fire,' he says to our company; and the next, 'Let no man fire till he gets the order;' but the other companies was a-putting in the lead fast as they could.

"We'd got up to, say, sixty or seventy yards, perhaps the half on us was left, and there was some rocks in a line; 'twas like an old fence, and the ground kind of sheltered us a little. We was halted there and dropped to what cover we could find. The breath was pretty well out of us and we was a-ketching of it again.

"Yank was a-bleeding and I put a handkerchief round his arm. I could see the ground behind us spotted with men down and dead. The kernel's horse was dead, and he a-walking and a-resting nigh us behind a rock. He crawled out a bit, and he says, 'See yer all loaded and we'll go over the pits next trip. Yank,' he says, 'when we charge, do ye go over the pits and we'll all be with ye.'

"I could see the ends of the rigiment was close on to the pits on both sides of us, but there was nothing but grass between us and the Johnnies, and right straight up it was. We'd a-rested two or three minutes or so, the bullets a-cracking agin the rocks and picking a man now and then who couldn't cover. 'Zeb,' says Yank, to me, 'there's a rock a little to the left on us nigh the pits, and there the earth ain't thrown so high; I'll make for that and ye all rush over with me.'

"There was only three of the color-guard left, but 'twas all the same. Nigh us was Jim Jackson and Dan Pinder and a lot of other sandy men. I passed the word to 'em and the others, and the captin — he'd wormed 'long till he was with us — he passed the word to the company to head for that pint in the rifle-pits. Then come the kernel's voice sharp and loud, and we stood up in front of the rock and got into line a-cheering. Up rose the Johnnies for a volley at us, and we pulled trigger at the kernel's 'Fire.'

"Lord, how we downed 'em! 'Forward, double quick, charge!' cried the kernel, and we went for 'em on the run, but they kept a-giving it to us quick and hot. Jackson dropped,

and Pinder's brains spurted in my face, but we made the rock and got on to the top of the earthwork. Then the Johnnies come hand to hand with us. The captin and the kernel and may be a dozen more was there, but we couldn't budge the solid line of men, and we was a-dropping fast. There warn't no time to load — 'twas hand to hand. The captin and the kernel's sword was everywhere; my baynit I broke in a man's breast. The kernel fell, shot in the head. Yank planted the colors behind him in the soft ground, and caught up Billy Lee's gun when he was run through, and he and me we cleared the spot round us with our muskits. We swung 'em like they was clubs. Yank was a stout man and I was fair, and many a time the heads would crack when we brought the gun-barrels down on 'em. 'Twarn't a minute, but I see the captin run through, and Yank and I was alone.

"'Give 'em hell, Zeb!' he cried, and I never see no man like him then. His eyes was a-blazing, the flag behind him, and his back agin the staff. He got a shot in the leg, and he had to drop on his knees. I caught it in the neck and another in my shoulder, and a baynit pricked me in the side, but still we kept 'em off.

"A big feller had been a-working closer to us, a long-haired cuss, and he whips out a six-shooter and p'ints it at Yank. There was a man on me, but I caught him with the heel of the gun, and I brought the barrel down on the long-haired feller and smashed his head in, but 'twas too late, Bud, 'twas too late; his gun went off and took Yank in the head.

"'The flag, Zeb,' he said, and he was gone. I warn't no man, then, I was a devil. I knew our fellers begun a-getting up to me. I can't 'member no more, but they said I caught up the flag and jumped agin the Johnnies like a cougar from a tree. Where we was — though 'twarn't no time, I s'pose, we was on the top — was the only place in the line that warn't carried, and when our boys had got both sides they closed down on the place, and so just as I took the flag, they come in like bees and drove the crowd agin us a-surging up the hill. But I was after 'em, and all was, and up we went agin the next line, and I over it and the boys a-follerin'; all I knew was, I was a-carryin' of the flag. I got on top with the flag, Yank's flag, and then I dropped.

"'Twas a great battle, and there was lots like me, a-wounded, and I come to in a big hospitil tent. I put out my hand a-feeling for Yank — we always slept under the same blankits.

'Yank,' I called, and the doctor of my rigiment he was nigh, and he sot down on the bed, and, 'Zeb,' he says, 'Yank's gone out.'

"Then it all come to me, and I says, 'Out of the world; he's gone to heaven.' And I was that weak I cried like a baby; but he give me some stuff and I dozed off. I come to myself right in a day or so more, and I knew I'd have to go it alone. Yank was gone. I didn't care to live, first off, and then the idee come to me how I was kinder to carry out Yank's notions, and I spruced up. 'Yes, Yank,' I said, 'I'll see the thing through, and I won't be easy till the flag that was yer pride has its own agin.'

"There was lots of the boys 'round me. The captin was two or three beds away, a-gitting on right smart, and he told me how it all was.

"The major come in and he said, as how the rigiment was cut up, we was a-going into camp till we got some more boys down from Iowy to take the places of them that was killed. They was all kind to me, and one day the gineral he come in and he come down the line of beds.

"'Where's Zeb?' he says, and comes up to me so sociable, and he talked like I was an officer, and calls me 'looytennant.' 'I'm only a corporal, Gineral,' I says. 'Yer a looytennant,' he says. 'I sent in yer name when I see ye top of the ridge with the flag.' The tears come in my eyes.

"'Gineral,' I says, 'it's kind of yer, and I feel it, I do, but I want to carry the flag'; and I told him how Yank and me was old pardners, and how his idee was all to carry the flag, and how he kinder left it to me to carry when he was gone, and that I wanted to carry it, if he'd let me, and he swore, and says: 'Zeb, ye shall. No man shall ever carry that flag so long as you kin, but you'; and he took my hand and he says, 'Such men as you and yer pardner make a country great.' Yes, he said that. 'Lord,' says I, 'Gineral, I didn't do nothing. After Yank was gone I was wild, and I didn't know nothing.'

"'Well,' he says, 'it's wild men like you who make us ginirals lots of glory we don't desarve'; and he took my hand, and he come agin two or three times, and we was mighty friendly. Dang'd if he didn't send me grub and cigars till ye couldn't rest.

"After a while I was all right, and went back to the rigiment, and they give me the flag to carry. Lord, how I loved

it! 'Twas all torn with bullits and the staff was nicked here and there, and I remembered one of them nicks well, but the cuss that made it, I see the kernel — 'twas the last thing he did afore he was killed — cut him down with his sword through the skull.

"I carried the flag all the war. I was hit agin, but not so bad as to have to drop it. I carried it with Sherman on the March to the Sea, and I carried it before the President at the Great Review in Washington; and when I left it, I cut a piece from it — I asked the giniral, and he said I might — that's in the buckskin sack I've got. How I hated to leave it, 'count of Yank! But Lord, 'twarn't that identical piece of cloth he was stuck on, 'twas all on 'em; that was Yank's idee."

CAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS.

Caius Valerius Catullus, a Roman poet, born at Verona about 87 B.C.; died at Rome about 54 B.C. He inherited a competent estate, and lived a life of pleasure. He was the earliest Latin lyric poet of any note. At an early age he went to Rome and enjoyed the society of the most celebrated men of the day, including Cicero, Cæsar, and Pollio. He soon squandered his patrimony and undermined his health, and died just when his genius should have been a-ripening. His longest poem is "The Nuptials of Peleus and Thetis," in hexameter verse.

A Morning Call.

Varus would take me t'other day
To see a little girl he knew, —
Pretty and witty in her way,
With impudence enough for two.

Scarce are we seated ere she chatters,
(As pretty girls are wont to do)
About all persons, places, matters: —
"And pray, what has been done for *you?*"

"Bithynia, lady!" I replied,
"Is a fine province for a prætor;
For none (I promise you) beside,
And least of all am I her debtor."

"Sorry for that!" said she. "However,
You have brought with you, I dare say,
Some litter-bearers; none so clever
In any other part as they.

"Bithynia is the very place
For all that's steady, tall, and straight;
It is the nature of the race.
Could you not lend me six or eight?"

"Why, six or eight of them or so,"
Said I, determined to be grand;

"My fortune is not quite so low
But these are still at my command."

"You'll send them?" — "Willingly!" I told her,
Although I had not here or there
One who could carry on his shoulder
The leg of an old broken chair.

"Catullus! what a charming hap is
Our meeting in this sort of way!
I would be carried to Serapis
To-morrow!" — "Stay, fair lady, stay!

"You overvalue my intention.
Yes, there *are* eight . . . there may be nine:
I merely had forgot to mention
That they are Cinna's, and not mine."

— *Paraphrase of* W. S. Landor.

Home to Sirmio.

Dear Sirmio, that art the very eye
Of islands and peninsulas, that lie
Deeply embosomed in calm inland lake,
Or where the waves of the vast ocean break;
Joy of all joys, to gaze on thee once more!
I scarce believe that I have left the shore
Of Thynia, and Bithynia's parching plain,
And gaze on thee in safety once again!
Oh, what more sweet than when, from care set free,
The spirit lays its burden down, and we,
With distant travel spent, come home and spread
Our limbs to rest along the wished-for bed!
This, this alone, repays such toils as these!
Smile then, fair Sirmio, and thy master please, —
And you, ye dancing waters of the lake,
Rejoice; and every smile of home awake!

— *Translation of* Sir Theodore Martin.

Heart-Break.

With your Catullus ill it fares, alas!
O Cornificius, and most wearily;
Still worse with all the days and hours that pass.
And with what greeting do you comfort me?
The least of boons, and easiest to bestow;
Wroth am I, that my love is answered so.

A word of greeting, pray you; what you please;
More sad than tear-drops of Simonides!
— *Translation of* W. C. Lawton.

To Calvus in Bereavement.

If there be aught, my Calvus, that out of our sorrowing proffered
Unto the voiceless dead grateful or welcome may be,
When we revive with insatiate longing our ancient affection,
When for the ties we lament, broken, that once have been ours,
Though Quintilia grieve for her own untimely departure,
Yet in thy faithful love greater, be sure, is her joy.
— *Translation of* W. C. Lawton.

The Pinnace.

This pinnace, friends, which here you see,
Avers erewhile she used to be
Unmatched for speed, and could outstrip
Triumphantly the fastest ship
That ever swam, or breasted gale,
Alike with either oar or sail.
And this, she says, her haughty boast,
The stormy Adriatic coast,
The Cyclad islands, Rhodes the grand,
Rude Thrace, the wild Propontic strand,
Will never venture to gainsay;

Nor yet the Euxine's cruel bay,
Where in her early days she stood,
This bark to be, a shaggy wood;
For from her vocal locks full oft,
Where o'er Cytorus far aloft
The fitful mountain-breezes blow,
She piped and whistled loud or low.

To thee, Amastris, on thy rocks,
To thee, Cytorus, clad with box,
Has long been known, my bark avers,
This little history of hers.

In her first youth, she doth protest,
She stood upon your topmost crest,
First in your waters dipped her oars,
First bore her master from your shores
Anon unscathed o'er many a deep,
In sunshine and in storm to sweep;

Whether the breezes, as she flew,
From larboard or from starboard blew,
Or with a wake of foam behind,
She scudded full before the wind.
Nor to the gods of ocean e'er
For her was offered vow or prayer,
Though from yon farthest ocean drear
She came to this calm crystal mere.

But these are things of days gone past.
Now, anchored here in peace at last,
To grow to hoary age, lies she,
And dedicates herself to thee,
Who hast alway her guardian been,
Twin Castor, and thy brother twin!

— *Translation of* Sir Theodore Martin.

An Invitation to Dinner.

If the gods will, Fabullus mine,
With me right heartily you'll dine.
Bring but good cheer — that chance is thine
Some days hereafter;
Mind, a fair girl too, wit, and wine,
And merry laughter.

Bring these — you'll feast on kingly fare;
But bring them — for my purse — I swear
The spiders have been weaving there;
But thee I'll favor
With a pure love, or what's more rare,
More sweet of savor,

An unguent I'll before you lay
The Loves and Graces t'other day
Gave to my girl — smell it — you'll pray
The gods, Fabullus,
To make you turn all nose straightway.
Yours aye, Catullus.

— *Translation of* James Cranstoun.

A Brother's Grave.

Brother! o'er many lands and oceans borne,
I reach thy grave, death's last sad rite to pay;
To call thy silent dust in vain, and mourn,
Since ruthless fate has hurried thee away:

Woe's me! yet now upon thy tomb I lay —
All soaked with tears for thee, thee loved so well —
What gifts our fathers gave the honored clay
Of valued friends; take them, my grief they tell:
And now, forever hail! forever fare thee well!

— *Translation of* James Cranstoun.

Farewell to His Fellow-Officers.

The milder breath of Spring is nigh;
The stormy equinoctial sky
To Zephyr's gentle breezes yields.
Behind me soon the Phrygian fields,
Nicæa's sun-beat realm, shall lie.
To Asia's famous towns we'll hie.
My heart, that craves to wander free,
Throbs even now expectantly.
With zeal my joyous feet are strong;
Farewell, dear comrades, loved so long!
Afar together did we roam;
Now ways diverse shall lead us home.

— *Translation of* W. C. Lawton.

Verses from an Epithalamium.

And now, ye gates, your wings unfold!
The virgin draweth nigh. Behold
The torches, how upon the air
They shake abroad their gleaming hair!
Come, bride, come forth! no more delay!
The day is hurrying fast away!

But lost in shame and maiden fears,
She stirs not, — weeping, as she hears
The friends that to her tears reply, —
"Thou must advance, the hour is nigh!
Come, bride, come forth! no more delay!
The day is hurrying fast away!"

Dry up thy tears! For well I trow,
No woman lovelier than thou,
Aurunculeia, shall behold
The day all panoplied in gold,
And rosy light uplift his head
Above the shimmering ocean's bed!

As in some rich man's garden-plot,
With flowers of every hue inwrought,

Stands peerless forth with drooping brow
The hyacinth, so standest thou!
Come, bride, come forth! no more delay!
The day is hurrying fast away!

. . . . . .

Soon my eyes shall see, mayhap,
Young Torquatus on the lap
Of his mother, as he stands
Stretching out his tiny hands,
And his little lips the while
Half-open on his father smile.

And oh! may he in all be like
Manlius his sire, and strike
Strangers, when the boy they meet,
As his father's counterfeit,
And his face the index be
Of his mother's chastity!

Him, too, such fair fame adorn,
Son of such a mother born,
That the praise of both entwined
Call Telemachus to mind,
With her who nursed him on her knee,
Unparagoned Penelope!

Now, virgins, let us shut the door!
Enough we've toyed, enough and more!
But fare ye well, ye loving pair,
We leave ye to each other's care;
And blithely let your hours be sped
In joys of youth and lustyhed!

— *Translation of* Sir Theodore Martin.

Love is All.

Let us, Lesbia darling, still
Live our life, and love our fill;
Heeding not a jot, howe'er
Churlish dotards chide or stare!
Suns go down, but 'tis to rise
Brighter in the morning skies;
But when sets our little light,
We must sleep in endless night.

A thousand kisses grant me, sweet:
With a hundred these complete;
Lip me a thousand more, and then
Another hundred give again.
A thousand add to these, anon
A hundred more, then hurry one
Kiss after kiss without cessation,
Until we lose all calculation;
So envy shall not mar our blisses
By numbering up our tale of kisses.

— *Translation of* Sir Theodore Martin.

Elegy on Lesbia's Sparrow.

Loves and Graces, mourn with me,
Mourn, fair youths, where'er ye be!
Dead my Lesbia's sparrow is,
Sparrow that was all her bliss,
Than her very eyes more dear;
For he made her dainty cheer;
Knew her well, as any maid
Knows her mother; never strayed
From her bosom, but would go
Hopping round her to and fro,
And to her, and her alone,
Chirruped with such pretty tone.
Now he treads that gloomy track
Whence none ever may come back.
Out upon you, and your power,
Which all fairest things devour,
Orcus's gloomy shades, that e'er
Ye took my bird that was so fair!
Ah, the pity of it! Thou
Poor bird, thy doing 'tis, that now
My loved one's eyes are swollen and red,
With weeping for her darling dead.

— *Translation of* Sir Theodore Martin.

"Fickle and Changeable Ever."

Never a soul but myself, though Jove himself were to woo her,
Lesbia says she would choose, might she have me for her mate.
Says — but what woman will say to a lover on fire to possess her,
Write on the bodiless wind, write on the stream as it runs.

— *Translation of* Sir Theodore Martin.

Two Chords.

I HATE and love — the why I cannot tell,
But by my tortures know the fact too well.
— *Translation of* Sir Theodore Martin.

Last Word to Lesbia.

O Furius and Aurelius! comrades sweet!
Who to Ind's farthest shore with me would roam,
Where the far-sounding Orient billows beat
Their fury into foam;

Or to Hyrcania, balm-breathed Araby,
The Sacian's or the quivered Parthian's land,
Or where seven-mantled Nile's swoll'n waters dye
The sea with yellow sand;

Or cross the lofty Alpine fells, to view
Great Cæsar's trophied fields, the Gallic Rhine,
The paint-smeared Briton race, grim-visaged crew,
Placed by earth's limit line;

To all prepared with me to brave the way,
To dare whate'er the eternal gods decree —
These few unwelcome words to her convey
Who once was all to me.

Still let her revel with her godless train,
Still clasp her hundred slaves to passion's thrall,
Still truly love not one, but ever drain
The life-blood of them all.

Nor let her more my once fond passion heed,
For by her faithlessness 'tis blighted now,
Like flow'ret on the verge of grassy mead
Crushed by the passing plow.
— *Translation of* James Cranstoun.

His Country House at Sirmio.

O BEST of all the scattered spots that lie
In sea or lake — apple of landscape's eye!
How gladly do I drop within thy nest,
With what a sigh of full, contented rest,
Scarce able to believe my journey's o'er
And that these eyes behold thee safe once more!

Oh where's the luxury like the smile at heart,
When the mind, breathing, lays its load apart:
When we come home again, tired out, and spread
The loosened limbs o'er the all-wished-for bed!
This, this alone is worth an age of toil. —
Hail, lovely Sirmio! Hail, paternal soil!
Joy, my bright waters, joy: your master's come!
Laugh every dimple on the cheek of home.

— *Translation of* Leigh Hunt.

On His own Love.

I love thee and hate thee, but if I can tell
The cause of my love and my hate, may I die!
I can feel it alas! I can feel it too well,
That I love thee and hate thee, but cannot tell why.

— *Translation of* Moore.

Sappho's Ode.

Blest as the immortal Gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas that deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast;
For while I gazed, in transport tost
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glowed; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
On my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung;

With dewy damp my limbs were chilled;
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled;
My feeble pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sank, and died away.

— *Translation of* Ambrose Phillips.

WILLIAM CAXTON.

William Caxton, the first English printer, born about 1422; died about 1492. Few details of his life are known. He says: "I was born and lerned myn englissh in Kente in the weeld, where I doubt not is spoken as brode and rude englissh as is in ony place of englond." He thanks his parents for giving him a good education. In 1438 he was apprenticed to a merchant, upon whose death he went to Bruges, where he entered into business for himself, became governor of a Company of Merchant Adventurers, and was twice sent to negotiate a treaty with the Duke of Burgundy concerning the wool-trade. In 1471 he entered the service of Margaret, the Duchess of Burgundy. About this time he learned the art of printing. The first book printed in English was "The Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye," the translation of which Caxton had begun in 1469, and had finished after he entered the service of the Duchess. The year of his return to England is uncertain. "The Game and Playe of Chesse Moralised," printed in 1474, is said to have come from his press at Westminster; but the first book known certainly to have been printed in England is the "Dictes and Notable Wyse Sayenges of the Phylosophers," which bears the date 1477. No fewer than ninety-nine works, many of them translated into English by Caxton, are known to have been printed by him. Among them are "The Chronicles of England" (1480); "Description of Britayne" (1480); "The History of Reynart, the Foxe" (1481); "Confessio Amantis" (1483); "The Golden Legende" (1483); "The Knyghte of the Toure" (1484); "The Subtyl Historyes and Fables of Esope" (1484); "The Lyf of Charles the Grete" (1485); "The Book of Fayttes of Armes and of Chyvalrye" (1489), and "The Arte and Crafte to Know Well to Dye" (1490). Caxton's industry ceased only with life. The translation of the "Vitæ Patrum" was completed by him a few hours before he died.

The Two Masters of Arts.

(Fable told by Caxton at the end of Æsop's Fables.)

Now, then, I will finish all these fables with this tale that followeth, which a worshipful priest and a parson told me late:

He said that there were dwelling at Oxenford two priests, both Masters of Arts — of whom that one was quick and could put himself forth; and that other was a good, simple priest. And so it happened that the master that was pert and quick was anon promoted to a benefice or twain, and after to prebends, and for to be a dean of a great prince o' chapel, supposing and weening that his fellow, the simple priest, should never be promoted, but be always an annual, or, at the most, a parish priest. So after a long time that this worshipful man, this dean, came running into a good parish with five or seven horses, like a prelate, and came into the church of the said parish, and found there this good, simple man, sometime his fellow, which came and welcomed him lowly. And that other bade him "Good morrow, Master John," and took him slightly by the hand, and axed him where he dwelt. And the good man said, "In this parish." "How," said he, "are ye here a sole priest, or a parish priest?" "Nay, sir," said he, "for lack of a better, though I be not able nor worthy, I am parson and curate of this parish." And then that other vailed [lowered] his bonnet, and said, "Master Parson, I pray you to be not displeased; I had supposed ye had not been beneficed. But, master," said he, "I pray you what is this benefice worth to you a year?" "Forsooth," said the good, simple man, "I wot never; for I never make accompts thereof, how well I have had it four or five years." "And know ye not," said he, "what it is worth? — it should seem a good benefice." "No, forsooth," said he, "but I wot well what it shall be worth to me." "Why," said he, "what shall it be worth?" "Forsooth," said he, "if I do my true dealing in the cure of my parishes in preaching and teaching, and do my part belonging to my cure, I shall have heaven therefore. And if their souls be lost, or any of them by my default, I shall be punished therefore. And hereof I am sure." And with that word the rich dean was abashed: and thought he should be the better, and take more heed to his cures and benefices than he had done. This was a good answer of a good priest and an honest. And herewith I finish this book, translated and imprinted by me, William Caxton.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

Benvenuto Cellini, a Florentine artist, whose "Autobiography" is a famous Italian classic, was born Nov. 10, 1500; died Feb. 13, 1571. He served an apprenticeship with a jeweler and goldsmith, and at the same time applied himself to the study of drawing, engraving, and music. He was appointed by Clement VII. his goldsmith and musician. Being of a very turbulent disposition he was frequently engaged in quarrels. He distinguished himself by his courage in defending the citadel of Rome against the Constable Bourbon, whom he says he killed. He also defended the Castle of St. Angelo; and the Prince of Orange, he declares, was killed by the ball which was shot from a cannon he had directed. On the death of Clement VII., in 1534, he returned to Florence, whence he went to France, where he was patronized by Francis I. He revisited Rome, where he was confined in the Castle of St. Angelo, on the charge of having robbed the fortress of a considerable treasure. He escaped, but was retaken, and suffered great hardships until released by the mediation of Cardinal Ferrara. He then revisited France, where he executed some fine works of sculpture and cast large figures in metal. After staying there five years he returned to his own country, and was employed by the Grand Duke Cosmo de Medici, who gave him a studio, where he commenced his great work "Perseus." Cellini's fame was now established, and he spent the remainder of his days in Florence. He worked equally well in marble and metal, and wrote a treatise on the goldsmith's art, and another on sculpture and the casting of metals. His "Autobiography," having long circulated in manuscript, was printed in 1730.

A Necklace of Pearls.

(From the "Memoirs": Symonds's Translation.)

I must beg your attention now, most gracious reader, for a very terrible event which happened.

I used the utmost diligence and industry to complete my statue, and went to spend my evenings in the Duke's wardrobe,

assisting there the goldsmiths who were working for his Excellency. Indeed, they labored mainly on designs which I had given them. Noticing that the Duke took pleasure in seeing me at work and talking with me, I took it into my head to go there sometimes also by day. It happened upon one of those days that his Excellency came as usual to the room where I was occupied, and more particularly because he heard of my arrival. His Excellency entered at once into conversation, raising several interesting topics, upon which I gave my views so much to his entertainment that he showed more cheerfulness than I had ever seen in him before. All of a sudden one of his secretaries appeared, and whispered something of importance in his ear; whereupon the Duke rose, and retired with the official into another chamber.

Now the Duchess had sent to see what his Excellency was doing, and her page brought back this answer: — "The Duke is talking and laughing with Benvenuto, and is in excellent good humor." When the Duchess heard this, she came immediately to the wardrobe, and not finding the Duke there, took a seat beside us. After watching us at work a while, she turned to me with the utmost graciousness, and showed me a necklace of large and really very fine pearls. On being asked by her what I thought of them, I said it was in truth a very handsome ornament. Then she spoke as follows: — "I should like the Duke to buy them for me; so I beg you, my dear Benvenuto, to praise them to him as highly as you can." At these words I disclosed my mind to the Duchess with all the respect I could, and answered: — "My lady, I thought this necklace of pearls belonged already to your illustrious Excellency. Now that I am aware you have not yet acquired them, it is right, nay more, it is my duty, to utter what I might otherwise have refrained from saying; namely, that my mature professional experience enables me to detect very grave faults in the pearls, and for this reason I could never advise your Excellency to purchase them."

She replied: — "The merchant offers them for six thousand crowns; and were it not for some of those trifling defects you speak of, the rope would be worth over twelve thousand."

To this I replied that, even were the necklace of quite flawless quality, I could not advise any one to bid up to five thousand crowns for it: for pearls are not gems; pearls are but fishes' bones, which in the course of time must lose their freshness. Diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, on the con-

trary, never grow old; these four are precious stones, and these it is right to purchase. When I had thus spoken, the Duchess showed some signs of irritation, and exclaimed, "I have a mind to possess these pearls; so prithee, take them to the Duke and praise them up to the skies; even if you have to use some words beyond the bounds of truth, speak them to do me service; it will be well for you!"

I have always been the greatest friend of truth and foe of lies; yet compelled by necessity, unwilling to lose the favor of so great a princess, I took those confounded pearls sorely against my inclination, and went with them over to the other room, whither the Duke had withdrawn. No sooner did he set eyes upon me than he cried, "O Benvenuto, what are you about here?" I uncovered the pearls and said, "My lord, I am come to show you a most splendid necklace of pearls, of the rarest quality, and truly worthy of your Excellency; I do not believe it would be possible to put together eighty pearls which could show better than these do in a necklace. My counsel therefore is that you should buy them, for they are in good sooth miraculous." He responded on the instant, "I do not choose to buy them; they are not pearls of the quality and goodness you affirm; I have seen the necklace, and they do not please me." Then I added, "Pardon me, Prince! These pearls exceed in rarity and beauty any which were ever brought together for a necklace." The Duchess had risen, and was standing behind a door listening to all I said. Well, when I had praised the pearls a thousandfold more warmly than I have described above, the Duke turned toward me with a kindly look, and said, "O my dear Benvenuto, I know that you have an excellent judgment in all these matters. If the pearls are as rare as you certify, I should not hesitate about their purchase; partly to gratify the Duchess and partly to possess them, seeing I have always need of such things, not so much for her Grace as for the various uses of my sons and daughters." When I heard him speak thus, having once begun to tell fibs, I stuck to them with even greater boldness; I gave all the color of truth I could to my lies, confiding in the promise of the Duchess to help me at the time of need. More than two hundred crowns were to be my commission on the bargain, and the Duchess had intimated that I should receive so much; but I was firmly resolved not to touch a farthing, in order to secure my credit, and convince the Duke I was not prompted by avarice. Once more his Excellency

began to address me with the greatest courtesy: "I know that you are a consummate judge of these things; therefore, if you are the honest man I always thought you, tell me now the truth." Thereat I flushed up to my eyes, which at the same time filled with tears, and said to him, "My lord, if I tell your most illustrious Excellency the truth, I shall make a mortal foe of the Duchess; this will oblige me to depart from Florence, and my enemies will begin at once to pour contempt upon my Perseus, which I have announced as a masterpiece to the most noble school of your illustrious Excellency. Such being the case, I recommend myself to your most illustrious Excellency."

The Duke was now aware that all my previous speeches had been, as it were, forced out of me. So he rejoined, "If you have confidence in me, you need not stand in fear of anything whatever." I recommenced, "Alas! my lord, what can prevent this coming to the ears of the Duchess?" The Duke lifted his hand in sign of troth-pledge and exclaimed, "Be assured that what you say will be buried in a diamond casket." To this engagement upon honor I replied by telling the truth according to my judgment, namely, that the pearls were not worth above two thousand crowns. The Duchess, thinking we had stopped talking, for we now were speaking in as low a voice as possible, came forward and began as follows: — "My lord, do me the favor to purchase this necklace, because I have set my heart on them, and your Benvenuto here has said he never saw a finer row of pearls." The Duke replied, "I do not choose to buy them." — "Why, my lord, will not your excellency gratify me by buying them?" — "Because I do not care to throw my money out of the window." The Duchess recommenced, "What do you mean by throwing your money away, when Benvenuto, in whom you place such well-merited confidence, has told me that they would be cheap at over three thousand crowns?" Then the Duke said, "My lady! my Benvenuto here has told me that if I purchase this necklace I shall be throwing my money away, inasmuch as the pearls are neither round nor well-matched, and some of them are quite faded. To prove that this is so, look here! look there! consider this one and then that. The necklace is not the sort of thing for me." At these words the Duchess cast a glance of bitter spite at me, and retired with a threatening nod of her head in my direction. I felt tempted to pack off at once, and bid farewell to Italy. Yet my Perseus being all but finished, I did not like to leave without exposing

it to public view. But I ask every one to consider in what a grievous plight I found myself!

How Benvenuto Lost His Brother.

My brother at this period was also in Rome, serving Duke Alessandro, on whom the Pope had recently conferred the duchy of Penna. This prince kept in his service a multitude of soldiers, worthy fellows, brought up to valor in the school of that famous general Giovanni de' Medici; and among these was my brother, whom the Duke esteemed as highly as the bravest of them. One day my brother went after dinner to the shop of a man called Baccino della Croce, in the Banchi, which all those men-at-arms frequented. He had flung himself upon a settee and was sleeping. Just then the guard of the Bargello passed by; they were taking to prison a certain Captain Cisti, a Lombard, who had also been a member of Giovanni's troop, but was not in the service of the Duke. The captain, Cattivanza degli Strozzi, chanced to be in the same shop; and when Cisti caught sight of him he whispered, "I was bringing you those crowns I owed; if you want them, come for them before they go with me to prison." Now Cattivanza had a way of putting his neighbors to the push, not caring to hazard his own person. So, finding there around him several young fellows of the highest daring, more eager than apt for so serious an enterprise, he bade them catch up Captain Cisti and get the money from him, and if the guard resisted, overpower the men, provided they had pluck enough to do so.

The young men were but four, and all four of them without a beard. The first was called Bertino Aldobrandi, another Anguillotto of Lucca; I cannot recall the names of the rest. Bertino had been trained like a pupil by my brother, and my brother felt the most unbounded love for him. So then off dashed the four brave lads and came up with the guard of the Bargello, — upwards of fifty constables, counting pikes, arquebuses, and two-handed swords. After a few words they drew their weapons, and the four boys so harried the guard that if Captain Cattivanza had but shown his face, without so much as drawing, they would certainly have put the whole pack to flight. But delay spoiled all: for Bertino received some ugly wounds and fell; at the same time Anguillotto was also hit in the right arm, and being unable to use his sword, got out of the fray as well as he

was able. The others did the same. Bertino Aldobrandi was lifted from the ground seriously injured.

While these things were happening we were all at table; for that morning we had dined more than an hour later than usual. On hearing the commotion one of the old man's sons, the elder, rose from table to go and look at the scuffle. He was called Giovanni; and I said to him, "For Heaven's sake don't go! In such matters one is always certain to lose, while there is nothing to be gained." His father spoke to like purpose, "Pray, my son, don't go!" But the lad, without heeding any one, ran down the stairs. Reaching the Banchi, where the great scrimmage was, and seeing Bertino lifted from the ground, he ran towards home, and met my brother Cecchino on the way, who asked what was the matter. Though some of the bystanders signed to Giovanni not to tell Cecchino, he cried out like a madman how it was that Bertino Aldobrandi had been killed by the guard. My poor brother gave vent to a bellow which might have been heard ten miles away. Then he turned to Giovanni; "Ah me! but could you tell me which of those men killed him for me?" Giovanni said yes, that it was a man who had a big two-handed sword, with a blue feather in his bonnet. My poor brother rushed ahead, and having recognized the homicide by those signs, he threw himself with all his dash and spirit into the middle of the band, and before his man could turn on guard, ran him right through the guts, and with the sword's hilt thrust him to the ground. Then he turned upon the rest with such energy and daring that his one arm was on the point of putting the whole band to flight, had it not been that while wheeling round to strike an arquebusier, this man fired in self-defense and hit the brave unfortunate young fellow above the knee of his right leg. While he lay stretched upon the ground the constables scrambled off in disorder as fast as they were able, lest a pair to my brother should arrive upon the scene.

Noticing that the tumult was not subsiding, I too rose from table, and girding on my sword — for everybody wore one then — I went to the bridge of Sant' Agnolo, where I saw a group of several men assembled. On my coming up and being recognized by some of them, they gave way before me and showed me what I least of all things wished to see, albeit I made mighty haste to view the sight. On the instant I did not know Cecchino, since he was wearing a different suit of clothes from

that in which I had lately seen him. Accordingly he recognized me first and said, "Dearest brother, do not be upset by my grave accident: it is only what might be expected in my profession; get me removed from here at once, for I have but few hours to live." They had acquainted me with the whole event while he was speaking, in brief words befitting such occasion. So I answered, "Brother, this is the greatest sorrow and the greatest trial that could happen to me in the whole course of my life. But be of good cheer; for before you lose sight of him who did the mischief, you shall see yourself revenged by my hand." Our words on both sides were to the purport, but of the shortest.

The guard was now about fifty paces from us; for Maffio, their officer, had made some of them turn back to take up the corporal my brother killed. Accordingly, I quickly traversed that short space, wrapped in my cape, which I had tightened round me, and came up with Maffio, whom I should most certainly have murdered; for there were plenty of people round, and I had wound my way among them. With the rapidity of lightning I had half drawn my sword from the sheath, when Berlinghier Berlinghieri, a young man of the greatest daring and my good friend, threw himself from behind upon my arms; he had four other fellows of like kidney with him, who cried out to Maffio, "Away with you, for this man here alone was killing you!" He asked, "who is he?" and they answered, "Own brother to the man you see there." Without waiting to hear more, he made haste for Torre di Nona; and they said, "Benvenuto, we prevented you against your will, but did it for your good; now let us go to succor him who must die shortly." Accordingly we turned and went back to my brother, whom I had at once conveyed into a house. The doctors who were called in consultation treated him with medicaments, but could not decide to amputate the leg which might perhaps have saved him.

As soon as his wound had been dressed, Duke Alessandro appeared and most affectionately greeted him. My brother had not as yet lost consciousness; so he said to the Duke, "My lord, this only grieves me, that your Excellency is losing a servant than whom you may perchance find men more valiant in the profession of arms, but none more lovingly and loyally devoted to your service than I have been." The Duke bade him do all he could to keep alive; for the rest, he well knew him to be a

man of worth and courage. He then turned to his attendants, ordering them to see that the brave young fellow wanted for nothing.

When he was gone, my brother lost blood so copiously — for nothing could be done to stop it — that he went off his head and kept raving all the following night, with the exception that once, when they wanted to give him the communion, he said, "You would have done well to confess me before; now it is impossible that I should receive the divine sacrament in this already ruined frame; it will be enough if I partake of it by the divine virtue of the eyesight, whereby it shall be transmitted into my immortal soul, which only prays to Him for mercy and forgiveness." Having spoken thus, the Host was elevated; but he straightway relapsed into the same delirious ravings as before, pouring forth a torrent of the most terrible frenzies and horrible imprecations that the mind of man could imagine; nor did he cease once all that night until the day broke.

When the sun appeared above our horizon he turned to me and said, "Brother, I do not wish to stay here longer, for these fellows will end by making me do something tremendous, which may cause them to repent of the annoyance they have given me." Then he kicked out both his legs — the injured limb we had inclosed in a very heavy box — and made as though he would fling it across a horse's back. Turning his face round to me, he called out thrice, "Farewell, farewell!" and with the last word that most valiant spirit passed away.

At the proper hour, toward nightfall, I had him buried with due ceremony in the Church of the Florentines; and afterwards I erected to his memory a very handsome monument of marble, upon which I caused trophies and banners to be carved. I must not omit to mention that one of his friends had asked him who the man was that had killed him, and if he could recognize him; to which he answered that he could, and gave his description. My brother indeed attempted to prevent this coming to my ears; but I got it very well impressed upon my mind, as will appear in the sequel.

An Adventure in Necromancy.

It happened through a variety of singular accidents that I became intimate with a Sicilian priest, who was a man of very

elevated genius and well instructed in both Latin and Greek letters. In the course of conversation one day we were led to talk about the art of necromancy, apropos of which I said, "Throughout my whole life I have had the most intense desire to see or learn something of this art." Thereto the priest replied, "A stout soul and a steadfast must the man have who sets himself to such an enterprise." I answered that of strength and steadfastness of soul I should have enough and to spare, provided I found the opportunity. Then the priest said, "If you have the heart to dare it, I will amply satisfy your curiosity." Accordingly we agreed upon attempting the adventure.

The priest one evening made his preparations, and bade me find a comrade, or not more than two. I invited Vincenzio Romoli, a very dear friend of mine, and the priest took with him a native of Pistoja, who also cultivated the black art. We went together to the Coliseum; and there the priest, having arrayed himself in necromancer's robes, began to describe circles on the earth with the finest ceremonies that can be imagined. I must say that he had made us bring precious perfumes and fire, and also drugs of fetid odor. When the preliminaries were completed he made the entrance into the circle, and taking us by the hand, introduced us one by one inside it. Then he assigned our several functions; to the necromancer, his comrade, he gave the pentacle to hold; the other two of us had to look after the fire and the perfumes; and then he began his incantations. This lasted more than an hour and a half; when several legions appeared, and the Coliseum was all full of devils. I was occupied with the precious perfumes, and when the priest perceived in what numbers they were present he turned to me and said, "Benvenuto, ask them something." I called on them to reunite me with my Sicilian Angelica. That night we obtained no answer; but I enjoyed the greatest satisfaction of my curiosity in such matters. The necromancer said that we should have to go a second time, and that I should obtain the full accomplishment of my request; but he wished me to bring with me a little boy of pure virginity.

I chose one of my shop-lads, who was about twelve years old, and invited Vincenzio Romoli again; and we also took a certain Agnolino Gaddi, who was a very intimate friend of both. When we came once more to the place appointed, the necromancer made just the same preparations, attended by the same and even more impressive details. Then he introduced us

into the circle, which he had reconstructed with art more admirable and yet more wondrous ceremonies. Afterwards he appointed my friend Vincenzio to the ordering of the perfumes and the fire, and with him Agnolino Gaddi. He next placed in my hand the pentacle, which he bid me turn toward the points he indicated, and under the pentacle I held the little boy, my workman. Now the necromancer began to utter those awful invocations, calling by name on multitudes of demons who are captains of their legions, and these he summoned by the virtue and potency of God, the Uncreated, Living, and Eternal, in phrases of the Hebrew, and also of the Greek and Latin tongues; insomuch that in a short space of time the whole Coliseum was full of a hundredfold as many as had appeared upon the first occasion. Vincenzio Romoli, together with Agnolino, tended the fire and heaped on quantities of precious perfumes. At the advice of the necromancer I again demanded to be reunited with Angelica. The sorcerer turned to me and said, "Hear you what they have replied — that in the space of one month you will be where she is?" Then once more he prayed me to stand firm by him, because the legions were a thousandfold more than he had summoned, and were the most dangerous of all the denizens of hell; and now that they had settled what I had asked, it behoved us to be civil to them and dismiss them gently. On the other side, the boy, who was beneath the pentacle, shrieked out in terror that a million of the fiercest men were swarming round and threatening us. He said moreover that four huge giants had appeared, who were striving to force their way inside the circle. Meanwhile the necromancer, trembling with fear, kept doing his best with mild and soft persuasions to dismiss them. Vincenzio Romoli, who quaked like an aspen-leaf, looked after the perfumes. Though I was quite as frightened as the rest of them, I tried to show it less, and inspired them all with marvelous courage; but the truth is that I had given myself up for dead when I saw the terror of the necromancer. The boy had stuck his head between his knees, exclaiming, "This is how I will meet death, for we are certainly dead men." Again I said to him, "These creatures are all inferior to us, and what you see is only smoke and shadow; so then raise your eyes." When he had raised them he cried out, "The whole Coliseum is in flames, and the fire is advancing on us;" then covering his face with his hands, he groaned again that he was dead, and that he could not endure

the sight longer. The necromancer appealed for my support, entreating me to stand firm by him, and to have asafetida flung upon the coals; so I turned to Vincenzio Romoli, and told him to make the fumigation at once. While uttering these words I looked at Agnolino Gaddi, whose eyes were starting from their sockets in his terror, and who was more than half dead, and said to him, "Agnolo, in time and place like this we must not yield to fright, but do the utmost to bestir ourselves; therefore up at once, and fling a handful of that asafetida upon the fire." . . . The boy, roused by that great stench and noise, lifted his face a little, and hearing me laugh, he plucked up courage, and said the devils were taking to flight tempestuously. So we abode thus until the matin bells began to sound. Then the boy told us again that but few remained, and those were at a distance. When the necromancer had concluded his ceremonies he put off his wizard's robe, and packed up a great bundle of books which he had brought with him; then all together we issued with him from the circle, huddling as close as we could to one another, especially the boy, who had got into the middle, and taken the necromancer by his gown and me by the cloak. All the while that we were going toward our houses in the Banchi he kept saying that two of the devils he had seen in the Coliseum were gamboling in front of us, skipping now along the roofs and now upon the ground. The necromancer assured me that as often as he had entered magic circles, he had never met with such a serious affair as this. He also tried to persuade me to assist him in consecrating a book, by means of which we should extract immeasurable wealth, since we could call up fiends to show us where treasures were, whereof the earth is full; and after this wise we should become the richest of mankind: love affairs like mine were nothing but vanities and follies without consequence. I replied that if I were a Latin scholar I should be very willing to do what he suggested. He continued to persuade me by arguing that Latin scholarship was of no importance, and that if he wanted, he could have found plenty of good Latinists; but that he had never met with a man of soul so firm as mine, and that I ought to follow his counsel. Engaged in this conversation, we reached our homes, and each one of us dreamed all that night of devils.

As we were in the habit of meeting daily, the necromancer kept urging me to join in his adventure. Accordingly I asked

him how long it would take, and where we should have to go. To this he answered that we might get through with it in less than a month, and that the most suitable locality for the purpose was the hill country of Norcia: a master of his in the art had indeed consecrated such a book quite close to Rome, at a place called the Badia di Farfa; but he had met with some difficulties there, which would not occur in the mountains of Norcia: the peasants also of that district are people to be trusted, and have some practice in these matters, so that at a pinch they are able to render valuable assistance.

This priestly sorcerer moved me so by his persuasions that I was well disposed to comply with his request; but I said I wanted first to finish the medals I was making for the Pope. I had confided what I was doing about them to him alone, begging him to keep my secret. At the same time I never stopped asking him if he believed that I should be reunited to my Sicilian Angelica at the time appointed; for the date was drawing near, and I thought it singular that I heard nothing about her. The necromancer told me that it was quite certain I should find myself where she was, since the devils never break their word when they promise, as they did on that occasion; but he bade me keep my eyes open and be on the lookout against some accident which might happen to me in that connection, and put restraint upon myself to endure somewhat against my inclination, for he could discern a great and imminent danger in it: well would it be for me if I went with him to consecrate the book, since this would avert the peril that menaced me and would make us both most fortunate.

I was beginning to hanker after the adventure more than he did; but I said that a certain Maestro Giovanni of Castel Bolognese had just come to Rome, very ingenious in the art of making medals of the sort I made in steel, and that I thirsted for nothing more than to compete with him and take the world by storm with some great masterpiece, which I hoped would annihilate all those enemies of mine by the force of genius and not the sword. The sorcerer on his side went on urging, "Nay, prithee, Benvenuto, come with me and shun a great disaster which I see impending over you." However, I had made my mind up, come what would, to finish my medal, and we were now approaching the end of the month. I was so absorbed and enamored by my work that I thought no more about Angelica or anything of that kind, but gave my whole self up to it.

Benvenuto Loses Self-Control under Severe Provocation.

It happened one day, close on the hours of vespers, that I had to go, at an unusual time for me, from my house to my workshop; for I ought to say that the latter was in the Banchi, while I lived behind the Banchi, and went rarely to the shop; all my business there I left in the hands of my partner, Felice. Having stayed a short while in the workshop, I remembered that I had to say something to Alessandro del Bene. So I arose, and when I reached the Banchi, I met a man called Ser Benedetto, who was a great friend of mine. He was a notary, born in Florence, son of a blind man who said prayers about the streets for alms, and a Sienese by race. This Ser Benedetto had been very many years in Naples; afterwards he had settled in Rome, where he transacted business for some Sienese merchants of the Chigi. My partner had over and over again asked him for some moneys which were due for certain little rings confided to Ser Benedetto. That very day, meeting him in the Banchi, he demanded his money rather roughly, as his wont was. Benedetto was walking with his masters, and they, annoyed by the interruption, scolded him sharply, saying they would be served by somebody else in order not to have to listen to such barking.

Ser Benedetto did the best he could to excuse himself, swore that he had paid the goldsmith, and said he had no power to curb the rage of madmen. The Sienese took his words ill, and dismissed him on the spot. Leaving them, he ran like an arrow to my shop, probably to take revenge upon Felice. It chanced that just in the middle of the street we met. I, who had heard nothing of the matter, greeted him most kindly, according to my custom, to which courtesy he replied with insults. Then what the sorcerer had said flashed all at once upon my mind; and bridling myself as well as I was able, in the way he bade me, I answered: —

"Good brother Benedetto, don't fly into a rage with me, for I have done you no harm, nor do I know anything about these affairs of yours. Please go and finish what you have to do with Felice. He is quite capable of giving you a proper answer; but inasmuch as I know nothing about it, you are wrong to abuse me in this way, especially as you are well aware that I am not the man to put up with insults."

He retorted that I knew everything, and that he was the man to make me bear a heavier load than that, and that Felice and I were two great rascals. By this time a crowd had gathered round to hear the quarrel. Provoked by his ugly words, I stooped and took up a lump of mud — for it had rained — and hurled it with a quick and unpremeditated movement at his face. He ducked his head, so that the mud hit him in the middle of the skull. There was a stone in it with several sharp angles, one of which striking him, he fell stunned like a dead man; whereupon all the bystanders, seeing the great quantity of blood, judged that he was really dead.

While he was still lying on the ground, and people were preparing to carry him away, Pompeo the jeweler passed by. The Pope had sent for him to give orders about some jewels. Seeing the fellow in such a miserable plight, he asked who had struck him; on which they told him, "Benvenuto did it, but the stupid creature brought it down upon himself." No sooner had Pompeo reached the Pope than he began to speak: "Most blessed Father, Benvenuto has this very moment murdered Tobbia; I saw it with my own eyes." On this the Pope in a fury ordered the Governor, who was in the presence, to take and hang me at once in the place where the homicide had been committed; adding that he must do all he could to catch me, and not appear again before him until he had hanged me.

CERVANTES

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES-SAAVEDRA.

Miguel de Cervantes-Saavedra, a distinguished Spanish poet and novelist, born near Madrid, Spain, Oct. 9 (?), 1547; died there, April 23, 1616. He is said to have spent two years at the University of Salamanca, and to have studied afterward in Madrid. In 1568 he went to Italy in the service of Cardinal Aquaviva, and distinguished himself at the naval battle of Lepanto, where his left hand was shattered by a gunshot. After five years of army life he was taken prisoner, and sent to Algiers, where he remained a captive for five years. He was at length ransomed by his friends, and reëntered the army, in which he continued to serve until 1583. He then began his literary career, his first work being a prose pastoral entitled "Galatea." In 1584 he married. During the next ten years he wrote about thirty dramas, of which only two survive. In 1588 he went to Seville as Commissioner to the Indian squadrons, and helped to victual the ships of the Spanish Armada. For several years after this time his life is involved in obscurity. He is said to have visited La Mancha, and to have been imprisoned there on a charge of malversation in office. It is also said that while in prison he conceived the idea of "Don Quixote." In 1603 he was living in Valladolid. In 1604 he published the first part of "Don Quixote," which ran through four editions in a single year. In 1613 he published "Novelas Exemplares," or "Didactic Tales," twelve stories which display a thorough acquaintance with every phase of Spanish life. The next year appeared Cervantes's most successful poem, a burlesque entitled "Viage al Parnassus," a volume of plays, and second part of "Don Quixote," which was published late in 1615. On the 4th of April, 1616, he entered the order of Franciscans, and died within three weeks.

Of the Counsels which Don Quixote Gave Sancho Panza before He Set out to Govern the Island, Together with other Well-Considered Matters.

(From "Don Quixote.")

The duke and duchess were so well pleased with the successful and droll result of the adventure of the Distressed One,

that they resolved to carry on the joke, seeing what a fit subject they had to deal with for making it all pass for reality. So having laid their plans and given instructions to their servants and vassals how to behave to Sancho in his government of the promised island, the next day, that following Clavileño's flight, the duke told Sancho to prepare and get ready to go and be governor, for his islanders were already looking out for him as for the showers of May.

Sancho made him an obeisance, and said, "Ever since I came down from heaven, and from the top of it beheld the earth, and saw how little it is, the great desire I had to be a governor has been partly cooled in me; for what is there grand in being ruler on a grain of mustard seed, or what dignity or authority in governing half a dozen men about as big as hazel nuts; for, so far as I could see, there were no more on the whole earth? If your lordship would be so good as to give me ever so small a bit of heaven, were it no more than half a league, I'd rather have it than the best island in the world."

"Take notice, friend Sancho," said the duke, "I cannot give a bit of heaven, no not so much as the breadth of my nail, to any one; rewards and favors of that sort are reserved for God alone. What I can give I give you, and that is a real, genuine island, compact, well-proportioned, and uncommonly fertile and fruitful, where, if you know how to use your opportunities, you may, with the help of the world's riches, gain those of heaven."

"Well then," said Sancho, "let the island come; and I'll try and be such a governor, that in spite of scoundrels I'll go to heaven; and it's not from any craving to quit my own humble condition or better myself, but from the desire I have to try what it tastes like to be a governor."

"If you once make trial of it, Sancho," said the duke, "you'll eat your fingers off after the government, so sweet a thing is it to command and be obeyed. Depend upon it when your master comes to be emperor (as he will beyond a doubt from the course his affairs are taking), it will be no easy matter to wrest the dignity from him, and he will be sore and sorry at heart to have been so long without becoming one."

"Señor," said Sancho, "it is my belief it's a good thing to be in command, if it's only over a drove of cattle."

"May I be buried with you, Sancho," said the duke, "but you know everything; I hope you will make as good a governor as your sagacity promises, and that is all I have to say; and

now remember to-morrow is the day you must set out for the government of the island, and this evening they will provide you with the proper attire for you to wear, and all things requisite for your departure."

"Let them dress me as they like," said Sancho; "however I'm dressed I'll be Sancho Panza."

"That's true," said the duke; "but one's dress must be suited to the office or rank one holds; for it would not do for a jurist to dress like a soldier, or a soldier like a priest. You, Sancho, shall go partly as a lawyer, partly as a captain, for, in the island I am giving you, arms are needed as much as letters, and letters as much as arms."

"Of letters I know but little," said Sancho, "for I don't even know the A B C; but it is enough for me to have the Christus[1] in my memory to be a good governor. As for arms, I'll handle those they give me till I drop, and then, God be my help!"

"With so good a memory," said the duke, "Sancho cannot go wrong in anything."

Here Don Quixote joined them; and learning what passed, and how soon Sancho was to go to his government, he with the duke's permission took him by the hand, and retired to his room with him for the purpose of giving him advice as to how he was to demean himself in his office. As soon as they had entered the chamber he closed the door after him, and almost by force made Sancho sit down beside him, and in a quiet tone thus addressed him: "I give infinite thanks to Heaven, friend Sancho, that before I have met with any good luck, fortune has come forward to meet thee. I who counted upon my good fortune to discharge the recompense of thy services, find myself still waiting for advancement, while thou, before the time, and contrary to all reasonable expectation, seest thyself blessed in the fulfillment of thy desires. Some will bribe, beg, solicit, rise early, entreat, persist, without attaining the object of their suit; while another comes, and without knowing why or wherefore, finds himself invested with the place or office so many have sued for; and here it is that the common saying, 'There is good luck as well as bad luck in suits,' applies. Thou, who, to my thinking, art beyond all doubt a dullard, without early rising or night watching or taking any trouble, with the mere breath of

[1] The cross prefixed to the alphabet in schoolbooks; *no saber el Cristus*, is to know nothing at all.

knight-errantry that has breathed upon thee, seest thyself without more ado governor of an island, as though it were a mere matter of course. This I say, Sancho, that thou attribute not the favor thou hast received to thine own merits, but give thanks to Heaven that disposes matters beneficently, and secondly thanks to the great power the profession of knight-errantry contains in itself. With a heart, then, inclined to believe what I have said to thee, attend, my son, to thy Cato here [1] who would counsel thee, and be thy pole-star and guide to direct and pilot thee to a safe haven out of this stormy sea wherein thou art about to ingulf thyself; for offices and great trusts are nothing else but a mighty gulf of troubles.

"First of all, my son, thou must fear God, for in the fear of him is wisdom, and being wise thou canst not err in aught.

"Secondly, thou must keep in view what thou art, striving to know thyself, the most difficult thing to know that the mind can imagine. If thou knowest thyself, it will follow thou wilt not puff thyself up like the frog that strove to make himself as large as the ox; if thou dost, the recollection of having kept pigs in thine own country will serve as the ugly feet for the wheel of thy folly."

"That's the truth," said Sancho; "but that was when I was a boy; afterwards when I was something more of a man it was geese I kept, not pigs. But to my thinking that has nothing to do with it; for not all who are governors come of a kingly stock."

"True," said Don Quixote, "and for that reason those who are not of noble origin should take care that the dignity of the office they hold be accompanied by a gentle suavity, which wisely managed will save them from the sneers of malice that no station escapes.

"Glory in thy humble birth, Sancho, and be not ashamed of saying thou art peasant-born; for when it is seen thou art not ashamed no one will set himself to put thee to the blush; and pride thyself rather upon being one of lowly virtue than a lofty sinner. Countless are they who, born of mean parentage, have risen to the highest dignities, pontifical and imperial, and of the truth of this I could give thee instances enough to weary thee.

"Remember, Sancho, if thou make virtue thy aim, and take a pride in doing virtuous actions, thou wilt have no cause to envy those who are born princes and lords, for blood is an

[1] i.e. Dionysius Cato, author of the "Disticha."

inheritance, but virtue an acquisition, and virtue has in itself a worth that blood does not possess.

"This being so, if perchance any one of thy kinsfolk should come to see thee when thou art in thine island, thou art not to repel or slight him, but on the contrary to welcome him, entertain him, and make much of him; for in so doing thou wilt be approved of Heaven (which is not pleased that any should despise what it hath made), and wilt comply with the laws of well-ordered nature.

"If thou carriest thy wife with thee (and it is not well for those that administer governments to be long without their wives), teach and instruct her, and strive to smooth down her natural roughness; for all that may be gained by a wise governor may be lost and wasted by a boorish stupid wife.

"If perchance thou art left a widower — a thing which may happen — and in virtue of thy office seekest a consort of higher degree, choose not one to serve thee for a hook, or for a fishing-rod, or for the hood of thy 'won't have it;' for verily, I tell thee, for all the judge's wife receives, the husband will be held accountable at the general calling to account; where he will have to repay in death fourfold, items that in life he regarded as naught.

"Never go by arbitrary law, which is so much favored by ignorant men who plume themselves on cleverness.

"Let the tears of the poor man find with thee more compassion, but not more justice, than the pleadings of the rich.

"Strive to lay bare the truth, as well amid the promises and presents of the rich man, as amid the sobs and entreaties of the poor.

"When equity may and should be brought into play, press not the utmost rigor of the law against the guilty; for the reputation of the stern judge stands not higher than that of the compassionate.

"If perchance thou permittest the staff of justice to swerve, let it be not by the weight of a gift, but by that of mercy.

"If it should happen to thee to give judgment in the cause of one who is thine enemy, turn thy thoughts away from thy injury and fix them on the justice of the case.

"Let not thine own passion blind thee in another man's cause; for the errors thou wilt thus commit will be most frequently irremediable; or if not, only to be remedied at the expense of thy good name and fortune.

"If any handsome woman come to seek justice of thee, turn away thine eyes from her tears and thine ears from her lamentations, and consider deliberately the merits of her demand, if thou wouldst not have thy reason swept away by her weeping, and thy rectitude by her sighs.

"Abuse not by word him whom thou hast to punish in deed, for the pain of punishment is enough for the unfortunate without the addition of thine objurgations.

"Bear in mind that the culprit who comes under thy jurisdiction is but a miserable man subject to all the propensities of our depraved nature, and so far as may be in thy power show thyself lenient and forbearing; for though the attributes of God are all equal, to our eyes that of mercy is brighter and loftier than that of justice.

"If thou followest these precepts and rules, Sancho, thy days will be long, thy fame eternal, thy reward abundant, thy felicity unutterable; thou wilt marry thy children as thou wouldst; they and thy grandchildren will bear titles; thou wilt live in peace and concord with all men; and, when life draws to a close, death will come to thee in calm and ripe old age, and the light and loving hands of thy great-grandchildren will close thine eyes.

"What I have thus far addressed to thee are instructions for the adornment of thy mind; listen now to those which tend to that of the body."

Of the Second Set of Counsels Don Quixote Gave Sancho Panza.

Who, hearing the foregoing discourse of Don Quixote, would not have set him down for a person of great good sense and greater rectitude of purpose? But, as has been frequently observed in the course of this great history, he only talked nonsense when he touched on chivalry, and in discussing all other subjects showed that he had a clear and unbiased understanding; so that at every turn his acts gave the lie to his intellect, and his intellect to his acts; but in the case of these second counsels that he gave Sancho he showed himself to have a lively turn of humor, and displayed conspicuously his wisdom, and also his folly.

Sancho listened to him with the deepest attention, and endeavored to fix his counsels in his memory, like one who meant

to follow them and by their means bring the full promise of his government to a happy issue. Don Quixote, then, went on to say: —

"With regard to the mode in which thou shouldst govern thy person and thy house, Sancho, the first charge I have to give thee is to be clean, and to cut thy nails, not letting them grow as some do, whose ignorance makes them fancy that long nails are an ornament to their hands, as if those excrescences they neglect to cut were nails, and not the talons of a lizard-catching kestrel — a filthy and unnatural abuse.

"Go not ungirt and loose, Sancho; for disordered attire is a sign of an unstable mind, unless indeed the slovenliness and slackness is to be set down to craft, as was the common opinion in the case of Julius Cæsar.

"Ascertain cautiously what thy office may be worth; and if it will allow thee to give liveries to thy servants, give them respectable and serviceable, rather than showy and gay ones, and divide them between thy servants and the poor; that is to say, if thou canst clothe six pages, clothe three and three poor men, and thus thou wilt have pages for heaven and pages for earth; the vainglorious never think of this new mode of giving liveries.

"Eat not garlic nor onions, lest they find out thy boorish origin by the smell; walk slowly and speak deliberately, but not in such a way as to make it seem thou art listening to thyself; for all affectation is bad.

"Dine sparingly, and sup more sparingly still; for the health of the whole body is forged in the workshop of the stomach.

"Be temperate in drinking, bearing in mind that wine in excess keeps neither secrets nor promises.

"Take care, Sancho, not to chew on both sides, and not to eruct in anybody's presence."

"Eruct!" said Sancho; "I don't know what that means."

"To eruct, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "means to belch, and that is one of the filthiest words in the Spanish language, though a very expressive one; and therefore nice folk have had recourse to the Latin, and instead of belch say eruct, and instead of belches say eructations; and if some do not understand these terms it matters little, for custom will bring them into use in the course of time, so that they will be readily understood; that is the way a language is enriched; custom and the public are all-powerful there."

"In truth, señor," said Sancho, "one of the counsels and cautions I mean to bear in mind shall be this, not to belch, for I'm constantly doing it."

"Eruct, Sancho, not belch," said Don Quixote.

"Eruct, I shall say henceforth, and I swear not to forget it," said Sancho.

"Likewise, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou must not mingle such a quantity of proverbs in thy discourse as thou dost; for though proverbs are short maxims, thou dost drag them in so often by the head and shoulders that they savor more of nonsense than of maxims."

"God alone can cure that," said Sancho; "for I have more proverbs in me than a book, and when I speak they come so thick together into my mouth that they fall to fighting among themselves to get out; that's why my tongue lets fly the first that come, though they may not be pat to the purpose. But I'll take care henceforward to use such as befit the dignity of my office; for 'in a house where there's plenty, supper is soon cooked,' and 'he who binds does not wrangle,' and 'the bell-ringer's in a safe berth,' and 'giving and keeping require brains.'"

"That's it, Sancho!" said Don Quixote; "pack, tack, string proverbs together; nobody is hindering thee! 'My mother beats me, and I go on with my tricks.' I am bidding thee avoid proverbs, and here in a second thou hast shot out a whole litany of them, which have as much to do with what we are talking about as 'over the hills of Úbeda.' Mind, Sancho, I do not say that a proverb aptly brought in is objectionable; but to pile up and string together proverbs at random makes conversation dull and vulgar.

"When thou ridest on horseback, do not go lolling with thy body on the back of the saddle, nor carry thy legs stiff or sticking out from the horse's belly, nor yet sit so loosely that one would suppose thou wert on Dapple; for the seat on a horse makes gentlemen of some and grooms of others.

"Be moderate in thy sleep; for he who does not rise early does not get the benefit of the day; and remember, Sancho, diligence is the mother of good fortune, and indolence, its opposite, never yet attained the object of an honest ambition.

"The last counsel I will give thee now, though it does not tend to bodily improvement, I would have thee carry carefully in thy memory, for I believe it will be no less useful to thee

than those I have given thee already, and it is this — never engage in a dispute about families, at least in the way of comparing them one with another; for necessarily one of those compared will be better than the other, and thou wilt be hated by the one thou hast disparaged, and get nothing in any shape from the one thou hast exalted.

"Thy attire shall be hose of full length, a long jerkin, and a cloak a trifle longer; loose breeches by no means, for they are becoming neither for gentlemen nor for governors.

"For the present, Sancho, this is all that has occurred to me to advise thee; as time goes by and occasions arise my instructions shall follow, if thou take care to let me know how thou art circumstanced."

"Señor," said Sancho, "I see well enough that all these things your worship has said to me are good, holy, and profitable; but what use will they be to me if I don't remember one of them? To be sure that about not letting my nails grow, and marrying again if I have the chance, will not slip out of my head; but all that other hash, muddle, and jumble — I don't and can't recollect any more of it than of last year's clouds; so it must be given me in writing; for though I can't either read or write, I'll give it to my confessor to drive it into me and remind me of it whenever it is necessary."

"Ah, sinner that I am!" said Don Quixote, "how bad it looks in governors not to know how to read or write; for let me tell thee, Sancho, when a man knows not how to read, or is left-handed, it argues one of two things; either that he was the son of exceedingly mean and lowly parents, or that he himself was so incorrigible and ill-conditioned that neither good company nor good teaching could make any impression on him. It is a great defect that thou laborest under, and therefore I would have thee learn at any rate to sign thy name."

"I can sign my name well enough," said Sancho, "for when I was steward of the brotherhood in my village I learned to make certain letters, like the marks on bales of goods, which they told me made out my name. Besides I can pretend my right hand is disabled and make some one else sign for me, for 'there's a remedy for everything except death'; and as I shall be in command and hold the staff, I can do as I like; moreover, 'he who has the alcalde for his father —,' and I'll be governor, and that's higher than alcalde. Only come and see! Let them make light of me and abuse me; 'they'll come for wool and go

back shorn'; 'whom God loves, his house is sweet to him'; 'the silly sayings of the rich pass for saws in the world'; and as I'll be rich, being a governor, and at the same time generous, as I mean to be, no fault will be seen in me. 'Only make yourself honey and the flies will suck you'; 'as much as thou hast so much art thou worth,' as my grandmother used to say; and 'thou canst have no revenge of a man of substance.'"

"Oh, God's curse upon thee, Sancho!" here exclaimed Don Quixote; "sixty thousand devils fly away with thee and thy proverbs! For the last hour thou hast been stringing them together and inflicting the pangs of torture on me with every one of them. Those proverbs will bring thee to the gallows one day, I promise thee; thy subjects will take the government from thee, or there will be revolts among them, all because of them. Tell me, where dost thou pick them up, thou booby? How dost thou apply them, thou blockhead? For with me, to utter one and make it apply properly, I have to sweat and labor as if I were digging."

"By God, master mine," said Sancho, "your worship is making a fuss about very little. Why the devil should you be vexed if I make use of what is my own? And I have got nothing else, nor any other stock in trade except proverbs and more proverbs; and here are four just this instant come into my head, pat to the purpose and like pears in a basket; but I won't repeat them, for 'Sage silence is called Sancho.'"

"That, Sancho, thou art not," said Don Quixote; "for not only art thou not sage silence, but thou art pestilent prate and perversity; still I would like to know what four proverbs have just now come into thy memory, for I have been turning over mine own — and it is a good one — and not one occurs to me."

"What can be better," said Sancho, "than 'never put thy thumbs between two back teeth;' and 'to "*get out of my house*" and "*what do you want with my wife?*" there is no answer;' and 'whether the pitcher hits the stone, or the stone the pitcher, it's a bad business for the pitcher;' all which fit to a hair? For no one should quarrel with his governor, or him in authority over him, because he will come off the worst, as he does who puts his finger between two back teeth, and if they are not back teeth it makes no difference, so long as they are teeth; and to whatever the governor may say there's no answer, any more than to 'get out of my house' and 'what do you want with my

wife?' and then, as for that about the stone and the pitcher, a blind man could see that. So that he who sees the mote in another's eye had need to see the beam in his own, that it be not said of himself, 'the dead woman was frightened at the one with her throat cut;' and your worship knows well that the fool knows more in his own house than the wise man in another's."

"Nay, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "the fool knows nothing, either in his own house or in anybody else's, for no wise structure of any sort can stand on a foundation of folly; but let us say no more about it, Sancho, for if thou governest badly, thine will be the fault and mine the shame; but I comfort myself with having done my duty in advising thee as earnestly and as wisely as I could; and thus I am released from my obligations and my promise. God guide thee, Sancho, and govern thee in thy government, and deliver me from the misgiving I have that thou wilt turn the whole island upside down, a thing I might prevent by explaining to the duke what thou art and telling him that all that fat little person of thine is nothing else but a sack full of proverbs and sauciness."

"Señor," said Sancho, "if your worship thinks I'm not fit for this government, I give it up on the spot; for the mere black of the nail of my soul is dearer to me than my whole body; and I can live just as well, simple Sancho, on bread and onions, as governor, on partridges and capons; and what's more, while we're asleep we're all equal, great and small, rich and poor. But if your worship looks into it, you will see it was your worship alone that put me on to this business of governing; for I know no more about the government of islands than a buzzard; and if there's any reason to think that because of my being a governor the devil will get hold of me, I'd rather go Sancho to heaven than governor to hell."

"By God, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for those last words thou hast uttered alone, I consider thou deservest to be governor of a thousand islands. Thou hast good natural instincts, without which no knowledge is worth anything; commend thyself to God, and try not to swerve in the pursuit of thy main object; I mean, always make it thy aim and fixed purpose to do right in all matters that come before thee, for Heaven always helps good intentions; and now let us go to dinner, for I think my lord and lady are waiting for us."

How Sancho Panza was Conducted to His Government, and of the Strange Adventure that Befell Don Quixote in the Castle.

Sancho at last set out attended by a great number of people. He was dressed in the garb of a lawyer, with a gaban of tawny watered camlet over all and a montera cap of the same material, and mounted *à la gineta* upon a mule. Behind him, in accordance with the duke's orders, followed Dapple with brand new ass-trappings and ornaments of silk, and from time to time Sancho turned round to look at his ass, so well pleased to have him with him that he would not have changed places with the Emperor of Germany. On taking leave he kissed the hands of the duke and duchess and got his master's blessing, which Don Quixote gave him with tears, and he received blubbering. Let worthy Sancho go in peace, and good luck to him, Gentle Reader; and look out for two bushels of laughter, which the account of how he behaved himself in office will give thee. In the meantime turn thy attention to what happened to his master the same night, and if thou dost not laugh thereat, at any rate thou wilt stretch thy mouth with a grin; for Don Quixote's adventures must be honored either with wonder or with laughter.

It is recorded, then, that as soon as Sancho had gone, Don Quixote felt his loneliness, and had it been possible for him to revoke the mandate and take away the government from him, he would have done so. The duchess observed his dejection and asked him why he was melancholy; because, she said, if it was for the loss of Sancho, there were squires, duennas, and damsels in her house who would wait upon him to his full satisfaction.

"The truth is, señora," replied Don Quixote, "that I do feel the loss of Sancho; but that is not the main cause of my looking sad; and of all the offers your excellence makes me, I accept only the good-will with which they are made, and as to the remainder I entreat of your excellence to permit and allow me alone to wait upon myself in my chamber."

"Indeed, Señor Don Quixote," said the duchess, "that must not be; four of my damsels, as beautiful as flowers, shall wait upon you."

"To me," said Don Quixote, "they will not be flowers, but thorns to pierce my heart. They, or anything like them, shall

as soon enter my chamber as fly. If your highness wishes to gratify me still further, though I deserve it not, permit me to please myself, and wait upon myself in my own room; for I place a barrier between my inclinations and my virtue, and I do not wish to break this rule through the generosity your highness is disposed to display towards me; and, in short, I will sleep in my clothes, sooner than allow any one to undress me."

"Say no more, Señor Don Quixote, say no more," said the duchess; "I assure you I will give orders that not even a fly, not to say a damsel, shall enter your room. I am not the one to undermine the propriety of Señor Don Quixote, for it strikes me that among his many virtues the one that is preëminent is that of modesty. Your worship may undress and dress in private and in your own way, as you please and when you please, for there will be no one to hinder you; and in your chamber you will find all the utensils requisite to supply the wants of one who sleeps with his door locked, to the end that no natural needs compel you to open it. May the great Dulcinea del Toboso live a thousand years, and may her fame extend all over the surface of the globe, for she deserves to be loved by a knight so valiant and so virtuous; and may kind Heaven infuse zeal into the heart of our governor Sancho Panza to finish off his discipline speedily, so that the world may once more enjoy the beauty of so grand a lady."

To which Don Quixote replied, "Your highness has spoken like what you are; from the mouth of a noble lady nothing bad can come; and Dulcinea will be more fortunate, and better known to the world by the praise of your highness than by all the eulogies the greatest orators on earth could bestow upon her."

"Well, well, Señor Don Quixote," said the duchess, "it is nearly supper-time, and the duke is probably waiting; come, let us go to supper, and retire to rest early, for the journey you made yesterday from Kandy was not such a short one but that it must have caused you some fatigue."

"I feel none, señora," said Don Quixote, "for I would go so far as to swear to your excellence that in all my life I never mounted a quieter beast, or a pleasanter paced one, than Clavileño; and I don't know what could have induced Malambruno to discard a steed so swift and so gentle, and burn it so recklessly as he did."

"Probably," said the duchess, "repenting of the evil he had

done to the Trifaldi and company, and others, and the crimes he must have committed as a wizard and enchanter, he resolved to make away with all the instruments of his craft; and so burned Clavileño as the chief one, and that which mainly kept him restless, wandering from land to land; and by its ashes and the trophy of the placard the valor of the great Don Quixote of La Mancha is established forever."

Don Quixote renewed his thanks to the duchess; and having supped, retired to his chamber alone, refusing to allow any one to enter with him to wait on him, such was his fear of encountering temptations that might lead or drive him to forget his chaste fidelity to his lady Dulcinea; for he had always present to his mind the virtue of Amadis, that flower and mirror of knights-errant. He locked the door behind him, and by the light of two wax candles undressed himself, but as he was taking off his stockings — O disaster unworthy of such a personage! — there came a burst, not of sighs, or anything belying his delicacy or good breeding, but of some two dozen stitches in one of his stockings, that made it look like a window-lattice. The worthy gentleman was beyond measure distressed, and just then he would have given an ounce of silver to have had half a drachm of green silk there; I say green silk, because the stockings were green.

Here Cid Hamet exclaimed as he was writing, "O poverty, poverty! I know not what could have possessed the great Cordovan poet to call thee 'holy gift ungratefully received.' Although a Moor, I know well enough from the intercourse I have had with Christians that holiness consists in charity, humility, faith, obedience, and poverty; but for all that, I say he must have a great deal of godliness who can find any satisfaction in being poor; unless, indeed, it be the kind of poverty one of the greatest saints refers to, saying, 'possess all things as though ye possessed them not'; which is what they call poverty in spirit. But thou, that other poverty — for it is of thee I am speaking now — why dost thou love to fall out with gentlemen and men of good birth more than with other people? Why dost thou compel them to smear the cracks in their shoes, and to have the buttons of their coats, one silk, another hair, and another glass? Why must their ruffs be always crinkled like endive leaves, and not crimped with a crimping iron?" (From this we may perceive the antiquity of starch and crimped ruffs.) Then he goes on: "Poor gentleman of good

family! always cockering up his honor, dining miserably and in secret, and making a hypocrite of the toothpick with which he sallies out into the street after eating nothing to oblige him to use it! Poor fellow, I say, with his nervous honor, fancying they perceive a league off the patch on his shoe, the sweat-stains on his hat, the shabbiness of his cloak, and the hunger of his stomach!"

All this was brought home to Don Quixote by the bursting of his stitches; however, he comforted himself on perceiving that Sancho had left behind a pair of traveling boots, which he resolved to wear the next day. At last he went to bed, out of spirits and heavy at heart, as much because he missed Sancho as because of the irreparable disaster to his stockings, the stitches of which he would have even taken up with silk of another color, which is one of the greatest signs of poverty a gentleman can show in the course of his never-failing embarrassments. He put out the candles; but the night was warm and he could not sleep; he rose from his bed and opened slightly a grated window that looked out on a beautiful garden, and as he did so he perceived and heard people walking and talking in the garden. He set himself to listen attentively, and those below raised their voices so that he could hear these words.

Of how the Great Sancho Panza Took Possession of His Island, and of how He Made a Beginning in Governing.

O perpetual discoverer of the antipodes, torch of the world, eye of heaven, sweet stimulator of the water-coolers! Thymbræus here, Phœbus there, now archer, now physician, father of poetry, inventor of music; thou that always risest and, notwithstanding appearances, never settest! To thee, O Sun, by whose aid man begetteth man, to thee I appeal to help me and lighten the darkness of my wit that I may be able to proceed with scrupulous exactitude in giving an account of the great Sancho Panza's government; for without thee I feel myself weak, feeble, and uncertain.

To come to the point, then — Sancho with all his attendants arrived at a village of some thousand inhabitants, and one of the largest the duke possessed. They informed him that it was called the island of Barataria, either because the name of the

village was Barataria, or because of the joke by way of which the government had been conferred upon him. On reaching the gates of the town, which was a walled one, the municipality came forth to meet him, the bells rang out a peal, and the inhabitants showed every sign of general satisfaction; and with great pomp they conducted him to the principal church to give thanks to God, and then with burlesque ceremonies they presented him with the keys of the town, and acknowledged him as perpetual governor of the island of Barataria. The costume, the beard, and the fat squat figure of the new governor astonished all those who were not in the secret, and even all who were, and they were not a few. Finally, leading him out of the church they carried him to the judgment seat and seated him on it, and the duke's majordomo said to him, "It is an ancient custom of this island, señor governor, that he who comes to take possession of this famous island is bound to answer a question which shall be put to him, and which must be a somewhat knotty and difficult one; and by his answer the people take the measure of their new governor's wit, and hail with joy or deplore his arrival accordingly."

While the majordomo was making this speech Sancho was gazing at several large letters inscribed on the wall opposite his seat, and as he could not read he asked what that was painted on the wall. The answer was, "Señor, there is written and recorded the day on which your lordship took possession of this island, and the inscription says, 'This day, the so-and-so of such-and-such a month and year, Señor Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island; many years may he enjoy it.'"

"And whom do they call Don Sancho Panza?" asked Sancho.

"Your lordship," replied the majordomo; "for no other Panza but the one who is now seated in that chair has ever entered this island."

"Well then, let me tell you, brother," said Sancho, "I haven't got the 'Don,' nor has any one of my family ever had it; my name is plain Sancho Panza, and Sancho was my father's name, and Sancho was my grandfather's, and they were all Panzas, without any Dons or Doñas tacked on; I suspect that in this island there are more Dons than stones; but never mind; God knows what I mean, and maybe if my government lasts four days I'll weed out these Dons that no doubt are as great a nuisance as the midges, they're so plenty. Let the majordomo

go on with his question, and I'll give the best answer I can, whether the people deplore or not."

At this instant there came into court two old men, one carrying a cane by way of a walking-stick, and the one who had no stick said, "Señor, some time ago I lent this good man ten gold-crowns in gold to gratify him and do him a service, on the condition that he was to return them to me whenever I should ask for them. A long time passed before I asked for them, for I would not put him to any greater straits to return them than he was in when I lent them to him; but thinking he was growing careless about payment I asked for them once and several times; and not only will he not give them back, but he denies that he owes them, and says I never lent him any such crowns; or if I did, that he repaid them; and I have no witnesses either of the loan, or of the payment, for he never paid me; I want your worship to put him to his oath, and if he swears he returned them to me I forgive him the debt here and before God."

"What say you to this, good old man, you with the stick?" said Sancho.

To which the old man replied, "I admit, señor, that he lent them to me; but let your worship lower your staff, and as he leaves it to my oath, I'll swear that I gave them back, and paid him really and truly."

The governor lowered the staff, and as he did so the old man who had the stick handed it to the other old man to hold for him while he swore, as if he found it in his way; and then laid his hand on the cross of the staff, saying that it was true the ten crowns that were demanded of him had been lent him; but that he had with his own hand given them back into the hand of the other, and that he, not recollecting it, was every minute asking for them.

Seeing this the great governor asked the creditor what answer he had to make to what his opponent said. He said that no doubt his debtor had told the truth, for he believed him to be an honest man and a good Christian, and he himself must have forgotten when and how he had given him back the crown; and that from that time forth he would make no further demand upon him.

The debtor took his stick again, and bowing his head left the court. Observing this, and how, without another word, he made off, and observing too the resignation of the plaintiff,

Sancho buried his head in his bosom, and remained for a short space in deep thought, with the forefinger of his right hand on his brow and nose; then he raised his head and bade them call back the old man with the stick, for he had already taken his departure. They brought him back, and as soon as Sancho saw him he said, "Honest man, give me that stick, for I want it."

"Willingly," said the old man; "here it is, señor," and he put it into his hand.

Sancho took it and handing it to the other old man, said to him, "Go, and God be with you; for now you are paid."

"I, señor!" returned the old man; "why, is this cane worth ten gold-crowns?"

"Yes," said the governor, "or if not I am the greatest dolt in the world; now you will see whether I have got the head-piece to govern a whole kingdom;" and he ordered the cane to be broken in two, there, in the presence of all. It was done, and in the middle of it they found ten gold-crowns. All were filled with amazement, and looked upon their governor as another Solomon. They asked him how he had come to the conclusion that the ten crowns were in the cane; he replied that, observing how the old man who swore gave the stick to his opponent while he was taking the oath, and swore that he had really and truly given him the crowns, and how as soon as he had done swearing he asked for the stick again, it came into his head that the sum demanded must be inside it; and from this he said it might be seen that God sometimes guides those who govern in their judgments, even though they may be fools; besides he had heard the curate himself mention just such another case, and he had so good a memory, that if it was not that he forgot everything he wished to remember, there would not be such a memory in all the island. To conclude, the old men went off, one crestfallen, and the other in high contentment, all who were present were astonished, and he who was recording the words, deeds, and movements of Sancho could not make up his mind whether he was to look upon him and set him down as a fool or as a man of sense.

As soon as this case was disposed of, there came into court a woman holding on with a tight grip to a man dressed like a well-to-do cattle dealer, and she came forward making a great outcry and exclaiming, "Justice, señor governor, justice! and if I don't get it on earth I'll go look for it in heaven. Señor governor of my soul, this wicked man caught me in the middle

of the fields here and used my body as if it was an ill-washed rag, and, woe is me! got from me what I had kept these three-and-twenty years and more, defending it against Moors and Christians, natives and strangers; and I always as hard as an oak, and keeping myself as pure as a salamander in the fire, or wool among the brambles, for this good fellow to come now with clean hands to handle me!"

"It remains to be proved whether this gallant has clean hands or not," said Sancho; and turning to the man he asked him what he had to say in answer to the woman's charge.

He all in confusion made answer, "Sirs, I am a poor pig dealer, and this morning I left the village to sell (saving your presence) four pigs, and between dues and cribbings they got out of me little less than the worth of them. As I was returning to my village I fell in on the road with this good dame, and the devil who makes a coil and a mess out of everything, yoked us together. I paid her fairly, but she not contented laid hold of me and never let go until she brought me here; she says I forced her, but she lies by the oath I swear or am ready to swear; and this is the whole truth and every particle of it."

The governor on this asked him if he had any money in silver about him; he said he had about twenty ducats in a leather purse in his bosom. The governor bade him take it out and hand it to the complainant; he obeyed trembling; the woman took it, and making a thousand salaams to all and praying to God for the long life and health of the señor governor who had such regard for distressed orphans and virgins, she hurried out of court with the purse grasped in both her hands, first looking, however, to see if the money it contained was silver.

As soon as she was gone Sancho said to the cattle dealer, whose tears were already starting and whose eyes and heart were following his purse, "Good fellow, go after that woman and take the purse from her, by force even, and come back with it here;" and he did not say it to one who was a fool or deaf, for the man was off at once like a flash of lightning, and ran to do as he was bid.

All the bystanders waited anxiously to see the end of the case, and presently both man and woman came back at even closer grips than before, she with her petticoat up and the purse in the lap of it, and he struggling hard to take it from her, but all to no purpose, so stout was the woman's defense, she all the while crying out, "Justice from God and the world! see here,

señor governor, the shamelessness and boldness of this villain, who in the middle of the town, in the middle of the street, wanted to take from me the purse your worship bade him give me."

"And did he take it?" asked the governor.

"Take it!" said the woman; "I'd let my life be taken from me sooner than the purse. A pretty child I'd be! It's another sort of cat they must throw in my face, and not that poor scurvy knave. Pincers and hammers, mallets and chisels would not get it out of my grip; no, nor lions' claws; the soul from out of my body first!"

"She is right," said the man; "I own myself beaten and powerless; I confess I haven't the strength to take it from her;" and he let go his hold of her.

Upon this the governor said to the woman, "Let me see that purse, my worthy and sturdy friend." She handed it to him at once, and the governor returned it to the man, and said to the unforced mistress of force, "Sister, if you had shown as much, or only half as much, spirit and vigor in defending your body as you have shown in defending that purse, the strength of Hercules could not have forced you. Be off, and God speed you, and bad luck to you, and don't show your face in all this island, or within six leagues of it on any side, under pain of two hundred lashes; be off at once, I say, you shameless, cheating shrew."

The woman was cowed and went off disconsolately, hanging her head; and the governor said to the man, "Honest man, go home with your money, and God speed you; and for the future, if you don't want to lose it, see that you don't take it into your head to yoke with anybody." The man thanked him as clumsily as he could and went his way, and the bystanders were again filled with admiration at their new governor's judgments and sentences.

Next, two men, one apparently a farm-laborer, and the other a tailor, for he had a pair of shears in his hand, presented themselves before him, and the tailor said, "Señor governor, this laborer and I come before your worship by reason of this honest man coming to my shop yesterday (for saving everybody's presence I'm a passed tailor, God be thanked), and putting a piece of cloth into my hands and asking me, 'Señor, will there be enough in this cloth to make me a cap?' Measuring the cloth I said there would. He probably suspected — as I supposed,

and I supposed right — that I wanted to steal some of the cloth, led to think so by his own roguery and the bad opinion people have of tailors; and he told me to see if there would be enough for two. I guessed what he would be at, and I said 'yes.' He, still following up his original unworthy notion, went on adding cap after cap, and I 'yes' after 'yes' until we got as far as five. He has just this moment come for them; and I gave them to him, but he won't pay me for the making; on the contrary, he calls upon me to pay *him*, or else return his cloth."

"Is all this true, brother?" said Sancho.

"Yes, señor," replied the man; "but will your worship make him show the five caps he has made me?"

"With all my heart," said the tailor; and drawing his hand from under his cloak he showed five caps stuck upon the five fingers of it, and said, "there are the five caps this good man asks for; and by God and upon my conscience I haven't a scrap of cloth left, and I'll let the work be examined by the inspectors of the trade."

All present laughed at the number of caps and the novelty of the suit; Sancho set himself to think for a moment, and then said, "It seems to me that in this case it is not necessary to deliver long-winded arguments, but only to give off-hand the judgment of an honest man; and so my decision is that the tailor lose the making and the laborer the cloth, and that the caps go to the prisoners in the jail, and let there be no more about it."

If the previous decision about the cattle dealer's purse excited the admiration of the bystanders, this provoked their laughter; however, the governor's orders were after all executed. All this, having been taken down by his chronicler, was at once dispatched to the duke, who was looking out for it with great eagerness; and here let us leave the good Sancho; for his master, sorely troubled in mind by Altisidora's music, has pressing claims upon us now.

Wherein an Account is Given of the Wedding of Camacho the Rich, together with the Incident of Basilio the Poor.

Scarce had the fair Aurora given bright Phœbus time to dry the liquid pearls upon her golden locks with the heat of his

fervent rays, when Don Quixote, shaking off sloth from his limbs, sprang to his feet and called to his squire Sancho, who was still snoring; seeing which Don Quixote ere he roused him thus addressed him: "Happy thou, above all the dwellers on the face of the earth, that, without envying or being envied, sleepest with tranquil mind, and that neither enchanters persecute nor enchantments affright. Sleep, I say, and will say a hundred times, without any jealous thoughts of thy mistress to make thee keep ceaseless vigils, or any cares as to how thou art to pay the debts thou owest, or find to-morrow's food for thyself and thy needy little family, to interfere with thy repose. Ambition breaks not thy rest, nor doth this world's empty pomp disturb thee, for the utmost reach of thy anxiety is to provide for thy ass, since upon my shoulders thou hast laid the support of thyself, the counterpoise and burden that nature and custom have imposed upon masters. The servant sleeps and the master lies awake thinking how he is to feed him, advance him, and reward him. The distress of seeing the sky turn brazen, and withhold its needful moisture from the earth, is not felt by the servant, but by the master, who in time of scarcity and famine must support him who has served him in times of plenty and abundance."

To all this Sancho made no reply because he was asleep, nor would he have wakened up so soon as he did had not Don Quixote brought him to his senses with the butt of his lance. He awoke at last, drowsy and lazy, and casting his eyes about in every direction, observed, "There comes, if I don't mistake, from the direction of that arcade a steam and a smell a great deal more like fried rashers than galingale or thyme; a wedding that begins with smells like that, by my faith, ought to be plentiful and unstinting."

"Have done, thou glutton," said Don Quixote; "come, let us go and witness this bridal, and see what the rejected Basilio does."

"Let him do what he likes," returned Sancho; "he'd be poor and yet marry Quiteria. To make a grand match for himself, and he without a farthing; is that all he wants? Faith, señor, it's my opinion the poor man should be content with what he can get, and not go looking for dainties in the bottom of the sea. I will bet my arm that Camacho could bury Basilio in reals; and if that be so, as no doubt it is, what a fool Quiteria would be to refuse the fine dresses and jewels

Camacho must have given her and will give her, and take Basilio's bar throwing and sword-play. They won't give a pint of wine at the tavern for a good cast of the bar or a neat thrust of the sword. Talents and accomplishments that can't be turned into money, let Count Dirlos have them; but when such gifts fall to one that has hard cash, I wish my condition of life was as becoming as they are. On a good foundation you can raise a good building, and the best foundation and groundwork in the world is money."

"For God's sake, Sancho," said Don Quixote here, "stop that harangue; it is my belief, if thou wert allowed to continue all thou beginnest every instant, thou wouldst have no time left for eating or sleeping; for thou wouldst spend it all in talking."

"If your worship had a good memory," replied Sancho, "you would remember the articles of our agreement before we started from home this last time; one of them was that I was to be let say all I liked, so long as it was not against my neighbor or your worship's authority; and so far, it seems to me, I have not broken the said article."

"I remember no such article, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "and even if it were so, I desire you to hold your tongue and come along; for the instruments we heard last night are already beginning to enliven the valleys again, and no doubt the marriage will take place in the cool of the morning, and not in the heat of the afternoon."

Sancho did as his master bade him, and putting the saddle on Rosinante and the pack-saddle on Dapple, they both mounted and at a leisurely pace entered the arcade. The first thing that presented itself to Sancho's eyes was a whole ox spitted on a whole elm-tree, and in the fire at which it was to be roasted there was burning a middling-sized mountain of fagots, and six stewpots that stood round the blaze had not been made in the ordinary mold of common pots, for they were six half wine-jars, each fit to hold the contents of a slaughter-house; they swallowed up whole sheep and hid them away in their insides without showing any more sign of them than if they were pigeons. Countless were the hares ready skinned and the plucked fowls that hung on the trees for burial in the pots, numberless the wildfowl and game of various sorts suspended from the branches that the air might keep them cool. Sancho counted more than sixty wine-skins of over six gallons each, and all filled, as it proved afterwards, with generous wines. There were, besides,

piles of the whitest bread, like the heaps of corn one sees on the threshing-floors. There was a wall made of cheeses arranged like open brick-work, and two caldrons full of oil, bigger than those of a dyer's shop, served for cooking fritters, which when fried were taken out with two mighty shovels, and plunged into another caldron of prepared honey that stood close by. Of cooks and cook-maids there were over fifty, all clean, brisk, and blithe. In the capacious belly of the ox were a dozen soft little sucking-pigs, which, sewn up there, served to give it tenderness and flavor. The spices of different kinds did not seem to have been bought by the pound, but by the quarter, and all lay open to view in a great chest. In short, all the preparations made for the wedding were in rustic style, but abundant enough to feed an army.

Sancho observed all, contemplated all, and everything won his heart. The first to captivate and take his fancy were the pots, out of which he would have very gladly helped himself to a moderate pipkinful; then the wine-skins secured his affections; and lastly, the produce of the frying-pans, if, indeed, such imposing caldrons may be called frying-pans; and unable to control himself or bear it any longer, he approached one of the busy cooks and civilly but hungrily begged permission to soak a scrap of bread in one of the pots: to which the cook made answer, "Brother, this is not a day on which hunger is to have any sway, thanks to the rich Camacho; get down and look about for a ladle and skim off a hen or two, and much good may they do you."

"I don't see one," said Sancho.

"Wait a bit," said the cook; "sinner that I am! how particular and bashful you are!" and so saying, he seized a bucket and plunging it into one of the half jars took up three hens and a couple of geese, and said to Sancho, "Fall to, friend, and take the edge off your appetite with these skimmings until dinner-time comes."

"I have nothing to put them in," said Sancho.

"Well, then," said the cook, "take spoon and all; for Camacho's wealth and happiness furnish everything."

While Sancho fared thus, Don Quixote was watching the entrance, at one end of the arcade, of some twelve peasants, all in holiday and gala dress, mounted on twelve beautiful mares with rich handsome field trappings and a number of little bells attached to their petrals, who, marshaled in regular order, ran

not one but several courses over the meadow, with jubilant shouts and cries of "Long live Camacho and Quiteria! he as rich as she is fair, and she the fairest on earth!"

Hearing this, Don Quixote said to himself, "It is easy to see these folk have never seen my Dulcinea del Toboso; for if they had they would be more moderate in their praises of this Quiteria of theirs."

Shortly after this, several bands of dancers of various sorts began to enter the arcade at different points, and among them one of sword-dancers composed of some four-and-twenty lads of gallant and high-spirited mien, clad in the finest and whitest of linen, and with handkerchiefs embroidered in various colors with fine silk; and one of those on the mares asked an active youth who led them if any of the dancers had been wounded. "As yet, thank God, no one has been wounded," said he, "we are all safe and sound"; and he at once began to execute complicated figures with the rest of his comrades, with so many turns and so great dexterity, that although Don Quixote was well used to see dances of the same kind, he thought he had never seen any so good as this. He also admired another that came in composed of fair young maidens, none of whom seemed to be under fourteen or over eighteen years of age, all clad in green stuff, with their locks partly braided, partly flowing loose, but all of such bright gold as to vie with the sunbeams, and over them they wore garlands of jessamine, roses, amaranth, and honeysuckle. At their head were a venerable old man and an ancient dame, more brisk and active, however, than might have been expected from their years. The notes of a Zamora bagpipe accompanied them, and with modesty in their countenances and in their eyes, and lightness in their feet, they looked the best dancers in the world.

Following these there came an artistic dance of the sort they call "speaking dances." It was composed of eight nymphs in two files, with the God Cupid leading one and Interest the other, the former furnished with wings, bow, quiver and arrows, the latter in a rich dress of gold and silver of divers colors. The nymphs that followed Love bore their names written on white parchment in large letters on their backs. "Poetry" was the name of the first, "Wit" of the second, "Birth" of the third, and "Valor" of the fourth. Those that followed Interest were distinguished in the same way; the badge of the first announced "Liberality," that of the second "Largess," the third "Treas-

ure," and the fourth "Peaceful Possession." In front of them all came a wooden castle drawn by four wild men, all clad in ivy and hemp stained green, and looking so natural that they nearly terrified Sancho. On the front of the castle and on each of the four sides of its frame it bore the inscription, "Castle of Caution." Four skillful tabor and flute players accompanied them, and the dance having been opened, Cupid, after executing two figures, raised his eyes and bent his bow against a damsel who stood between the turrets of the castle, and thus addressed her:

I am the mighty God whose sway
Is potent over land and sea.
The heavens above us own me; nay,
The shades below acknowledge me.
I know not fear, I have my will,
Whate'er my whim or fancy be;
For me there's no impossible,
I order, bind, forbid, set free.

Having concluded the stanza, he discharged an arrow at the top of the castle, and went back to his place. Interest then came forward and went through two more figures, and as soon as the tabors ceased, he said:

But mightier than Love am I,
Though Love it be that leads me on,
Than mine no lineage is more high,
Or older, underneath the sun.
To use me rightly few know how,
To act without me fewer still,
For I am Interest, and I vow
For evermore to do thy will.

Interest retired, and Poetry came forward, and when she had gone through her figures like the others, fixing her eyes on the damsel of the castle, she said:

With many a fanciful conceit,
Fair Lady, winsome Poesy
Her soul, an offering at thy feet,
Presents in sonnets unto thee.
If thou my homage wilt not scorn,
Thy fortune, watched by envious eyes,
On wings of poesy upborne
Shall be exalted to the skies.

Poetry withdrew, and on the side of Interest, Liberality advanced, and after having gone through her figures, said:

To give, while shunning each extreme,
The sparing hand, the over-free,
Therein consists, so wise men deem,
The virtue Liberality.
But thee, fair lady, to enrich,
Myself a prodigal I'll prove,
A vice not wholly shameful, which
May find its fair excuse in love.

In the same manner all the characters of the two bands advanced and retired, and each executed its figures, and delivered its verses, some of them graceful, some burlesque, but Don Quixote's memory (though he had an excellent one) only carried away those that have been just quoted. All then mingled together, forming chains and breaking off again with graceful, unconstrained gayety; and whenever Love passed in front of the castle he shot his arrows up at it, while Interest broke gilded pellets against it. At length, after they had danced a good while, Interest drew out a great purse, made of the skin of a large brindled cat and to all appearance full of money, and flung it at the castle, and with the force of the blow the boards fell asunder and tumbled down, leaving the damsel exposed and unprotected. Interest and the characters of his band advanced, and throwing a great chain of gold over her neck pretended to take her and lead her away captive, on seeing which, Love and his supporters made as though they would release her, the whole action being to the accompaniment of the tabors and in the form of a regular dance. The wild men made peace between them, and with great dexterity readjusted and fixed the boards of the castle, and the damsel once more ensconced herself within; and with this the dance wound up, to the great enjoyment of the beholders.

Don Quixote asked one of the nymphs who it was that had composed and arranged it. She replied that it was a beneficiary of the town who had a nice taste in devising things of the sort.

"I will lay a wager," said Don Quixote, "that the same bachelor or beneficiary is a greater friend of Camacho's than of Basilio's, and that he is better at satire than at vespers; he has

introduced the accomplishments of Basilio and the riches of Camacho very neatly into the dance."

Sancho Panza, who was listening to all this, exclaimed, "The king is my cock; I stick to Camacho."

"It is easy to see thou art a clown, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and one of that sort that cry 'Long life to the conqueror.'"

"I don't know of what sort I am," returned Sancho, "but I know very well I'll never get such elegant skimmings off Basilio's pots as these I have got off Camacho's;" and he showed him the bucketful of geese and hens, and seizing one began to eat with great gayety and appetite, saying, "A fig for the accomplishments of Basilio! As much as thou hast so much art thou worth, and as much as thou art worth so much hast thou. As a grandmother of mine used to say, there are only two families in the world, the Haves and the Haven'ts; and she stuck to the Haves; and to this day Señor Don Quixote, people would sooner feel the pulse of 'Have' than of 'Know'; an ass covered with gold looks better than a horse with a pack-saddle. So once more I say I stick to Camacho, the bountiful skimmings of whose pots are geese and hens, hares and rabbits; but of Basilio's, if any ever come to hand, or even to foot, they'll be only rinsings."

"Hast thou finished thy harangue, Sancho?" said Don Quixote.

"Of course I have finished it," replied Sancho, "because I see your worship takes offense at it; but if it was not for that, there was work enough cut out for three days."

"God grant I may see thee dumb before I die, Sancho," said Don Quixote.

"At the rate we are going," said Sancho, "I'll be chewing clay before your worship dies; and then, maybe, I'll be so dumb that I'll not say a word until the end of the world, or, at least, till the day of judgment."

"Even should that happen, O Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thy silence will never come up to all thou hast talked, art talking, and wilt talk all thy life; moreover, it naturally stands to reason, that my death will come before thine; so I never expect to see thee dumb, not even when thou art drinking or sleeping, and that is the utmost I can say."

"In good faith, señor," replied Sancho, "there's no trusting that fleshless one, I mean Death, who devours the lamb as soon

as the sheep, and, as I have heard our curate say, treads with equal foot upon the lofty towers of kings and the lowly huts of the poor. That lady is more mighty than dainty, she is no way squeamish, she devours all and is ready for all, and fills her alforjas with people of all sorts, ages, and ranks. She is no reaper that sleeps out the noontide; at all times she is reaping and cutting down, as well the dry grass as the green; she never seems to chew, but bolts and swallows all that is put before her, for she has a canine appetite that is never satisfied; and though she has no belly, she shows she has a dropsy and is athirst to drink the lives of all that live, as one would drink a jug of cold water."

"Say no more, Sancho," said Don Quixote at this; "don't try to better it, and risk a fall; for in truth what thou hast said about death in thy rustic phrase is what a good preacher might have said. I tell thee, Sancho, if thou hadst discretion equal to thy mother wit, thou mightst take a pulpit in hand, and go about the world preaching fine sermons."

"He preaches well who lives well," said Sancho, "and I know no more th'ology than that."

"Nor needst thou," said Don Quixote; "but I cannot conceive or make out how it is that, the fear of God being the beginning of wisdom, thou, who art more afraid of a lizard than of him, knowest so much."

"Pass judgment on your chivalries, señor," returned Sancho, "and don't set yourself up to judge of other men's fears or braveries, for I am as good a fearer of God as my neighbors; but leave me to dispatch these skimmings, for all the rest is only idle talk that we shall be called to account for in the other world;" and so saying, he began a fresh attack on the bucket, with such a hearty appetite that he aroused Don Quixote's, who no doubt would have helped him had he not been prevented by what must be told farther on.

In Which Camacho's Wedding Is Continued, With Other Delightful Incidents.

While Don Quixote and Sancho were engaged in the discussion set forth in the last chapter, they heard loud shouts and a great noise, which were uttered and made by the men on the mares as they went at full gallop, shouting, to receive the bride and bridegroom, who were approaching with musical

instruments and pageantry of all sorts around them, and accompanied by the priest and the relatives of both, and all the most distinguished people of the surrounding villages. When Sancho saw the bride, he exclaimed, "By my faith, she is not dressed like a country girl, but like some fine court lady; egad, as well as I can make out, the patena she wears is rich coral, and her green Cuenca stuff is thirty-pile velvet; and then the white linen trimming — by my oath, but it's satin! Look at her hands — jet rings on them! May I never have luck if they're not gold rings, and real gold, and set with pearls as white as curdled milk, and every one of them worth an eye of one's head! Whoreson baggage, what hair she has! if it's not a wig, I never saw longer or brighter all the days of my life. See how bravely she bears herself — and her shape! Wouldn't you say she was like a walking palm-tree loaded with clusters of dates? for the trinkets she has hanging from her hair and neck look just like them. I swear in my heart she is a brave lass, and fit to pass the banks of Flanders."

Don Quixote laughed at Sancho's boorish eulogies, and thought that, saving his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he had never seen a fairer woman. The fair Quiteria appeared somewhat pale, which was, no doubt, because of the bad night brides always pass dressing themselves out for their wedding on the morrow. They advanced towards a theater that stood on one side of the meadow, decked with carpets and boughs, where they were to plight their troth, and from which they were to behold the dances and plays; but at the moment of their arrival at the spot they heard a loud outcry behind them, and a voice exclaiming, "Wait a little, ye, as inconsiderate as ye are hasty!"

At these words all turned round, and perceived that the speaker was a man clad in what seemed to be a loose black coat garnished with crimson patches like flames. He was crowned (as was presently seen) with a crown of gloomy cypress, and in his hand he held a long staff. As he approached he was recognized by every one as the gay Basilio, and all waited anxiously to see what would come of his words, in dread of some catastrophe in consequence of his appearance at such a moment. He came up at last weary and breathless, and planting himself in front of the bridal pair, drove his staff, which had a steel spike at the end, into the ground, and, with a pale face and eyes fixed on Quiteria, he thus addressed her in a hoarse, trembling voice: "Well dost thou know, ungrateful Quiteria, that, ac-

cording to the holy law we acknowledge, so long as I live thou canst take no husband; nor art thou ignorant either that, in my hopes that time and my own exertions would improve my fortunes, I have never failed to observe the respect due to thy honor; but thou, casting behind thee all thou owest to my true love, wouldst surrender what is mine to another whose wealth serves to bring him not only good fortune, but supreme happiness; and now to complete it (not that I think he deserves it, but inasmuch as Heaven is pleased to bestow it upon him), I will with my own hands, do away with the obstacle that may interfere with it, and remove myself from between you. Long live the rich Camacho! many a happy year may he live with the ungrateful Quiteria! and let the poor Basilio die, Basilio whose poverty clipped the wings of his happiness, and brought him to the grave!" and so saying, he seized the staff he had driven into the ground, and leaving one half of it fixed there, showed it to be a sheath that concealed a tolerably long rapier; and, what may be called its hilt being planted in the ground, he swiftly, coolly, and deliberately threw himself upon it, and in an instant the bloody point and half the steel blade appeared at his back, the unhappy man falling to the earth bathed in his blood, and transfixed by his own weapon.

His friends at once ran to his aid, filled with grief at his misery and sad fate, and Don Quixote, dismounting from Rocinante, hastened to support him, and took him in his arms, and found he had not yet ceased to breathe. They were about to draw out the rapier, but the priest who was standing by objected to its being withdrawn before he had confessed him, as the instant of its withdrawal would be that of his death. Basilio, however, reviving slightly, said in a weak voice, as though in pain, "If thou wouldst consent, cruel Quiteria, to give me thy hand as my bride in this last fatal moment, I might still hope that my rashness would find pardon, as by its means I attained the bliss of being thine."

Hearing this the priest bade him think of the welfare of his soul rather than of the cravings of the body, and in all earnestness implore God's pardon for his sins and for his rash resolve; to which Basilio replied that he was determined not to confess unless Quiteria first gave him her hand in marriage, for that happiness would compose his mind and give him courage to make his confession.

Don Quixote, hearing the wounded man's entreaty, ex-

claimed aloud that what Basilio asked was just and reasonable, and moreover a request that might be easily complied with; and that it would be as much to Señor Camacho's honor to receive the lady Quiteria as the widow of the brave Basilio as if he received her direct from her father. "In this case," said he, "it will be only to say 'yes,' and no consequences can follow the utterance of the word, for the nuptial couch of this marriage must be the grave."

Camacho was listening to all this, perplexed and bewildered and not knowing what to say or do; but so urgent were the entreaties of Basilio's friends, imploring him to allow Quiteria to give him her hand, so that his soul, quitting this life in despair, should not be lost, that they moved, nay, forced him, to say that if Quiteria were willing to give it he was satisfied, as it was only putting off the fulfillment of his wishes for a moment. At once all assailed Quiteria and pressed her, some with prayers, and others with tears, and others with persuasive arguments, to give her hand to poor Basilio; but she, harder than marble and more unmoved than any statue, seemed unable or unwilling to utter a word, nor would she have given any reply had not the priest bade her decide quickly what she meant to do, as Basilio now had his soul at his teeth, and there was no time for hesitation.

On this the fair Quiteria, to all appearance distressed, grieved, and repentant, advanced without a word to where Basilio lay, his eyes already turned in his head, his breathing short and painful, murmuring the name of Quiteria between his teeth, and apparently about to die like a heathen and not like a Christian. Quiteria approached him, and kneeling, demanded his hand by signs without speaking. Basilio opened his eyes and gazing fixedly at her, said, "O Quiteria, why hast thou turned compassionate at a moment when thy compassion will serve as a dagger to rob me of life, for I have not now the strength left either to bear the happiness thou givest me in accepting me as thine, or to suppress the pain that is rapidly drawing the dread shadow of death over my eyes? What I entreat of thee, O thou fatal star to me, is that the hand thou demandest of me and wouldst give me, be not given out of complaisance or to deceive me afresh, but that thou confess and declare that without any constraint upon thy will thou givest it to me as to thy lawful husband; for it is not meet that thou shouldst trifle with me at such a moment as this, or have recourse to falsehoods with one who has dealt so truly by thee."

While uttering these words he showed such weakness that the bystanders expected each return of faintness would take his life with it. Then Quiteria, overcome with modesty and shame, holding in her right hand the hand of Basilio, said, "No force would bend my will; as freely, therefore, as it is possible for me to do so, I give thee the hand of a lawful wife, and take thine if thou givest it to me of thine own free will, untroubled and unaffected by the calamity thy hasty act has brought upon thee."

"Yes, I give it," said Basilio, "not agitated or distracted, but with the unclouded reason that Heaven is pleased to grant me, thus do I give myself to be thy husband."

"And I give myself to be thy wife," said Quiteria, "whether thou livest many years, or they carry thee from my arms to the grave."

"For one so badly wounded," observed Sancho at this point, "this young man has a great deal to say; they should make him leave off billing and cooing, and attend to his soul; for to my thinking he has it more on his tongue than at his teeth."

Basilio and Quiteria having thus joined hands, the priest, deeply moved and with tears in his eyes, pronounced the blessing upon them, and implored Heaven to grant an easy passage to the soul of the newly wedded man, who, the instant he received the blessing, started nimbly to his feet and with unparalleled effrontery pulled out the rapier that had been sheathed in his body. All the bystanders were astounded, and some, more simple than inquiring, began shouting, "A miracle, a miracle!" But Basilio replied, "No miracle, no miracle; only a trick, a trick!" The priest, perplexed and amazed, made haste to examine the wound with both hands, and found that the blade had passed, not through Basilio's flesh and ribs, but through a hollow iron tube full of blood, which he had adroitly fixed at the place, the blood, as was afterwards ascertained, having been so prepared as not to congeal. In short, the priest and Camacho and most of those present saw they were tricked and made fools of. The bride showed no signs of displeasure at the deception; on the contrary, hearing them say that the marriage, being fraudulent, would not be valid, she said that she confirmed it afresh, whence they all concluded that the affair had been planned by agreement and understanding between the pair, whereat Camacho and his supporters were so mortified that they proceeded to revenge themselves by violence, and a great num-

ber of them drawing their swords attacked Basilio, in whose protection as many more swords were in an instant unsheathed, while Don Quixote taking the lead on horseback, with his lance over his arm and well covered with his shield, made all give way before him. Sancho, who never found any pleasure or enjoyment in such doings, retreated to the wine-jars from which he had taken his delectable skimmings, considering that, as a holy place, that spot would be respected. "Hold, sirs, hold!" cried Don Quixote in a loud voice; "we have no right to take vengeance for wrongs that love may do to us: remember love and war are the same thing, and as in war it is allowable and common to make use of wiles and stratagems to overcome the enemy, so in the contests and rivalries of love the tricks and devices employed to attain the desired end are justifiable, provided they be not to the discredit or dishonor of the loved object. Quiteria belonged to Basilio and Basilio to Quiteria by the just and beneficent disposal of Heaven. Camacho is rich, and can purchase his pleasure when, where, and as it pleases him. Basilio has but this ewe-lamb, and no one, however powerful he may be, shall take her from him; these two whom God hath joined man cannot separate; and he who attempts it must first pass the point of this lance"; and so saying he brandished it so stoutly and dexterously that he overawed all who did not know him.

But so deep an impression had the rejection of Quiteria made on Camacho's mind that it banished her at once from his thoughts; and so the counsels of the priest, who was a wise and kindly disposed man, prevailed with him, and by their means he and his partisans were pacified and tranquilized, and to prove it put up their swords again, inveighing against the pliancy of Quiteria rather than the craftiness of Basilio; Camacho maintaining that, if Quiteria as a maiden had such a love for Basilio, she would have loved him too as a married woman, and that he ought to thank Heaven more for having taken her than for having given her.

Camacho and those of his following, therefore, being consoled and pacified, those on Basilio's side were appeased; and the rich Camacho, to show that he felt no resentment for the trick, and did not care about it, desired the festival to go on just as if he were married in reality. Neither Basilio, however, nor his bride, nor their followers would take any part in them, and they withdrew to Basilio's village; for the poor, if they

are persons of virtue and good sense, have those who follow, honor, and uphold them, just as the rich have those who flatter and dance attendance on them. With them they carried Don Quixote, regarding him as a man of worth and a stout one. Sancho alone had a cloud on his soul, for he found himself debarred from waiting for Camacho's splendid feast and festival, which lasted until night; and thus dragged away, he moodily followed his master, who accompanied Basilio's party, and left behind him the flesh-pots of Egypt; though in his heart he took them with him, and their now nearly finished skimmings that he carried in the bucket conjured up visions before his eyes of the glory and abundance of the good cheer he was losing. And so, vexed and dejected though not hungry, without dismounting from Dapple he followed in the footsteps of Rocinante.

Of the Bristly Adventure that Befell Don Quixote.

The night was somewhat dark, for though there was a moon in the sky it was not in a quarter where she could be seen; for sometimes the lady Diana goes on a stroll to the antipodes, and leaves the mountains all black and the valleys in darkness. Don Quixote obeyed nature so far as to sleep his first sleep, but did not give way to the second, very different from Sancho, who never had any second, because with him sleep lasted from night till morning, wherein he showed what a sound constitution and how few cares he had. Don Quixote's cares kept him restless, so much so that he awoke Sancho and said to him, "I am amazed, Sancho, at the unconcern of thy temperament. I believe thou art made of marble or hard brass, incapable of any emotion or feeling whatever. I lie awake while thou sleepest, I weep while thou singest. I am faint with fasting while thou art sluggish and torpid from pure repletion. It is the duty of good servants to share the sufferings and feel the sorrows of their masters, if it be only for the sake of appearances. See the calmness of the night, the solitude of the spot, inviting us to break our slumbers by a vigil of some sort. Rise as thou livest, and retire a little distance, and with a good heart and cheerful courage give thyself three or four hundred lashes on account of Dulcinea's disenchantment score; and this I entreat of thee, making it a request, for I have no desire to come to grips with thee a second time, as I know thou hast a heavy hand. As soon as thou

hast laid them on we will pass the rest of the night, I singing my separation, thou thy constancy, making a beginning at once with the pastoral life we are to follow at our village."

"Señor," replied Sancho, "I'm no monk to get up out of the middle of my sleep and scourge myself, nor does it seem to me that one can pass from one extreme of the pain of whipping to the other of music. Will your worship let me sleep, and not worry me about whipping myself? or you'll make me swear never to touch a hair of my doublet, not to say my flesh."

"O hard heart!" said Don Quixote, "O pitiless squire! O bread ill-bestowed and favors ill-acknowledged, both those I have done thee and those I mean to do thee! Through me hast thou seen thyself a governor, and through me thou seest thyself in immediate expectation of being a count, or obtaining some other equivalent title, for I — *post tenebras spero lucem.*"

"I don't know what that is," said Sancho; "all I know is that so long as I am asleep I have neither fear nor hope, trouble nor glory; and good luck betide him that invented sleep, the cloak that covers over all a man's thoughts, the food that removes hunger, the drink that drives away thirst, the fire that warms the cold, the cold that tempers the heat, and, to wind up with, the universal coin wherewith everything is bought, the weight and balance that makes the shepherd equal with the king and the fool with the wise man. Sleep, I have heard say, has only one fault, that it is like death; for between a sleeping man and a dead man there is very little difference."

"Never have I heard thee speak so elegantly as now, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "and here I begin to see the truth of the proverb thou dost sometimes quote, 'Not with whom thou art bred, but with whom thou art fed.'"

"Ha, by my life, master mine," said Sancho, "it's not I that am stringing proverbs now, for they drop in pairs from your worship's mouth faster than from mine; only there is this difference between mine and yours, that yours are well-timed and mine are untimely; but anyhow, they are all proverbs."

At this point they became aware of a harsh indistinct noise that seemed to spread through all the valleys around. Don Quixote stood up and laid his hand upon his sword, and Sancho ensconced himself under Dapple and put the bundle of armor on one side of him and the ass's pack-saddle on the other, in fear and trembling as great as Don Quixote's perturbation. Each instant the noise increased and came nearer to the two

terrified men, or at least to one, for as to the other, his courage is known to all. The fact of the matter was that some men were taking above six hundred pigs to sell at a fair, and were on their way with them at that hour, and so great was the noise they made and their grunting and blowing, that they deafened the ears of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, and they could not make out what it was. The wide-spread grunting drove came on in a surging mass, and without showing any respect for Don Quixote's dignity or Sancho's, passed right over the pair of them, demolishing Sancho's intrenchments, and not only upsetting Don Quixote but sweeping Rocinante off his feet into the bargain; and what with the trampling and the grunting, and the pace to which the unclean beasts went, pack-saddle, armor, Dapple and Rocinante were left scattered on the ground and Sancho and Don Quixote at their wits' end.

Sancho got up as best he could and begged his master to give him his sword, saying he wanted to kill half a dozen of those dirty unmannerly pigs, for he had by this time found out that that was what they were.

"Let them be, my friend," said Don Quixote; "this insult is the penalty of my sin; and it is the righteous chastisement of Heaven that jackals should devour a vanquished knight, and wasps sting him and pigs trample him under foot."

"I suppose it is the chastisement of Heaven, too," said Sancho, "that flies should prick the squires of vanquished knights, and lice eat them, and hunger assail them. If we squires were the sons of the knights we serve, or their very near relations, it would be no wonder if the penalty of their misdeeds overtook us, even to the fourth generation. But what have the Panzas to do with the Quixotes? Well, well, let's lie down again and sleep out what little of the night there's left, and God will send us dawn and we shall be all right."

"Sleep thou, Sancho," returned Don Quixote, "for thou wast born to sleep as I was born to watch; and during the time it now wants of dawn I will give a loose rein to my thoughts, and seek a vent for them in a little madrigal which, unknown to thee, I composed in my head last night."

"I should think," said Sancho, "that the thoughts that allow one to make verses cannot be of great consequence; let your worship string verses as much as you like and I'll sleep as much as I can;" and forthwith, taking the space of ground he required, he muffled himself up and fell into a sound sleep, undis-

turbed by bond, debt, or trouble of any sort. Don Quixote, propped up against the trunk of a beech or a cork tree — for Cid Hamet does not specify what kind of a tree it was — sang in this strain to the accompaniment of his own sighs:

"When in my mind
I muse, O Love, upon thy cruelty,
To death I flee,
In hope therein the end of all to find.

"But drawing near
That welcome haven in my sea of woe,
Such joy I know,
That life revives, and still I linger here.

"Thus life doth slay,
And death again to life restoreth me;
Strange destiny,
That deals with life and death as with a play!"

He accompanied each verse with many sighs and not a few tears, just like one whose heart was pierced with grief at his defeat and his separation from Dulcinea.

And now daylight came, and the sun smote Sancho on the eyes with his beams. He awoke, roused himself up, shook himself and stretched his lazy limbs, and seeing the havoc the pigs had made with his stores he cursed the drove, and more besides. Then the pair resumed their journey, and as evening closed in they saw coming towards them some ten men on horseback and four or five on foot. Don Quixote's heart beat quick and Sancho's quailed with fear, for the persons approaching them carried lances and bucklers, and were in very warlike guise. Don Quixote turned to Sancho and said, "If I could make use of my weapons, and my promise had not tied my hands, I would count this host that comes against us but cakes and fancy bread; but perhaps it may prove something different from what we apprehend." The men on horseback now came up, and raising their lances surrounded Don Quixote in silence, and pointed them at his back and breast, menacing him with death. One of those on foot, putting his finger to his lips as a sign to him to be silent, seized Rocinante's bridle and drew him out of the road, and the others driving Sancho and Dapple before them, and all maintaining a strange silence, followed in the steps of the one who led Don Quixote. The latter two or three times

attempted to ask where they were taking him to and what they wanted, but the instant he began to open his lips they threatened to close them with the points of their lances; and Sancho fared the same way, for the moment he seemed about to speak one of those on foot punched him with a goad, and Dapple likewise, as if he too wanted to talk. Night set in, they quickened their pace, and the fears of the two prisoners grew greater, especially as they heard themselves assailed with — "Get on, ye Troglodytes;" "Silence, ye barbarians;" "March, ye cannibals;" "No murmuring, ye Scythians;" "Don't open your eyes, ye murderous Polyphemes, ye bloodthirsty lions," and such-like names with which their captors harassed the ears of the wretched master and man. Sancho went along saying to himself, "We tortolites, barbers, animals! I don't like those names at all; 'it's in a bad wind our corn is being winnowed;' 'misfortune comes upon us all at once like sticks on a dog,' and God grant it may be no worse than them that this unlucky adventure has in store for us."

Don Quixote rode completely dazed, unable with the aid of all his wits to make out what could be the meaning of these abusive names they called them, and the only conclusion he could arrive at was that there was no good to be hoped for and much evil to be feared. And now, about an hour after midnight, they reached a castle which Don Quixote saw at once was the duke's, where they had been but a short time before. "God bless me!" said he, as he recognized the mansion "what does this mean? It is all courtesy and politeness in this house; but with the vanquished good turns into evil, and evil into worse."

They entered the chief court of the castle and found it prepared and fitted up in a style that added to their amazement and doubled their fears, as will be seen in the following chapter.

Of the Strangest and most Extraordinary Adventure that Befell Don Quixote in the Whole Course of this Great History.

The horsemen dismounted, and, together with the men on foot, without a moment's delay taking up Sancho and Don Quixote bodily, they carried them into the court, all round which near a hundred torches fixed in sockets were burning, besides

above five hundred lamps in the corridors, so that in spite of the night, which was somewhat dark, the want of daylight could not be perceived. In the middle of the court was a catafalque, raised about two yards above the ground and covered completely by an immense canopy of black velvet, and on the steps all around it white wax tapers burned in more than a hundred silver candlesticks. Upon the catafalque was seen the dead body of a damsel so lovely that by her beauty she made death itself look beautiful. She lay with her head resting upon a cushion of brocade and crowned with a garland of sweet-smelling flowers of divers sorts, her hands crossed upon her bosom, and between them a branch of yellow palm of victory. On one side of the court was erected a stage, where, upon two chairs, were seated two persons who, from having crowns on their heads and scepters in their hands, appeared to be kings of some sort, whether real or mock ones. By the side of this stage, which was reached by steps, were two other chairs on which the men carrying the prisoners seated Don Quixote and Sancho, all in silence, and by signs giving them to understand that they too were to be silent; which, however, they would have been without any signs, for their amazement at all they saw held them tongue-tied. And now two persons of distinction, who were at once recognized by Don Quixote as his hosts the duke and duchess, ascended the stage attended by a numerous suite, and seated themselves on two gorgeous chairs close to the two kings, as they seemed to be. Who would not be amazed at this? Nor was this all, for Don Quixote had perceived that the dead body on the catafalque was that of the fair Altisidora. As the duke and duchess mounted the stage Don Quixote and Sancho rose and made them a profound obeisance, which they returned by bowing their heads slightly. At this moment an official crossed over, and approaching Sancho threw over him a robe of black buckram painted all over with flames of fire, and taking off his cap put upon his head a miter such as those undergoing the sentence of the Holy Office wear; and whispered in his ear that he must not open his lips, or they would put a gag upon him, or take his life. Sancho surveyed himself from head to foot and saw himself all ablaze with flames; but as they did not burn him he did not care two farthings for them. He took off the miter and seeing it painted with devils he put it on again, saying to himself, "Well, so far those don't burn me nor do these carry me off." Don Quixote surveyed him too, and though

fear had got the better of his faculties, he could not help smiling to see the figure Sancho presented. And now from underneath the catafalque, so it seemed, there rose a low sweet sound of flutes, which, coming unbroken by human voice (for there silence itself kept silence), had a soft and languishing effect. Then, beside the pillow of what seemed to be the dead body, suddenly appeared a fair youth in a Roman habit, who, to the accompaniment of a harp which he himself played, sang in a sweet and clear voice these two stanzas:

"While fair Altisidora, who the sport
Of cold Don Quixote's cruelty hath been,
Returns to life, and in this magic court
The dames in sables come to grace the scene,
And while her matrons all in seemly sort
My lady robes in baize and bombazine,
Her beauty and her sorrows will I sing
With defter quill than touched the Thracian string.

"But not in life alone, methinks, to me
Belongs the office; Lady, when my tongue
Is cold in death, believe me unto thee
My voice shall raise its tributary song.
My soul, from this strait prison-house set free,
As o'er the Stygian lake it floats along,
Thy praises singing still shall hold its way,
And make the waters of oblivion stay."

At this point one of the two that looked like kings exclaimed, "Enough, enough, divine singer! It would be an endless task to put before us now the death and the charms of the peerless Altisidora, not dead as the ignorant world imagines, but living in the voice of fame and in the penance which Sancho Panza, here present, has to undergo to restore her to the long-lost light. Do thou, therefore, O Rhadamanthus, who sittest in judgment with me in the murky caverns of Dis, as thou knowest all that the inscrutable fates have decreed touching the resuscitation of this damsel, announce and declare it at once, that the happiness we look forward to from her restoration be no longer deferred."

No sooner had Minos the fellow judge of Rhadamanthus said this, than Rhadamanthus rising up said, "Ho, officials of this house, high and low, great and small, make haste hither one and all, and print on Sancho's face four-and-twenty smacks,

and give him twelve pinches and six pin-thrusts in the back and arms; for upon this ceremony depends this restoration of Altisidora."

On hearing this Sancho broke silence and cried out, "By all that's good, I'll as soon let my face be smacked or handled as turn Moor. Body o' me! What has handling my face got to do with the resurrection of this damsel? 'The old woman took kindly to the blits;' they enchant Dulcinea, and whip me in order to disenchant her; Altisidora dies of ailments God was pleased to send her, and to bring her to life again they must give me four-and-twenty smacks, and prick holes in my body with pins, and raise weals on my arms with pinches! Try those jokes on a brother-in-law; 'I'm an old dog, and "tus, tus" is no use with me.'"

"Thou shalt die," said Rhadamanthus in a loud voice; "relent, thou tiger; humble thyself, proud Nimrod; suffer and be silent, for no impossibilities are asked of thee; it is not for thee to inquire into the difficulties in this matter; smacked thou must be, pricked thou shalt see thyself, and with pinches thou must be made to howl. Ho, I say, officials, obey my orders; or by the word of an honest man, ye shall see what ye were born for."

At this some duennas, advancing across the court, made their appearance in procession, one after the other, four of them with spectacles, and all with their right hands uplifted, showing four fingers of wrist to make their hands look longer, as is the fashion now-a-days. No sooner had Sancho caught sight of them than, bellowing like a bull, he exclaimed, "I might let myself be handled by all the world; but allow duennas to touch me—not a bit of it! Scratch my face, as my master was served in this very castle; run me through the body with burnished daggers; pinch my arms with red-hot pinchers; I'll bear all in patience to serve these gentlefolk; but I won't let duennas touch me, though the devil should carry me off!"

Here Don Quixote, too, broke silence, saying to Sancho, "Have patience, my son, and gratify these noble persons, and give all thanks to Heaven that it has infused such virtue into thy person, that by its sufferings thou canst disenchant the enchanted and restore to life the dead."

The duennas were now close to Sancho, and he, having become more tractable and reasonable, settling himself well in his chair presented his face and beard to the first, who delivered

him a smack very stoutly laid on, and then made him a low courtesy.

"Less politeness and less paint, señor duenna," said Sancho; "by God your hands smell of vinegar-wash."

In fine, all the duennas smacked him and several others of the household pinched him; but what he could not stand was being pricked by the pins; and so, apparently out of patience, he started up out of his chair, and seizing a lighted torch that stood near him fell upon the duennas and the whole set of his tormentors, exclaiming, "Begone ye ministers of hell; I'm not made of brass not to feel such out-of-the-way tortures."

At this instant Altisidora, who probably was tired of having been so long lying on her back, turned on her side; seeing which the bystanders cried out almost with one voice, "Altisidora is alive! Altisidora lives!"

Rhadamanthus bade Sancho put away his wrath, as the object they had in view was now attained. When Don Quixote saw Altisidora move, he went on his knees to Sancho saying to him, "Now is the time, son of my bowels, not to call thee my squire, for thee to give thyself some of those lashes thou art bound to lay on for the disenchantment of Dulcinea. Now, I say, is the time when the virtue that is in thee is ripe, and endowed with efficacy to work the good that is looked for from thee."

To which Sancho made answer, "That's trick upon trick, I think, and not honey upon pancakes; a nice thing it would be for a whipping to come now, on the top of pinches, smacks, and pin-proddings! You had better take a big stone and tie it round my neck, and pitch me into a well; I should not mind it much, if I'm to be always made the cow of the wedding for the cure of other people's ailments. Leave me alone; or else by God I'll fling the whole thing to the dogs, come what may."

Altisidora had by this time sat up on the catafalque, and as she did so the clarions sounded, accompanied by the flutes, and the voices of all present exclaiming, "Long life to Altisidora! long life to Altisidora!" The duke and duchess and the kings Minos and Rhadamanthus stood up, and all, together with Don Quixote and Sancho, advanced to receive her and take her down from the catafalque; and she, making as though she were recovering from a swoon, bowed her head to the duke and duchess and to the kings, and looking sideways at Don Quixote, said to him, "God forgive thee, insensible knight, for through thy

cruelty I have been, to me it seems, more than a thousand years in the other world; and to thee, the most compassionate squire upon earth, I render thanks for the life I am now in possession of. From this day forth, friend Sancho, count as thine six smocks of mine which I bestow upon thee, to make as many shirts for thyself, and if they are not all quite whole, at any rate they are all clean."

Sancho kissed her hands in gratitude kneeling, and with the miter in his hand. The duke bade them take it from him, and give him back his cap and doublet and remove the flaming robe. Sancho begged the duke to let them leave him the robe and miter; as he wanted to take them home for a token and memento of that unexampled adventure. The duchess said they must leave them with him; for he knew already what a great friend of his she was. The duke then gave orders that the court should be cleared, and that all should retire to their chambers, and that Don Quixote and Sancho should be conducted to their old quarters.

Sancho slept that night in a cot in the same chamber with Don Quixote, a thing he would have gladly excused if he could, for he knew very well that with questions and answers his master would not let him sleep, and he was in no humor for talking much, as he still felt the pain of his late martyrdom, which interfered with his freedom of speech; and it would have been more to his taste to sleep in a hovel alone, than in that luxurious chamber in company. And so well founded did his apprehension prove, and so correct was his anticipation, that scarcely had his master got into bed when he said, "What dost thou think of to-night's adventure, Sancho? Great and mighty is the power of cold-hearted scorn, for thou with thine own eyes hast seen Altisidora slain, not by arrows, nor by the sword, nor by any warlike weapon, nor by deadly poisons, but by the thought of the sternness and scorn with which I have always treated her."

"She might have died and welcome," said Sancho, "when she pleased and how she pleased; and she might have left me alone, for I never made her fall in love or scorned her. I don't know nor can I imagine how the recovery of Altisidora, a damsel more fanciful than wise, can have, as I have said before, anything to do with the sufferings of Sancho Panza. Now I begin to see plainly and clearly that there are enchanters and enchanted people in the world; and may God deliver me from them, since I can't deliver myself; and so I beg of your worship to let me

sleep and not ask me any more questions, unless you want me to throw myself out of the window."

"Sleep, Sancho, my friend," said Don Quixote, "if the pin-prodding and pinches thou hast received and the smacks administered to thee will let thee."

"No pain came up to the insult of the smacks," said Sancho, "for the simple reason that it was duennas, confound them, that gave them to me; but once more I entreat your worship to let me sleep, for sleep is relief from misery to those who are miserable when awake."

"Be it so, and God be with thee," said Don Quixote.

They fell asleep, both of them, and Cid Hamet, the author of this great history, took this opportunity to record and relate what it was that induced the duke and duchess to get up the elaborate plot that has been described. The bachelor Samson Carrasco, he says, not forgetting how he as the Knight of the Mirrors had been vanquished and overthrown by Don Quixote, which defeat and overthrow upset all his plans, resolved to try his hand again, hoping for better luck than he had before; and so, having learned where Don Quixote was from the page who brought the letter and present to Sancho's wife, Teresa Panza, he got himself new armor and another horse, and put a white moon upon his shield, and to carry his arms he had a mule led by a peasant, not by Tom Cecial his former squire for fear he should be recognized by Sancho or Don Quixote. He came to the duke's castle, and the duke informed him of the road and route Don Quixote had taken with the intention of being present at the jousts at Saragossa. He told him, too, of the jokes he had practiced upon him, and of the device for the disenchantment of Dulcinea at the expense of Sancho's backside; and finally he gave him an account of the trick Sancho had played upon his master, making him believe that Dulcinea was enchanted and turned into a country wench; and of how the duchess, his wife, had persuaded Sancho that it was he himself who was deceived, inasmuch as Dulcinea was really enchanted; at which the bachelor laughed not a little, and marveled as well at the sharpness and simplicity of Sancho as at the length to which Don Quixote's madness went. The duke begged of him if he found him (whether he overcame him or not) to return that way and let him know the result. This the bachelor did; he set out in quest of Don Quixote, and not finding him at Saragossa, he went on, and how he fared has been already told.

He returned to the duke's castle and told him all, what the conditions of the combat were, and how Don Quixote was now, like a loyal knight-errant, returning to keep his promise of retiring to his village for a year, by which time, said the bachelor, he might perhaps be cured of his madness; for that was the object that had led him to adopt these disguises, as it was a sad thing for a gentleman of such good parts as Don Quixote to be a madman. And so he took his leave of the duke, and went home to his village to wait there for Don Quixote, who was coming after him. Thereupon the duke seized the opportunity of practicing this mystification upon him; so much did he enjoy everything connected with Sancho and Don Quixote. He had the roads about the castle far and near, everywhere he thought Don Quixote was likely to pass on his return, occupied by large numbers of his servants on foot and on horseback, who were to bring him to the castle by fair means or foul, if they met him. They did meet him, and sent word to the duke, who, having already settled what was to be done, as soon as he heard of his arrival, ordered the torches and lamps in the court to be lit and Altisidora to be placed on the catafalque with all the pomp and ceremony that has been described, the whole affair being so well arranged and acted that it differed but little from reality. And Cid Hamet says, moreover, for his part he considers the concocters of the joke as crazy as the victims of it, and that the duke and duchess were not two fingers' breadth removed from being something like fools themselves when they took such pains to make game of a pair of fools.

As for the latter, one was sleeping soundly and the other lying awake, occupied with his desultory thoughts, when daylight came to them bringing with it the desire to rise; for the lazy down was never a delight to Don Quixote, victor or vanquished. Altisidora, come back from death to life, as Don Quixote fancied, following up the freak of her lord and lady, entered the chamber, crowned with the garland she had worn on the catafalque and in a robe of white taffeta embroidered with gold flowers, her hair flowing loose over her shoulders, and leaning upon a staff of fine black ebony. Don Quixote, disconcerted and in confusion at her appearance, huddled himself up and well-nigh covered himself altogether with the sheets and counterpane of the bed, tongue-tied, and unable to offer her any civility. Altisidora seated herself on a chair at the

head of the bed, and, after a deep sigh, said to him in a feeble, soft voice, "When women of rank and modest maidens trample honor under foot, and give a loose to the tongue that breaks through every impediment, publishing abroad the inmost secrets of their hearts, they are reduced to sore extremities. Such a one am I, Señor Don Quixote of La Mancha, crushed, conquered, love-smitten, but yet patient under suffering and virtuous, and so much so that my heart broke with grief and I lost my life. For the last two days I have been dead, slain by the thought of the cruelty with which thou hast treated me, obdurate knight,

O harder thou than marble to my plaint;

or at least believed to be dead by all who saw me; and had it not been that Love, taking pity on me, let my recovery rest upon the sufferings of this good squire, there I should have remained in the other world."

"Love might very well have let it rest upon the sufferings of my ass, and I should have been obliged to him," said Sancho. "But tell me, señora — and may Heaven send you a tenderer lover than my master — what did you see in the other world? What goes on in hell? For of course that's where one who dies in despair is bound for."

"To tell you the truth," said Altisidora, "I cannot have died outright, for I did not go into hell; had I gone in, it is very certain I should never have come out again, do what I might. The truth is, I came to the gate, where some dozen or so of devils were playing tennis, all in breeches and doublets, with falling collars trimmed with Flemish bone-lace, and ruffles of the same that served them for wristbands, with four fingers' breadth of the arm exposed to make their hands look longer; in their hands they held rackets of fire; but what amazed me still more was that books, apparently full of wind and rubbish, served them for tennis balls, a strange and marvelous thing; this, however, did not astonish me so much as to observe that, although with players it is usual for the winners to be glad and the losers sorry, there in that game all were growling, all were snarling, and all were cursing one another."

"That's no wonder," said Sancho; "for devils, whether playing or not, can never be content, win or lose."

"Very likely," said Altisidora; "but there is another thing that surprises me too, I mean surprised me then, and that

was that no ball outlasted the first throw or was of any use a second time; and it was wonderful the constant succession there was of books, new and old. To one of them, a brand-new, well-bound one, they gave such a stroke that they knocked the guts out of it and scattered the leaves about. 'Look what book that is,' said one devil to another, and the other replied, 'It is the "Second Part of the History of Don Quixote of La Mancha," not by Cid Hamet, the original author, but by an Aragonese who by his own account is of Tordesillas.' 'Out of this with it,' said the first, 'and into the depths of hell with it out of my sight.' 'Is it so bad?' asked the other. 'So bad is it,' said the first, 'that if I had set myself deliberately to make a worse, I could not have done it.' They then went on with their game, knocking other books about; and I, having heard them mention the name of Don Quixote whom I love and adore so, took care to retain this vision in my memory."

"A vision it must have been, no doubt," said Don Quixote, "for there is no other I in the world; this history has been going about here for some time from hand to hand, but it does not stay long in any, for everybody gives it a taste of his foot. I am not disturbed by hearing that I am wandering in a fantastic shape in the darkness of the pit or in the daylight above, for I am not the one that history treats of. If it should be good, faithful, and true, it will have ages of life; but if it should be bad, from its birth to its burial will not be a very long journey."

Altisidora was about to proceed with her complaint against Don Quixote, when he said to her, "I have several times told you, señora, that it grieves me you should have set your affections on me, as from mine they can only receive gratitude, but no return. I was born to belong to Dulcinea del Toboso, and the fates, if there are any, dedicated me to her; and to suppose that any other beauty can take the place she occupies in my heart is to suppose an impossibility. This frank declaration should suffice to make you retire within the bounds of your modesty, for no one can bind himself to do impossibilities."

Hearing this, Altisidora, with a show of anger and agitation, exclaimed, "God's life! Don Stockfish, soul of a mortar, stone of a date, more obstinate and obdurate than a clown asked a favor when he has his mind made up, if I fall upon you I'll tear your eyes out! Do you fancy, then, Don Vanquished, Don Cudgelled, that I died for your sake? All that you have seen

to-night has been make-believe; I'm not the woman to let the black of my nail suffer for such a camel, much less die!"

"That I can well believe," said Sancho; "for all that about lovers pining to death is absurd; they may talk of it, but as for doing it — Judas may believe that."

While they were talking, the musician, singer, and poet, who had sung the two stanzas given above came in, and making a profound obeisance to Don Quixote said, "Will your worship, sir knight, reckon and retain me in the number of your most faithful servants, for I have long been a great admirer of yours, as well because of your fame as because of your achievements?"

"Will your worship tell me who you are," replied Don Quixote, "so that my courtesy may be answerable to your deserts?"

The young man replied that he was the musician and songster of the night before.

"Of a truth," said Don Quixote, "your worship has a most excellent voice; but what you sang did not seem to me very much to the purpose; for what have Garcilaso's stanzas to do with the death of this lady?"

"Don't be surprised at that," returned the musician; "for with the callow poets of our day the way is for every one to write as he pleases and pilfer where he chooses, whether it be germane to the matter or not, and now-a-days there is no piece of silliness they can sing or write that is not set down to poetic license."

Don Quixote was about to reply, but was prevented by the duke and duchess, who came in to see him, and with them there followed a long and delightful conversation, in the course of which Sancho said so many droll and saucy things that he left the duke and duchess wondering not only at his simplicity but at his sharpness. Don Quixote begged their permission to take his departure that same day, inasmuch as for a vanquished knight like himself it was fitter he should live in a pigsty than in a royal palace. They gave it very readily, and the duchess asked him if Altisidora was in his good graces.

He replied, "Señora, let me tell your ladyship that this damsel's ailment comes entirely of idleness, and the cure for it is honest and constant employment. She herself has told me that lace is worn in hell; and as she must know how to make it, let it never be out of her hands; for when she is occupied

in shifting the bobbins to and fro, the image or images of what she loves will not shift to and fro in her thoughts; this is the truth, this is my opinion, and this is my advice."

"And mine," added Sancho; "for I never in all my life saw a lace-maker that died for love; when damsels are at work their minds are more set on finishing their tasks than on thinking of their loves. I speak from my own experience; for when I'm digging I never think of my old woman; I mean my Teresa Panza, whom I love better than my own eyelids."

"You say well, Sancho," said the duchess, "and I will take care that my Altisidora employs herself henceforward in needlework of some sort; for she is extremely expert at it."

"There is no occasion to have recourse to that remedy, señora," said Altisidora; "for the mere thought of the cruelty with which this vagabond villain has treated me will suffice to blot him out of my memory without any other device; with your highness's leave I will retire, not to have before my eyes, I won't say his rueful countenance, but his abominable, ugly looks."

"That reminds me of the common saying, that 'he that rails is ready to forgive,'" said the duke.

Altisidora then, pretending to wipe away her tears with a handkerchief, made an obeisance to master and mistress and quitted the room.

"Ill luck betide thee, poor damsel," said Sancho, "ill luck betide thee! Thou hast fallen in with a soul as dry as a rush and a heart as hard as oak; had it been me, i' faith 'another cock would have crowed to thee.'"

So the conversation came to an end, and Don Quixote dressed himself and dined with the duke and duchess, and set out the same evening.

Of What Passed Between Don Quixote and His Squire Sancho on the Way to Their Village.

The vanquished and afflicted Don Quixote went along very downcast in one respect and very happy in another. His sadness arose from his defeat, and his satisfaction from the thought of the virtue that lay in Sancho, as had been proved by the resurrection of Altisidora; though it was with difficulty he could persuade himself that the love-smitten damsel had been really dead. Sancho went along anything but cheerful, for it

grieved him that Altisidora had not kept her promise of giving him the smocks; and turning this over in his mind he said to his master, "Surely, señor, I'm the most unlucky doctor in the world; there's many a physician that, after killing the sick man he had to cure, requires to be paid for his work, though it is only signing a bit of a list of medicines, that the apothecary and not he makes up, and, there, his labor is over; but with me, though to cure somebody else costs me drops of blood, smacks, pinches, pin-proddings, and whippings, nobody gives me a farthing. Well, I swear by all that's good if they put another patient into my hands, they'll have to grease them for me before I cure him; for 'it's by his singing the abbot gets his dinner,' and I'm not going to believe that Heaven has bestowed upon me the virtue I have, that I should deal it out to others all for nothing."

"Thou art right, Sancho my friend," said Don Quixote, "and Altisidora has behaved very badly in not giving thee the smocks she promised; and although that virtue of thine is *gratis data*—as it has cost thee no study whatever, any more than such study as thy personal sufferings may be—I can say for myself that if thou wouldst have payment for the lashes on account of the disenchantment of Dulcinea, I would have given it to thee freely ere this. I am not sure, however, whether payment will comport with the cure, and I would not have the reward interfere with the medicine. Still, I think there will be nothing lost by trying it; consider how much thou wouldst have, Sancho, and whip thyself at once, and pay thyself down with thine own hand, as thou hast money of mine."

At this proposal Sancho opened his eyes and his ears a palm's breadth wide, and in his heart very readily acquiesced in whipping himself, and said he to his master, "Very well then, señor, I'll hold myself in readiness to gratify your worship's wishes if I'm to profit by it; for the love of my wife and children forces me to seem grasping. Let your worship say how much you will pay me for each lash I give myself."

"If, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "I were to requite thee as the importance and nature of the cure deserves, the treasures of Venice, the mines of Potosi, would be insufficient to pay thee. See what thou hast of mine, and put a price on each lash."

"Of them," said Sancho, "there are three thousand three hundred and odd; of these I have given myself five, the rest

remain; let the five go for the odd ones, and let us take the three thousand three hundred, which at a quarter real apiece (for I will not take less though the whole world should bid me) make three thousand three hundred quarter reals; the three thousand are one thousand five hundred half reals, which make seven hundred and fifty reals; and the three hundred make a hundred and fifty half reals, which come to seventy-five reals, which added to the seven hundred and fifty make eight hundred and twenty-five reals in all. These I will stop out of what I have belonging to your worship, and I'll return home rich and content, though well whipped, for 'there's no taking trout' — but I say no more."

"O blessed Sancho! O dear Sancho!" said Don Quixote; "how we shall be bound to serve thee, Dulcinea and I, all the days of our lives that Heaven may grant us! If she returns to her lost shape (and it cannot be but that she will) her misfortune will have been good fortune, and my defeat a most happy triumph. But look here, Sancho; when wilt thou begin the scourging? For if thou wilt make short work of it, I will give thee a hundred reals over and above."

"When?" said Sancho; "this night without fail. Let your worship order it so that we pass it out of doors and in the open air, and I'll scarify myself."

Night, longed for by Don Quixote with the greatest anxiety in the world, came at last, though it seemed to him that the wheels of Apollo's car had broken down, and that the day was drawing itself out longer than usual, just as is the case with lovers, who never make the reckoning of their desires agree with time. They made their way at length in among some pleasant trees that stood a little distance from the road, and there vacating Rocinante's saddle and Dapple's pack-saddle, they stretched themselves on the green grass and made their supper off Sancho's stores, and he making a powerful and flexible whip out of Dapple's halter and head-stall retreated about twenty paces from his master among some beech-trees. Don Quixote seeing him march off with such resolution and spirit, said to him, "Take care, my friend, not to cut thyself to pieces; allow the lashes to wait for one another, and do not be in so great a hurry as to run thyself out of breath midway; I mean, do not lay on so strenuously as to make thy life fail thee before thou hast reached the desired number; and that thou mayest not lose by a card too much or too little, I will station

myself apart and count on my rosary here the lashes thou givest thyself. May Heaven help thee as thy good intention deserves."

"'Pledges don't distress a good paymaster,'" said Sancho; "I mean to lay on in such a way as without killing myself to hurt myself, for in that, no doubt, lies the essence of this miracle."

He then stripped himself from the waist upwards, and snatching up the rope he began to lay on and Don Quixote to count the lashes. He might have given himself six or eight when he began to think the joke no trifle, and its price very low; and holding his hand for a moment, he told his master that he cried off on the score of a blind bargain, for each of those lashes ought to be paid for at the rate of half a real instead of a quarter.

"Go on, Sancho my friend, and be not disheartened," said Don Quixote; "for I double the stakes as to price."

"In that case," said Sancho, "in God's hand be it, and let it rain lashes." But the rogue no longer laid them on his shoulders, but laid on to the trees, with such groans every now and then, that one would have thought at each of them his soul was being plucked up by the roots. Don Quixote, touched to the heart, and fearing he might make an end of himself, and that through Sancho's imprudence he might miss his own object, said to him, "As thou livest, my friend, let the matter rest where it is, for the remedy seems to me a very rough one, and it will be well to have patience; 'Zamora was not won in an hour.' If I have not reckoned wrong thou hast given thyself over a thousand lashes; that is enough for the present; for the ass, to put it in homely phrase, bears the load, but not the overload."

"No, no, señor," replied Sancho; "it shall never be said of me, 'The money paid, the arms broken;' go back a little further, your worship, and let me give myself at any rate a thousand lashes more; for in a couple of bouts like this we shall have finished off the lot, and there will be even cloth to spare."

"As thou art in such a willing mood," said Don Quixote, "may Heaven aid thee; lay on and I'll retire."

Sancho returned to his task with so much resolution that he soon had the bark stripped off several trees, such was the severity with which he whipped himself; and one time, raising

his voice, and giving a beech a tremendous lash, he cried out, "Here dies Samson, and all with him!"

At the sound of his piteous cry and of the stroke of the cruel lash, Don Quixote ran to him at once, and seizing the twisted halter that served him for a courbash, said to him, "Heaven forbid, Sancho my friend, that to please me thou shouldst lose thy life, which is needed for the support of thy wife and children; let Dulcinea wait for a better opportunity, and I will content myself with a hope soon to be realized, and have patience until thou hast gained fresh strength so as to finish off this business to the satisfaction of everybody."

"As your worship will have it so, señor," said Sancho, "so be it; but throw your cloak over my shoulders, for I'm sweating and I don't want to take cold; it's a risk that novice disciplinants run."

Don Quixote obeyed, and stripping himself covered Sancho, who slept until the sun woke him; they then resumed their journey, which for the time being they brought to an end at a village that lay three leagues farther on. They dismounted at a hostelry which Don Quixote recognized as such and did not take to be a castle with moat, turrets, portcullis, and drawbridge; for ever since he had been vanquished he talked more rationally about everything, as will be shown presently. They quartered him in a room on the ground floor, where in place of leather hangings there were pieces of painted serge such as they commonly use in villages. On one of them was painted by some very poor hand the Rape of Helen, when the bold guest carried her off from Menelaus, and on the other was the story of Dido and Æneas, she on a high tower, as though she were making signals with a half sheet to her fugitive guest who was out at sea flying in a frigate or brigantine. He noticed in the two stories that Helen did not go very reluctantly, for she was laughing slyly and roguishly; but the fair Dido was shown dropping tears the size of walnuts from her eyes. Don Quixote as he looked at them observed, "Those two ladies were very unfortunate not to have been born in this age, and I unfortunate above all men not to have been born in theirs. Had I fallen in with those gentlemen, Troy would not have been burned or Carthage destroyed, for it would have been only for me to slay Paris, and all these misfortunes would have been avoided."

"I'll lay a bet," said Sancho, "that before long there won't

be a tavern, roadside inn, hostelry, or barber's shop where the story of our doings won't be painted up; but I'd like it painted by the hand of a better painter than painted these."

"Thou art right, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for this painter is like Orbaneja, a painter there was at Úbeda, who when they asked him what he was painting, used to say, 'Whatever it may turn out;' and if he chanced to paint a cock he would write under it, 'This is a cock,' for fear they might think it was a fox. The painter or writer, for it's all the same, who published the history of this new Don Quixote that has come out, must have been one of this sort I think, Sancho, for he painted or wrote 'whatever it might turn out;' or perhaps he is like a poet called Mauleon that was about the Court some years ago, who used to answer at haphazard whatever he was asked, and on one asking him what *Deum de Deo* meant, he replied *Dé donde diere.* But, putting this aside, tell me, Sancho, hast thou a mind to have another turn at thyself to-night, and wouldst thou rather have it indoors or in the open air?"

"Egad, señor," said Sancho, "for what I'm going to give myself, it comes all the same to me whether it is in a house or in the fields; still I'd like it to be among trees; for I think they are company for me and help me to bear my pain wonderfully."

"And yet it must not be, Sancho my friend," said Don Quixote; "but, to enable thee to recover strength, we must keep it for our own village; for at the latest we shall get there the day after to-morrow."

Sancho said he might do as he pleased; but that for his own part he would like to finish off the business quickly before his blood cooled and while he had an appetite, because "in delay there is apt to be danger" very often, and "praying to God and plying the hammer," and "one take was better than two I'll give thee's," and "a sparrow in the hand than a vulture on the wing."

"For God's sake, Sancho, no more proverbs!" exclaimed Don Quixote; "it seems to me thou art becoming *sicut erat* again; speak in a plain, simple, straightforward way, as I have often told thee, and thou wilt find the good of it."

"I don't know what bad luck it is of mine," said Sancho, "but I can't utter a word without a proverb, or a proverb that is not as good as an argument to my mind; however, I mean to mend if I can;" and so for the present the conversation ended.

Of How Don Quixote and Sancho Reached Their Village.

All that day Don Quixote and Sancho remained in the village and inn waiting for night, the one to finish off his task of scourging in the open country, the other to see it accomplished, for therein lay the accomplishment of his wishes. Meanwhile there arrived at the hostelry a traveler on horseback with three or four servants, one of whom said to him who seemed to be the master, "Here, Señor Don Álvaro Tarfe, your worship may take your siesta to-day; the quarters seem clean and cool."

When he heard this Don Quixote said to Sancho, "Look here, Sancho; on turning over the leaves of that book of the Second Part of my history I think I came casually upon this name of Don Álvaro Tarfe."

"Very likely," said Sancho; "we had better let him dismount and by-and-by we can ask about it."

The gentleman dismounted, and the landlady gave him a room on the ground floor opposite Don Quixote's and adorned with painted serge hangings of the same sort. The newly arrived gentleman put on a summer coat, and coming out to the gateway of the hostelry, which was wide and cool, addressing Don Quixote, who was pacing up and down there, he asked, "In what direction is your worship bound, gentle sir?"

"To a village near this which is my own village," replied Don Quixote; "and your worship, where are you bound for?"

"I am going to Granada, señor," said the gentleman, "to my own country."

"And a goodly country," said Don Quixote; "but will your worship do me the favor of telling me your name, for it strikes me it is of more importance to me to know it than I can well tell you."

"My name is Don Álvaro Tarfe," replied the traveler.

To which Don Quixote returned, "I have no doubt whatever that your worship is that Don Álvaro Tarfe who appears in print in the Second Part of the history of Don Quixote of La Mancha, lately printed and published by a new author."

"I am the same," replied the gentleman; "and that said Don Quixote, the principal personage in the said history, was a very great friend of mine, and it was I who took him away from home, or at least induced him to come to some jousts that were to be

held at Saragossa, whither I was going myself; indeed, I showed him many kindnesses, and saved him from having his shoulders touched up by the executioner because of his extreme rashness."

"Tell me, Señor Don Álvaro," said Don Quixote, "am I at all like that Don Quixote you talk of?"

"No indeed," replied the traveler, "not a bit."

"And that Don Quixote" — said our one, "had he with him a squire called Sancho Panza?"

"He had," said Don Álvaro; "but though he had the name of being very droll, I never heard him say anything that had any drollery in it."

"That I can well believe," said Sancho at this, "for to come out with drolleries is not in everybody's line; and that Sancho your worship speaks of, gentle sir, must be some great scoundrel, dunderhead, and thief, all in one; for I am the real Sancho Panza, and I have more drolleries than if it rained them; let your worship only try; come along with me for a year or so, and you will find they fall from me at every turn, and so rich and so plentiful that though mostly I don't know what I am saying I make everybody that hears me laugh. And the real Don Quixote of La Mancha, the famous, the valiant, the wise, the lover, the righter of wrongs, the guardian of minors and orphans, the protector of widows, the killer of damsels, he who has for his sole mistress the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, is this gentleman before you, my master; all other Don Quixotes and all other Sancho Panzas are dreams and mockeries."

"By God I believe it," said Don Álvaro; "for you have uttered more drolleries, my friend, in the few words you have spoken than the other Sancho Panza in all I ever heard from him, and they were not a few. He was more greedy than well-spoken, and more dull than droll; and I am convinced that the enchanters who persecute Don Quixote the Good have been trying to persecute me with Don Quixote the Bad. But I don't know what to say, for I am ready to swear I left him shut up in the Casa del Nuncio at Toledo,[1] and here another Don Quixote turns up, though a very different one from mine."

"I don't know whether I am good," said Don Quixote, "but I can safely say I am not 'the Bad;' and to prove it, let me tell you, Señor Don Álvaro Tarfe, I have never in my life been in Saragossa; so far from that, when it was told me that this

[1] A madhouse founded in 1483 by Francisco Ortiz, Canon of Toledo, and apostolic nuncio. Avellaneda concludes by depositing Don Quixote in it.

imaginary Don Quixote had been present at the jousts in that city, I declined to enter it, in order to drag his falsehood before the face of the world; and so I went on straight to Barcelona, the treasure-house of courtesy, haven of strangers, asylum of the poor, home of the valiant, champion of the wronged, pleasant exchange of firm friendships, and city unrivaled in site and beauty. And though the adventures that befell me there are not by any means matters of enjoyment, but rather of regret, I do not regret them, simply because I have seen it. In a word, Señor Don Álvaro Tarfe, I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, the one that fame speaks of, and not the unlucky one that has attempted to usurp my name and deck himself out in my ideas. I entreat your worship by your devoir as a gentleman to be so good as to make a declaration before the alcalde of this village that you never in all your life saw me until now, and that neither am I the Don Quixote in print in the Second Part, nor this Sancho Panza, my squire, the one your worship knew."

"That I will do most willingly," replied Don Álvaro; "though it amazes me to find two Don Quixotes and two Sancho Panzas at once, as much alike in name as they differ in demeanor; and again I say and declare that what I saw I cannot have seen, and that what happened to me cannot have happened."

"No doubt your worship is enchanted, like my lady Dulcinea del Toboso," said Sancho; "and would to Heaven your disenchantment rested on my giving myself another three thousand and odd lashes like what I'm giving myself for her, for I'd lay them on without looking for anything."

"I don't understand that about the lashes," said Don Álvaro.

Sancho replied that it was a long story to tell, but he would tell him if they happened to be going the same road.

By this dinner-time arrived, and Don Quixote and Don Álvaro dined together. The alcalde of the village came by chance into the inn together with a notary, and Don Quixote laid a petition before him, showing that it was requisite for his rights that Don Álvaro Tarfe, the gentleman there present, should make a declaration before him that he did not know Don Quixote of La Mancha, also there present, and that he was not the one that was in print in a history entitled "Second Part of Don Quixote of La Mancha, by one Avellaneda of Tordesillas." The alcalde finally put it in legal form, and

the declaration was made with all the formalities required in such cases, at which Don Quixote and Sancho were in high delight, as if a declaration of the sort was of any great importance to them, and as if their words and deeds did not plainly show the difference between the two Don Quixotes and the two Sanchos. Many civilities and offers of service were exchanged by Don Álvaro and Don Quixote, in the course of which the great Manchegan displayed such good taste that he disabused Don Álvaro of the error he was under; and he, on his part, felt convinced he must have been enchanted, now that he had been brought in contact with two such opposite Don Quixotes.

Evening came, they set out for the village, and after about half a league two roads branched off, one leading to Don Quixote's village, the other the road Don Álvaro was to follow. In this short interval Don Quixote told him of his unfortunate defeat, and of Dulcinea's enchantment and the remedy, all which threw Don Álvaro into fresh amazement, and embracing Don Quixote and Sancho he went his way, and Don Quixote went his. That night he passed among trees again in order to give Sancho an opportunity of working out his penance, which he did in the same fashion as the night before, at the expense of the bark of the beech trees much more than of his back, of which he took such good care that the lashes would not have knocked off a fly had there been one there. The duped Don Quixote did not miss a single stroke of the count, and he found that together with those of the night before they made up three thousand and twenty-nine. The sun apparently had got up early to witness the sacrifice, and with his light they resumed their journey, discussing the deception practiced on Don Álvaro, and saying how well done it was to have taken his declaration before a magistrate in such an unimpeachable form. That day and night they traveled on, nor did anything worth mention happen to them, unless it was that in the course of the night Sancho finished off his task, whereat Don Quixote was beyond measure joyful. He watched for daylight, to see if along the road he should fall in with his already disenchanted lady Dulcinea; and as he pursued his journey there was no woman he met that he did not go up to, to see if she was Dulcinea del Toboso, as he held it absolutely certain that Merlin's promises could not lie. Full of these thoughts and anxieties, they ascended a rising ground wherefrom they

descried their own village, at the sight of which Sancho fell on his knees exclaiming, "Open thine eyes, longed-for home, and see how thy son Sancho Panza comes back to thee, if not very rich, very well whipped! Open thine arms and receive, too, thy son Don Quixote, who, if he comes vanquished by the arm of another, comes victor over himself, which, as he himself has told me, is the greatest victory anyone can desire. I'm bringing back money, for if I was well whipped, I went mounted like a gentleman."

"Have done with these fooleries," said Don Quixote; "let us push on straight and get to our own place, where we will give free range to our fancies, and settle our plans for our future pastoral life."

With this they descended the slope and directed their steps to their village.

Of the Omens Don Quixote had as he Entered his own Village, and Other Incidents that Embellish and Give a Color to this Great History.

At the entrance of the village, so says Cid Hamet, Don Quixote saw two boys quarreling on the village threshing-floor, one of whom said to the other, "Take it easy, Periquillo; thou shalt never see it again as long as thou livest."

Don Quixote heard this, and said he to Sancho, "Dost thou not mark, friend, what that boy said, 'Thou shalt never see it again as long as thou livest'?"

"Well," said Sancho, "what does it matter if the boy said so?"

"What!" said Don Quixote, "dost thou not see that, applied to the object of my desires, the words mean that I am never to see Dulcinea more?"

Sancho was about to answer, when his attention was diverted by seeing a hare come flying across the plain pursued by several greyhounds and sportsmen. In its terror it ran to take shelter and hide itself under Dapple. Sancho caught it alive and presented it to Don Quixote, who was saying, "*Malum signum, malum signum!* a hare flies, greyhounds chase it, Dulcinea appears not."

"Your worship's a strange man," said Sancho; "let's take it for granted that this hare is Dulcinea, and these greyhounds

chasing it the malignant enchanters who turned her into a country wench; she flies, and I catch her and put her into your worship's hands, and you hold her in your arms and cherish her; what bad sign is that, or what ill omen is there to be found here?"

The two boys who had been quarreling came over to look at the hare, and Sancho asked one of them what their quarrel was about. He was answered by the one who had said, "Thou shalt never see it again as long as thou livest," that he had taken a cage full of crickets from the other boy, and did not mean to give it back to him as long as he lived. Sancho took out four cuartos from his pocket and gave them to the boy for the cage, which he placed in Don Quixote's hands, saying, "There, señor! there are the omens broken and destroyed, and they have no more to do with our affairs, to my thinking, fool as I am, than with last year's clouds; and if I remember rightly I have heard the curate of our village say that it does not become Christians or sensible people to give any heed to these silly things; and even you yourself said the same to me some time ago, telling me that all Christians who minded omens were fools; but there's no need of making words about it; let us push on and go into our village."

The sportsmen came up and asked for their hare, which Don Quixote gave them. They then went on, and upon the green at the entrance of the town they came upon the curate and the bachelor Samson Carrasco busy with their breviaries. It should be mentioned that Sancho had thrown, by way of a sumpter-cloth, over Dapple and over the bundle of armor, the buckram robe painted with flames which they had put upon him at the duke's castle the night Altisidora came back to life. He had also fixed the miter on Dapple's head, the oddest transformation and decoration that ever ass in the world underwent. They were at once recognized by both the curate and the bachelor, who came towards them with open arms. Don Quixote dismounted and received them with a close embrace; and the boys, who are lynxes that nothing escapes, spied out the ass's miter and came running to see it, calling out to one another, "Come here, boys, and see Sancho Panza's ass rigged out finer than Mingo, and Don Quixote's beast leaner than ever."

So at length, with the boys capering round them, and accompanied by the curate and the bachelor, they made their entrance into the town, and proceeded to Don Quixote's house,

at the door of which they found his housekeeper and niece, whom the news of his arrival had already reached. It had been brought to Teresa Panza, Sancho's wife, as well, and she with her hair all loose and half naked, dragging Sanchica her daughter by the hand, ran out to meet her husband; but seeing him coming in by no means as good case as she thought a governor ought to be, she said to him, "How is it you come this way, husband? It seems to me you come tramping and footsore, and looking more like a disorderly vagabond than a governor."

"Hold your tongue, Teresa," said Sancho; "often where there are pegs there are no flitches; let's go into the house and there you'll hear strange things. I bring money, and that's the main thing, got by my own industry without wronging anybody."

"You bring the money, my good husband," said Teresa, "and no matter whether it was got this way or that; for, however you may have got it, you'll not have brought any new practice into the world."

Sanchica embraced her father and asked him if he brought her anything, for she had been looking out for him as for the showers of May; and she taking hold of him by the girdle on one side, and his wife by the hand, while the daughter led Dapple, they made for their house, leaving Don Quixote in his, in the hands of his niece and housekeeper, and in the company of the curate and the bachelor.

Don Quixote at once, without any regard to time or season, withdrew in private with the bachelor and the curate, and in a few words told them of his defeat, and of the engagement he was under not to quit his village for a year, which he meant to keep to the letter without departing a hair's breadth from it, as became a knight-errant bound by scrupulous good faith and the laws of knight-errantry; and of how he thought of turning shepherd for that year, and taking his diversion in the solitude of the fields, where he could with perfect freedom give range to his thoughts of love while he followed the virtuous pastoral calling; and he besought them, if they had not a great deal to do and were not prevented by more important business, to consent to be his companions, for he would buy sheep enough to qualify them for shepherds; and the most important point of the whole affair, he could tell them, was settled, for he had given them names that would fit them to a T. The curate asked what they were. Don Quixote replied that he himself was to

be called the shepherd Quixotiz, and the bachelor the shepherd Carrascon, and the curate the shepherd Curiambro, and Sancho Panza the shepherd Pancino.

Both were astounded at Don Quixote's new craze; however, lest he should once more make off out of the village from them in pursuit of chivalry, they, trusting that in the course of the year he might be cured, fell in with his new project, applauded his crazy idea as a bright one, and offered to share the life with him. "And what's more," said Samson Carrasco, "I am, as all the world knows, a very famous poet, and I'll be always making verses, pastoral, or courtly, or as it may come into my head, to pass away our time in those secluded regions where we shall be roaming. But what is most needful, sirs, is that each of us should choose the name of the shepherdess he means to glorify in his verses, and that we should not leave a tree, be it ever so hard, without writing up and carving her name on it, as is the habit and custom of love-smitten shepherds."

"That's the very thing," said Don Quixote; "though I am relieved from looking for the name of an imaginary shepherdess, for there's the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the glory of these brook-sides, the ornament of these meadows, the mainstay of beauty, the cream of all the graces, and, in a word, the being to whom all praise is appropriate, be it ever so hyperbolical."

"Very true," said the curate; "but we the others must look about for accommodating shepherdesses that will answer our purpose one way or another."

"And," added Samson Carrasco, "if they fail us, we can call them by the names of the ones in print that the world is filled with, Filidas, Amarilises, Dianas, Fleridas, Galateas, Belisardas; for as they sell them in the market-places, we may fairly buy them and make them our own. If my lady, or I should say my shepherdess, happens to be called Ana, I'll sing her praises under the name of Anarda, and if Francisca, I'll call her Francenia, and if Lucia, Lucinda, for it all comes to the same thing; and Sancho Panza, if he joins this fraternity, may glorify his wife Teresa Panza as Teresaina."

Don Quixote laughed at the adaptation of the name, and the curate bestowed vast praise upon the worthy and honorable resolution he had made, and again offered to bear him company all that he could spare from his imperative duties. And so they took their leave of him, recommending and beseeching him to take care of his health and treat himself to a generous diet.

It so happened his niece and the housekeeper overheard all the three of them said; and as soon as they were gone they both of them came in to Don Quixote, and said the niece, "What's this, uncle? Now that we were thinking you had come back to stay at home and lead a quiet respectable life there, are you going to get into fresh entanglements, and turn 'young shepherd, thou that comest here, young shepherd going there'? Nay! indeed 'the straw is too hard now to make pipes of.'"

"And," added the housekeeper, "will your worship be able to bear, out in the fields, the heats of summer, and the chills of winter, and the howling of the wolves? Not you; for that's a life and a business for hardy men, bred and seasoned to such work almost from the time they were in swaddling-clothes. Why, to make choice of evils, it's better to be a knight-errant than a shepherd! Look here, señor; take my advice — and I'm not giving it to you full of bread and wine, but fasting, and with fifty years upon my head — stay at home, look after your affairs, go often to confession, be good to the poor, and upon my soul be it if any evil comes to you."

"Hold your peace, my daughters," said Don Quixote; "I know very well what my duty is; help me to bed, for I don't feel very well; and rest assured that, knight-errant now or wandering shepherd to be, I shall never fail to have a care for your interests, as you will see in the end." And the good wenches (for that they undoubtedly were), the housekeeper and niece, helped him to bed, where they gave him something to eat and made him as comfortable as possible.

Of How Don Quixote Fell Sick, and of the Will He Made, and How He Died.

As nothing that is man's can last forever, but all tends ever downwards from its beginning to its end, and above all man's life, and as Don Quixote's enjoyed no special dispensation from Heaven to stay its course, its end and close came when he least looked for it. For — whether it was of the dejection the thought of his defeat produced, or of Heaven's will that so ordered it — a fever settled upon him and kept him in his bed for six days, during which he was often visited by his friends the curate, the bachelor, and the barber, while his good squire

Sancho Panza never quitted his bedside. They, persuaded that it was grief at finding himself vanquished, and the object of his heart, the liberation and disenchantment of Dulcinea, unattained, that kept him in this state, strove by all the means in their power to cheer him up; the bachelor bidding him take heart and get up to begin his pastoral life, for which he himself, he said, had already composed an eclogue that would take the shine out of all Sannazaro had ever written, and had bought with his own money two famous dogs to guard the flock, one called Barcino and the other Butron, which a herdsman of Quintanar had sold him.

But for all this Don Quixote could not shake off his sadness. His friends called in the doctor, who felt his pulse and was not very well satisfied with it, and said that in any case it would be well for him to attend to the health of his soul, as that of his body was in a bad way. Don Quixote heard this calmly; but not so his housekeeper, his niece, and his squire, who fell weeping bitterly, as if they had him lying dead before them. The doctor's opinion was that melancholy and depression were bringing him to his end. Don Quixote begged them to leave him to himself, as he had a wish to sleep a little. They obeyed, and he slept at one stretch, as the saying is, more than six hours, so that the housekeeper and niece thought he was going to sleep forever. But at the end of that time he woke up, and in a loud voice exclaimed, "Blessed be Almighty God, who has shown me such goodness. In truth his mercies are boundless, and the sins of men can neither limit them nor keep them back!"

The niece listened with attention to her uncle's words, and they struck her as more coherent than what usually fell from him, at least during his illness, so she asked, "What are you saying, señor? Has anything strange occurred? What mercies or what sins of men are you talking of?"

"The mercies, niece," said Don Quixote, "are those that God has this moment shown me, and with him, as I said, my sins are no impediment to them. My reason is now free and clear, rid of the dark shadows of ignorance that my unhappy constant study of those detestable books of chivalry cast over it. Now I see through their absurdities and deceptions, and it only grieves me that this destruction of my illusions has come so late that it leaves me no time to make some amends by reading other books that might be a light to my soul.

Niece, I feel myself at the point of death, and I would fain meet it in such a way as to show that my life has not been so ill that I should leave behind me the name of a madman; for though I have been one, I would not that the fact should be made plainer at my death. Call in to me, my dear, my good friends the Curate, the Bachelor Samson Carrasco, and Master Nicholas the barber, for I wish to confess and make my will." But his niece was saved the trouble by the entrance of the three. The instant Don Quixote saw them he exclaimed, "Good news for you, good sirs, that I am no longer Don Quixote of La Mancha, but Alonso Quixano, whose way of life won for him the name of Good. Now am I the enemy of Amadis of Gaul and of the whole countless troop of his descendants; odious to me now are all the profane stories of knight-errantry; now I perceive my folly, and the peril into which reading them brought me; now, by God's mercy schooled into my right senses, I loathe them."

When the three heard him speak in this way, they had no doubt whatever that some new craze had taken possession of him; and said Samson, "What? Señor Don Quixote! Now that we have intelligence of the lady Dulcinea being disenchanted, are you taking this line; now, just as we are on the point of becoming shepherds, to pass our lives singing, like princes, are you thinking of turning hermit? Hush for Heaven's sake, be rational, and let's have no more nonsense."

"All that nonsense," said Don Quixote, "that until now has been a reality to my hurt, my death will, with Heaven's help, turn to my good. I feel, sirs, that I am rapidly drawing near death; a truce to jesting; let me have a confessor to confess me, and a notary to make my will; for in extremities like this, man must not trifle with his soul; and while the curate is confessing me let some one, I beg, go for the notary."

They looked at one another, wondering at Don Quixote's words; but, though uncertain, they were inclined to believe him, and one of the signs by which they came to the conclusion he was dying was this so sudden and complete return to his senses after having been mad; for to the words already quoted he added much more, so well expressed, so devout, and so rational, as to banish all doubt and convince them that he was sound of mind. The curate turned them all out, and left alone with him confessed him. The bachelor went for the notary and returned shortly afterwards with him and with Sancho,

who, having already learned from the bachelor the condition his master was in, and finding the housekeeper and niece weeping, began to blubber and shed tears.

The confession over, the curate came out saying, "Alonso Quixano the Good is indeed dying, and is indeed in his right mind; we may now go in to him while he makes his will."

This news gave a tremendous impulse to the brimming eyes of the housekeeper, the niece, and Sancho Panza his good squire, making the tears burst from their eyes and a host of sighs from their hearts; for of a truth, as has been said more than once, whether as plain Alonso Quixano the Good, or as Don Quixote of La Mancha, Don Quixote was always of a gentle disposition and kindly in all his ways, and hence he was beloved, not only by those of his own house, but by all who knew him.

The notary came in with the rest, and as soon as the preamble of the will had been set out and Don Quixote had commended his soul to God with all the devout formalities that are usual, coming to the bequests, he said, "Item, it is my will that, touching certain moneys in the hands of Sancho Panza (whom in my madness I made my squire), inasmuch as between him and me there have been certain accounts and debits and credits, no claim be made against him, nor any account demanded of him in respect of them; but that if anything remain over and above, after he has paid himself what I owe him, the balance, which will be but little, shall be his, and much good may it do him; and if, as when I was mad I had a share in giving him the government of an island, so, now that I am in my senses, could I give him that of a kingdom, it should be his, for the simplicity of his character and the fidelity of his conduct deserve it." And then, turning to Sancho, he said, "Forgive me, my friend, that I led thee to seem as mad as myself, making thee fall into the same error I myself fell into, that there were and still are knights-errant in the world."

"Ah!" said Sancho weeping, "don't die, master, but take my advice and live many years; for the foolishest thing a man can do in this life is to let himself die without rhyme or reason, without anybody killing him, or any hands but melancholy's making an end of him. Come, don't be lazy, but get up from your bed and let us take to the fields in shepherd's trim as we agreed. Perhaps behind some bush we shall find the lady Dulcinea disenchanted, as fine as fine can be. If it be that you are dying of vexation at having been vanquished, lay the blame on

me, and say you were overthrown because I had girthed Rocinante badly; besides you must have seen in your books of chivalry that it is a common thing for knights to upset one another, and for him who is conquered to-day to be conqueror to-morrow."

"Very true," said Samson, "and good Sancho Panza's view of these cases is quite right."

"Sirs, not so fast," said Don Quixote, "'in last year's nests there are no birds this year.' I was mad, now I am in my senses: I was Don Quixote of La Mancha, I am now, as I said, Alonso Quixano the Good; and may my repentance and sincerity restore me to the esteem you used to have for me; and now let Master Notary proceed.

"Item, I leave all my property absolutely to Antonia Quixana my niece, here present, after all has been deducted from the most available portion of it that may be required to satisfy the bequests I have made. And the first disbursement I desire to be made is the payment of the wages I owe for the time my housekeeper has served me, with twenty ducats, over and above for a gown. The curate and the bachelor Samson Carrasco, now present, I appoint my executors.

"Item, it is my wish that if Antonia Quixana, my niece, desires to marry, she shall marry a man of whom it shall be first of all ascertained by information taken that he does not know what books of chivalry are; and if it should be proved that he does, and if, in spite of this, my niece insists upon marrying him, and does marry him, then that she shall forfeit the whole of what I have left her, which my executors shall devote to works of charity as they please.

"Item, I entreat the aforesaid gentlemen my executors, that if any happy chance should lead them to discover the author who is said to have written a history now going about under the title of 'Second Part of the Achievements of Don Quixote of La Mancha,' they beg of him on my behalf as earnestly as they can to forgive me for having been, without intending it, the cause of his writing so many and such monstrous absurdities as he has written in it; for I am leaving the world with a feeling of compunction at having provoked him to write them."

With this he closed his will, and a faintness coming over him he stretched himself out at full length on the bed. All were in a flutter and made haste to relieve him, and during the three days he lived after that on which he made his will he

fainted away very often. The house was all in confusion; but still the niece ate and the housekeeper drank and Sancho Panza enjoyed himself; for inheriting property wipes out or softens down in the heir the feeling of grief the dead man might be expected to leave behind him.

At last Don Quixote's end came, after he had received all the sacraments, and had in full and forcible terms expressed his detestation of books of chivalry. The notary was there at the time, and he said that in no book of chivalry had he ever read of any knight-errant dying in his bed so calmly and so like a Christian as Don Quixote, who amid the tears and lamentations of all present yielded up his spirit, that is to say died. On perceiving it the curate begged the notary to bear witness that Alonso Quixano the Good, commonly called Don Quixote of La Mancha, had passed away from this present life, and died naturally; and said he desired this testimony in order to remove the possibility of any other author save Cid Hamet Benengeli bringing him to life again falsely and making interminable stories out of his achievements.

Such was the end of the Ingenious Gentleman of La Mancha, whose village Cid Hamet would not indicate precisely, in order to leave all the towns and villages of La Mancha to contend among themselves for the right to adopt him and claim him as a son, as the seven cities of Greece contended for Homer.

ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO.

Adelbert von Chamisso, poet and miscellaneous writer, French by birth, German by adoption and in literary life, born at the Castle of Boncourt, in Champagne, Jan. 30, 1781; died at Berlin, Aug. 21, 1838. He came of a good family of Champagne, who, at the outbreak of the French Revolution, fled to Prussia, where, in 1796, Adelbert became one of the Queen's pages. He afterward obtained a commission in the army, which he resigned in 1806. He had applied himself to the study of German, and on his release from the army joined in the publication of an "Almanac of the Muses." During a visit to Madame de Staël he began the study of botany, which he pursued with such success that in 1815 he was appointed botanist of the expedition under Kotzebue for the circumnavigation of the globe. On his return he became custodian of the Botanical Gardens of Berlin, where he spent the remainder of his life. Chamisso wrote numerous poems, among which are "The Lion's Bride," "Retribution," "Woman's Love and Life," and "Cousin Anselmo." He is best known by a prose narrative, "Peter Schlemihl," the man who lost his shadow, which was first published in 1814.

Peter Loses His Shadow.[1]

(From "Peter Schlemihl.")

I had hastily glided through the rose-grove, descended the hill, and found myself on a wide grassplot, when, alarmed with the apprehension of being discovered wandering from the beaten path, I looked around me with inquiring apprehension. How was I startled when I saw the old man in the gray coat behind, and advancing towards me! He immediately took off his hat, and bowed to me more profoundly than any one had ever done before. It was clear he wished to address me, and without extreme rudeness I could not avoid him. I in my turn uncovered myself, made my obeisance, and stood still with a bare head in the sunshine as if rooted there. I shook with terror while I saw him approach; I felt like a bird fascinated by a rattlesnake.

[1] By permission of L. C. Page & Co.

He appeared sadly perplexed, kept his eyes on the ground, made several bows, approached nearer, and with a low and trembling voice, as if he were asking alms, thus accosted me: —

"Will the gentleman forgive the intrusion of one who has stopt him in this unusual way? I have a request to make, but pray pardon" — "In the name of Heaven, Sir!" I cried out in my anguish, "what can I do for one who" — We both started back, and methought both blushed deeply.

After a momentary silence he again began: "During the short time when I enjoyed the happiness of being near you, I observed, Sir, — will you allow me to say so, — I observed, with unutterable admiration, the beautiful, beautiful shadow in the sun, which, with a certain noble contempt, and perhaps without being aware of it, you threw off from your feet; forgive me this, I confess, too daring intrusion, but should you be inclined to transfer it to me?"

He was silent, and my head turned round like a water-wheel. What could I make of this singular proposal for disposing of my shadow? He is crazy, thought I; and with an altered tone, yet more forcible as contrasted with the humility of his own, I replied, —

"How is this, good friend? Is not your own shadow enough for you? This seems to me a whimsical sort of bargain indeed." He began again, "I have in my pocket many matters which might not be quite unacceptable to the gentleman; for this invaluable shadow I deem any price too little."

A chill came over me: I remembered what I had seen, and knew not how to address him whom I had just ventured to call my good friend. I spoke again, and assumed an extraordinary courtesy to set matters in order.

"Pardon, Sir, pardon your most humble servant, I do not quite understand your meaning; how can my shadow" — He interrupted me: "I only beg your permission to be allowed to lift up your noble shadow, and put it in my pocket; how to do it is my own affair. As a proof of my gratitude for the gentleman, I leave him the choice of all the jewels which my pocket affords; the genuine divining rods, mandrake roots, change pennies, money extractors, the napkins of Rolando's Squire, and divers other miracle-workers, — a choice assortment. But all this is not fit for you; better that you should have Fortunatus's wishing-cap restored spick and span new, and also a fortune-bag which belonged to him." "Fortunatus's fortune-bag!" I

exclaimed; and great as had been my terror, all my senses were now enraptured by the sound. I became dizzy, and nothing but double ducats seemed sparkling before my eyes.

"Condescend, Sir, to inspect and make a trial of this bag." He put his hand into his pocket, and drew from it a moderately sized, firmly-stitched purse of thick cordovan, with two convenient leather cords hanging to it, which he presented to me. I instantly dipped into it, drew from it ten pieces of gold, and ten more, and ten more, and yet ten more; — I stretched out my hand. "Done! the bargain is made; I give you my shadow for your purse." He grasped my hand, and knelt down behind me, and with wonderful dexterity I perceived him loosening my shadow from the ground from head to foot; he lifted it up; he rolled it together and folded it, and at last put it into his pocket. He then stood erect, bowed to me again, and returned back to the rose-grove. I thought I heard him laughing softly to himself. I held, however, the purse tight by the strings — the earth was sun-bright all around me, and my senses were still wholly confused.

At last I came to myself, and hastened from a place where apparently I had nothing more to do. I first filled my pockets with gold, then firmly secured the strings of the purse round my neck, taking care to conceal the purse itself in my bosom. I left the park unnoticed, reached the high road, and bent my way to the town. I was walking thoughtfully towards the gate, when I heard a voice behind me: "Holla! young Squire! holla! don't you hear?" I looked round — an old woman was calling after me: "Take care, sir, take care — you have lost your shadow!" "Thanks, good woman." I threw her a piece of gold for her well-meant counsel, and walked away under the trees.

At the gate I was again condemned to hear from the sentinel, "Where has the gentleman left his shadow?" and immediately afterwards a couple of women exclaimed, "Good heavens! the poor fellow has no shadow." I began to be vexed, and carefully avoided walking in the sun. This I could not always do: for instance, in the Broad-street, which I was next compelled to cross; and as ill-luck would have it, at the very moment when the boys were being released from school. A confounded hunch-backed vagabond — I see him at this moment — had observed that I wanted a shadow. He instantly began to bawl

out to the young tyros of the suburbs, who first criticised me, and then bespattered me with mud: "Respectable people are accustomed to carry their shadows with them when they go into the sun." I scattered handfuls of gold among them to divert their attention; and, with the assistance of some compassionate souls, sprang into a hackney coach.

As soon as I found myself alone in the rolling vehicle, I began to weep bitterly. My inward emotion suggested to me, that even as in this world gold weighs down both merit and virtue, so a shadow might possibly be more valuable than gold itself; and that as I had sacrificed my riches to my integrity on other occasions, so now I had given up my shadow for mere wealth; and what ought, what could become of me?

I continued still sadly discomposed, when the coach stopped before the old tavern. I was shocked at the thought of again entering that vile garret. I sent for my baggage, took up the miserable bundle with contempt, threw the servants some pieces of gold, and ordered to be driven to the principal hotel. The house faced the north, so I had nothing to fear from the sun. I dismissed the driver with gold, selected the best front room, and locked myself in as soon as possible.

And how do you imagine I employed myself? Oh, my beloved Chamisso, I blush to confess it even to you. I drew forth the luckless purse from my bosom, and impelled by a sort of madness which burned and spread within me like a furious conflagration, I shook out gold, and gold, and gold, and still more gold; strewed it over the floor, trampled on it, and made it tinkle, and feasting my weak senses on the glitter and the sound, I added pile to pile, till I sunk exhausted on the golden bed. I rolled about, and wallowed in delicious delirium. And so the day passed by, and so the evening. My door remained unopened, and night found me still reposing on the gold, when sleep at length overcame me.

Then I dreamed of you. I fancied I was standing close to the glass door of your little apartment, and saw you sitting at your work-table, between a skeleton and a parcel of dried plants. Haller, Humboldt, and Linnæus lay open before you; on your sofa were a volume of Goethe and *The Magic Ring*. I looked at you for a long time, then at everything around you, and then at you again; but you moved not, you breathed not — you were dead.

I awoke: it seemed to be yet early — my watch had stopped;

I felt as if I had been bastinadoed — yet both hungry and thirsty, for since the previous morning I had eaten nothing. With weariness and disgust I pushed away from me the gold, which but a little time before had satiated my foolish heart: I now in my perplexity knew not how to dispose of it. But it could not remain there. I tried to put it again into the purse — no; none of my windows opened upon the sea. I was obliged to content myself by dragging it with immense labor and difficulty to a large cupboard, which stood in a recess, where I packed it up. I left only a few handfuls lying about. When I had finished my labor, I sat down exhausted in an arm-chair, and waited till the people of the house began to stir. I ordered breakfast, and begged the landlord to be with me as soon as practicable.

With this man I arranged the future management of my household. He recommended to me for my personal servant a certain *Bendel*, whose honest and intelligent countenance instantly interested me. It was he who from that moment accompanied me through life with a sympathizing attachment, and shared with me my gloomy destiny. I passed the whole day in my apartments with servants out of place, shoemakers, tailors, and shopkeepers; I provided myself with all necessaries, and bought large quantities of jewels and precious stones, merely to get rid of some of my piles of gold; but it seemed scarcely possible to diminish the heap.

Meanwhile I contemplated my situation with most anxious doubts. I dared not venture one step from my door, and at evening ordered forty wax-lights to be kindled in my saloon, before I left the dark chamber. I thought with horror of the dreadful scene with the school-boys, and determined, whatever it might cost, once more to sound public opinion. The moon at this season illumined the night. Late in the evening I threw a wide cloak around me, pulled down my hat over my eyes, and glided out of the house trembling like a criminal. I walked first along the shadows of the houses to a remote open place; I then abandoned their protection, stepped out into the moonshine, resolving to learn my destiny from the lips of the passers-by.

But spare me, my friend, the painful repetition of what I was condemned to undergo! The deepest pity seemed to inspire the fairer sex; but my soul was not less wounded by this than by the contumely of the young, and the proud disdain of

the old, especially of those stout and well-fed men, whose dignified shadows seemed to do them honor. A lovely, graceful maiden, apparently accompanying her parents, who seemed not to look beyond their own footsteps, accidentally fixed her sparkling eyes upon me. She obviously started as she remarked my shadowless figure; she hid her beautiful face beneath her veil, hung down her head, and passed silently on.

I could bear it no longer. Salt streams burst forth from my eyes, and with a broken heart I hurried tremblingly back into darkness. I was obliged to grope along by the houses, in order to feel my steps secure, and slowly and late I reached my dwelling.

That night was a sleepless one. My first care at daybreak was to order the man in the gray coat to be everywhere sought for. Perchance I might be lucky enough to discover him — and oh, what bliss if he as well as I repented of our foolish bargain! I sent for Bendel; he seemed both apt and active. I described to him minutely the man who held in his possession that treasure, without which life was but a torment to me. I told him the time, the place where I had seen him; particularized to him all the persons who could assist his inquiries; and added, that he should especially ask after a Dollond's telescope, a gold embroidered Turkish carpet, a superb tent, and also the black riding horses, whose history — I did not state how — was closely connected with that of the unintelligible man, whom nobody seemed to notice, and whose appearance had destroyed the peace and happiness of my life.

When I had done, I brought out as much gold as I was able to carry. I laid jewels and precious stones to still greater amount upon the pile. "Bendel," I said, "this levels many a path, and makes many a difficult thing easy; be not sparing, you know I am not; but go and rejoice your master with the information on which his only hopes are built."

He went — he returned — and returned late and sorrowful. None of the merchant's servants, none of his guests — he had spoken to all — knew anything about the man in the gray coat. The new telescope was there, but they were all ignorant whence it came. The tent and the carpet were extended on the same hill; the lackeys boasted of their master's magnificence: but none knew from what place these new valuables had come. They had administered to his pleasures; and he did not disturb his rest to inquire into their origin. Their horses were in the

stalls of the young men who had rode them; and they lauded the generosity of the merchant, who had that day requested they would keep them as presents. Such was the light that Bendel threw upon this extraordinary history, and for this fruitless result received my grateful thanks. I beckoned gloomily to him that he should leave me alone.

But he resumed, "I have informed you, Sir, of everything connected with the affair which most interests you. I have also a message to deliver, which was given to me this morning early, by a person whom I met at the door, while I was going out on the business in which I have been so unfortunate. His own words were, 'Say to Mr. Peter Schlemihl, he will see me here no more, as I am going to cross the sea; and a favorable wind beckons me to the haven. But after a year and a day I shall have the honor to seek him out, and perhaps to propose to him another arrangement which may then be to his liking. Remember me most obediently to him, and assure him of my thanks.' I asked him who he was; and he replied that you knew."

"What was the man's appearance?" I cried, full of forebodings. And Bendel described the man in the gray coat, feature by feature, word for word, precisely as he had depicted him when inquiring about him.

"Miserable mortal!" exclaimed I, wringing my hands, "it was he! it was he himself!" He looked as if scales had fallen from his eyes. "Yes, it was he, it was indeed he!" he cried out in agony; "and I, silly, deluded one, I did not know him — I did not know him — I have betrayed my master!"

He broke out into the loudest reproaches against himself. He wept bitterly; his despair could not but excite my pity. I ministered consolation to him, assured him again and again that I did not doubt his fidelity, and sent him instantly to the haven, to follow the strange man's steps if possible. But, on that very morning, many vessels which had been kept by contrary winds back in port, had put to sea, all destined to distant lands and other climes; the gray man had disappeared trackless as a shade.

. . . . . .

Though I thus lived in apparent kingly pomp and prodigality, my habits at home were simple and unpretending. With thoughtful foresight, I had made it a rule that no one except Bendel should on any pretense enter the chamber which I occupied. As long as the sun shone I remained there locked in.

People said, "The count is engaged in his cabinet." The crowds of couriers were kept in communication by these occupations, for I dispatched and received them on the most trifling business. At evening, alone, I received company under the trees or in my saloon, which was skillfully and magnificently lighted, according to Bendel's arrangement. Whenever I went out Bendel watched round me with Argus' eyes; my steps were always tending to the forester's garden, and that only for the sake of *her;* the inmost spirit of my existence was my love.

My good Chamisso, I will hope you have not forgotten what love is; I leave much to your filling up. Mina was indeed a love-worthy, good, and gentle girl; I had obtained full possession of her thoughts; and in her modesty she could not imagine how she had become worthy of my regard, and that I dwelt only upon her; but she returned love for love, in the full youthful energy of an innocent heart. She loved like a woman; all self-sacrificing, self-forgetting, and living only in him who was her life, careless even though she should perish: in a word, she truly loved.

But I — oh, what frightful moments! — frightful! yet worthy to be recalled. How often did I weep in Bendel's bosom, after I recovered from the first inebriety of rapture! how severely did I condemn myself, that I, a shadowless being, should seal, with wily selfishness, the perdition of an angel, whose pure soul I had attached to me by lies and theft! Now I determined to unveil myself to her; now, with solemn oaths, I resolved to tear myself from her, and to fly; then again I broke out into tears, and arranged with Bendel for visiting her in the forest-garden again in the evening.

Sometimes I allowed myself to be flattered with the hopes of the now nearly approaching visit of the unknown, mysterious old man; and wept anew when I recollected that I had sought him in vain. I had reckoned the day when I was again to expect to see that awful being. He had said a year and a day, and I relied on his word.

Mina's parents were good, worthy old people, loving their only child most tenderly; the whole affair had taken them by surprise, and, as matters stood, they knew not how to act. They could never have dreamed that Count Peter should think of their child; but it was clear he loved her passionately, and was loved in return. The mother, indeed, was vain enough to think of the possibility of such an alliance, and to prepare for

its accomplishment; but the calm good sense of the old man never gave such an ambitious hope a moment's consideration. But they were both convinced of the purity of my love, and could do nothing but pray for their child.

A letter is now in my hand which I received about this time from Mina. This is her very character. I will copy it for you.

"I know I am a weak, silly girl; for I have taught myself to believe my beloved would not give me pain, and this because I deeply, dearly love him. Alas! thou art so kind, so unutterably kind! but do not delude me. For me make no sacrifice — wish to make no sacrifice. Heaven! I could hate myself if I caused thee to do so. No, thou hast made me infinitely happy; thou hast taught me to love thee. But go in peace! my destiny tells me Count Peter is not mine, but the whole world's; and then I shall feel proudly as I hear that it was he — and he again — that he had done this — that he has been adored here, and deified there. When I think of this, I could reproach thee for forgetting thy high destinies in a simple maiden. Go in peace, or the thought will make me miserable, — me, alas! who am so happy, so blessed through thee. And have not I entwined in thy existence an olive-branch and a rose-bud, as in the garland which I dared to present thee? Think of thyself, my beloved one; fear not to leave me, I should die so blessed — so unutterably blessed, through thee."

You may well imagine how these words thrilled through my bosom. I told her I was not that which I was supposed to be; I was only a wealthy, but an infinitely-wretched man. There was, I said, a curse upon me, which should be the only secret between her and me; for I had not yet lost the hope of being delivered from it. This was the poison of my existence, that I could have swept her away with me into the abyss, — her, the sole light, the sole bliss, the sole spirit of my life. Then she wept again that I was so unhappy. She was so amiable, so full of love! How blessed had she felt to have offered herself up in order to spare me a single tear!

But she was far from rightly understanding my words: she sometimes fancied I was a prince pursued by a cruel proscription; a high and devoted chief, whom her imagination loved to depicture, and to give to her beloved one all the bright hues of heroism.

Once I said to her, "Mina, on the last day of the coming month, my doom may change and be decided. If that should not happen I must die, for I cannot make thee miserable." She wept, and her head sunk upon my bosom. "If thy doom should change, let me but know thou art happy; I have no claim upon thee. But shouldst thou become miserable, bind me to thy misery; I will help thee to bear it."

"Beloved maiden! withdraw, withdraw the rash, the foolish word which has escaped thy lips. Dost thou know what is my misery? dost thou know what is my curse? That thy beloved —what he —Dost thou see me shuddering convulsively before thee and concealing from thee" — She sunk sobbing at my feet, and renewed her declaration with a solemn vow.

I declared to the now approaching forest-master my determination to ask the hand of his daughter for the first day of the coming month. I fixed that period, because in the meanwhile many an event might occur which would have great influence on my fortunes. My love for his daughter could not but be unchangeable.

The good old man started back, as it were, while the words escaped from Count Peter's lips. He fell upon my neck, and then blushed that he had so far forgotten himself. Then he began to doubt, to ponder, to inquire; he spoke of dowry, of security for the future for his beloved child. I thanked him for reminding me of it. I told him I wished to settle and live a life free from anxiety, in a neighborhood where I appeared to be beloved. I ordered him to buy, in the name of his daughter, the finest estates that were offered, and refer to me for the payment. A father would surely best serve the lover of his child. This gave him trouble enough, for some stranger or other always forestalled him; but he bought for only the amount of about a million florins.

The truth is, this was a sort of innocent trick to get rid of him, which I had already once done before; for I must own he was rather tedious. The good mother, on the contrary, was somewhat deaf, and not, like him, always jealous of the honor of entertaining the noble Count.

The mother pressed forward. The happy people crowded around me, entreating me to lengthen the evening among them. I dared not linger a moment; the moon was rising above the twilight of evening; my time was come.

Next evening I returned again to the forest-garden. I had

thrown my broad mantle over my shoulders, my hat was slouched over my eyes. I advanced towards Mina; as she lifted up her eyes and looked at me an involuntary shudder came over her. The frightful night in which I had shown myself shadowless in the moonlight returned in all its brightness to my mind. It was indeed she! Had she, too, recognized me? She was silent and full of thought. I felt the oppression of a nightmare on my breast. I rose from my seat; she threw herself speechless on my bosom. I left her.

But now I often found her in tears; my soul grew darker and darker, while her parents seemed to revel in undisturbed joy. The day so big with fate rolled onwards, heavy and dark like a thunder-cloud. Its eve had arrived, I could scarcely breathe. I had been foresighted enough to fill some chests with gold. I waited for midnight; it tolled.

And there I sat, my eyes directed to the hand of the clock; the seconds, the minutes, as they tinkled, entered me like a dagger. I rose up at every sound I heard. The day began to dawn; the leaden hours crowded one on another; it was morning — evening — night. The hands of the time-piece moved slowly on, and hope was departing. It struck eleven, and nothing appeared. The last minutes of the last hour vanished; still nothing appeared: the first stroke — the last stroke of *twelve* sounded. I sank hopeless on my couch in ceaseless tears. To-morrow — shadowless forever! to-morrow I should solicit the hand of my beloved. Towards morning a heavy sleep closed my eyes.

. . . . . .

It was yet early when I was awakened by the sound of voices violently disputing in my ante-chamber. I listened; Bendel was forbidding access to my door. Rascal swore loudly and deeply that he would take no orders from his fellow-servant, and insisted on rushing into my apartment. The good Bendel warned him that if such language reached my ears he might perchance lose a profitable place; but Rascal threatened to lay violent hands upon him if he impeded his entrance any longer.

I had half dressed myself. I angrily flung the door open, and called out to Rascal, "What dost want, thou scoundrel?" He retreated two paces, and answered with perfect coldness, "Humbly to request, may it please your lordship, for once to

show me your shadow; the sun is shining so beautifully in the court."

I felt as if scathed by a thunderbolt, and it was long before I could utter a word: "How can a servant presume against his master that — " He interrupted me with provoking calmness: "A servant may be a very honest man, and yet refuse to serve a shadowless master; I must have my discharge." I tried another weapon.

"But Rascal, my dear Rascal, who has put this wild notion into your head? How can you imagine — " But he continued in the same tone, "There are people who assert you have no shadow; so, in a word, either show me your shadow, or give me my discharge."

Bendel, pale and trembling, but more discreet than I, made me a sign to seek a resource in the silence-imposing gold. But it had lost its power; Rascal flung it at my feet: "I will take nothing from a shadowless being." He turned his back upon me, put his hat on his head, and went slowly out of the apartment whistling a tune. I stood there like a petrifaction, looking after him, vacant and motionless.

Heavy and melancholy, with a deathlike feeling within me, I prepared to redeem my promise, and, like a criminal before his judges, to show myself in the forester's garden. I ascended to the dark arbor which had been called by my name, where an appointment had been made to meet me. Mina's mother came forward towards me, gay, and free from care. Mina was seated there, pale and lovely, as the earliest snow when it kisses the last autumnal flower and soon dissolves into bitter drops. The forest-master, with a written sheet in his hand, wandered in violent agitation from side to side, seemingly overcome with internal feelings, which painted his usually unvarying countenance with constantly changing paleness and scarlet. He came towards me as I entered, and with broken accents requested to speak to me alone. The path through which he invited me to follow him led to an open, sunny part of the garden. I seated myself down without uttering a word; a long silence followed, which even our good mother dared not interrupt.

With irregular steps the forest-master paced the arbor backwards and forwards; he stood for a moment before me, looked into the paper which he held, and said with a most penetrating glance, "Count, and do you indeed know one Peter

Schlemihl?" I was silent. "A man of reputable character, and of great accomplishments." He waited for my answer. "And what if I were he?" "He," added he vehemently, "who has in some way got rid of his shadow!" "Oh, my forebodings! my forebodings!" exclaimed Mina, "alas! I knew long ago that he had no shadow!" and she flung herself into her mother's arms, who, alarmed, pressed her convulsively to her bosom, reproaching me with having concealed such a fatal secret from her; but she, like Arethusa, was bathed in a fountain of tears, which flowed abundantly at the sound of my voice, and at my approach tempestuously burst forth.

"And so," cried the forest-master, furiously, "your matchless impudence has sought to betray that poor girl and me; and you pretended to love her, — her whom you have dragged to the abyss. See how she weeps, how she is agonized! Oh shame! Oh sin!"

I was so completely confused that I answered incoherently, "After all, 'twas but a shadow, nothing but a shadow — one can manage without it; and surely it is not worth making such a noise about." But I felt so deeply the deception of my language that I was silent before he deigned to give me an answer. I added, "What a man has lost to-day he may find again to-morrow."

He spoke angrily: "Explain to me, sir, explain how you got rid of your shadow." I was compelled again to lie: "A vulgar fellow trod so clumsily upon my shadow that he tore a great hole in it; I sent it to be mended — gold can do everything; I ought to have received it back yesterday."

"Very well, sir, very well," he replied. "You sue for my daughter, others do the same; as her father I must take care of her. I give you three days' respite, which you may employ in procuring a shadow. Come to me after this; and if you have one that suits you, you will be welcome. But if not, on the fourth day I must tell you my daughter shall be the wife of another." I attempted to address a word to Mina; but she clung, violently agitated, closer to her mother, who silently beckoned to me that I should retire. I slunk away as if the world's gates had closed behind me.

Escaped to Bendel's affectionate guidance, I wandered with erring footsteps through fields and woods; sweat-drops of anguish fell from my brow, deep groans broke from my bosom, within me raged a wild frenzy.

I know not how long it had lasted, when on a sunny heath I found myself held by the sleeve. I stood still, and looked around me. It was the gray-coated stranger; he seemed to have followed me till he was out of breath. He instantly began, —

"I had announced myself for to-day; you have hardly been able to wait so long, but all is well; you will take good counsel; exchange your shadow again, it only waits your commands; and then turn back. You will be welcome in the forester's garden: it was but a jest. Rascal, who has betrayed you, and who is a suitor to your betrothed, I will dispose of: the fellow is ripe."

I stood there still, as if I were asleep. "Announced for to-day?" I reckoned the time over again; it was so. I had erred in my calculations. I put my right hand on the bag in my bosom; he discovered my meaning, and drew back two paces.

"No, Sir Count, that is in good hands, that you may retain." I looked on him with staring and inquiring eyes. He spoke: "May I ask for a trifling memento? Be so good as to sign this note." The following words were on the parchment he held: —

"I hereby promise to deliver over my soul to the bearer after its natural separation from my body."

I looked with dumb astonishment, now on the gray unknown, and now on the writing. In the meantime he had dipped a new pen in a drop of my blood, which was flowing from a scratch made by a thorn in my hand. He handed the pen to me.

"Who are you, then?" I at last inquired. "What does that matter?" he answered. "Don't you see what I am? a poor devil; a sort of philosopher or alchemist, who receives spare thanks for great favors he confers on his friends; one who has no enjoyment in this world except a little *experimentalizing:* but sign, I pray — ay, just there on the right, *Peter Schlemihl.*"

I shook my head. "Forgive me, sir, for I will not sign." "Not!" replied he, with seeming surprise, "why not?"

"'Tis an affair that requires some consideration, — to add my soul to my shadow in the bargain." "Oh, oh," he exclaimed, "consideration!" and burst into a loud laugh. "May I then be allowed to ask, what sort of a thing is your soul? Have you ever seen it? Do you know what will become of it when you are once departed? Rejoice that you have found

somebody to take notice of it; to buy, even during your lifetime, the reversion of this X, this galvanic power, this polarizing influence, or whatever the silly trifle may turn out to be; to pay for it with your bodily shadow, with something really substantial, — the hand of your mistress, the fulfillment of your prayers. Or will you rather deliver over the sweet maiden to that contemptible scoundrel, Mr. Rascal? No, no! look to that with your own eyes. Come hither; I will lend you the wishing-cap too (he drew something from his pocket), and we will have a ramble unseen through the forest-garden."

I must confess I was sadly ashamed to be thus laughed at by this fellow. I hated him from the bottom of my soul; and I believe this personal antipathy prevented me, more than my principles, from giving the required signature for my shadow, necessary as it was to me. The thought was unbearable, that I should undertake such a walk in his company. This sneaking scoundrel, this scornful, irritating imp, placing himself betwixt me and my beloved, sporting with two bleeding hearts, roused my deepest feelings. I looked on what had passed as ordained, and considered my misery as irretrievable. I turned upon the man and said, — .

"Sir, I sold you my shadow for this most estimable bag of yours: I have repented it enough; if the bargain can be annulled, in the name of" — He shook his head, looked at me with a dark frown. I began again, "I will sell you nothing more of my possessions, though you may offer as high a price as for my shadow; and I will sign nothing. Hence you may conclude that the metamorphosis to which you invite me would perhaps be more agreeable to you than to me. Forgive me, but it cannot be otherwise; let us part."

"I am sorry, Mr. Schlemihl, that you so capriciously push away the favors which are presented to you; but I may be more fortunate another time. Farewell, till our speedy meeting. By the way, you will allow me to mention that I do not by any means permit my purchases to get moldy; I hold them in special regard, and take the best possible care of them."

With this he took my shadow out of his pocket, and with a dexterous fling it was unrolled and spread out on the heath on the sunny side of his feet, so that he stood between the two attendant shadows, mine and his, and walked away: mine seemed to belong to him as much as his own; it accommodated itself to all his movements and all his necessities.

When I saw my poor shadow again, after so long a separation, and found it applied to such base uses, at a moment when, for its sake I was suffering nameless anguish, my heart broke within me, and I began to weep most bitterly. The hated one walked proudly on with his spoil, and unblushingly renewed his proposals.

"You may have it — 'tis but a stroke of the pen; you will save, too, your poor unhappy Mina from the claws of the vagabond; save her for the arms of the most honorable Count. 'Tis but a stroke of the pen, I say." Tears broke forth with new violence; but I turned away, and beckoned him to be gone.

Bendel, who had followed my steps to the present spot, approached me full of sadness at this instant. The kind-hearted fellow perceived me weeping, and observed my shadow, which he could not mistake, attached to the figure of the extraordinary, gray, unknown one, and he endeavored by force to put me in possession of my property; but not being able to lay firm hold on this subtle thing, he ordered the old man, in a peremptory tone, to abandon what did not belong to him. He, for a reply, turned his back upon my well-meaning servant, and marched away. Bendel followed him closely, and lifting up the stout black-thorn cudgel which he carried, required the man to give up the shadow, enforcing the command with the strength of his nervous arm; but the man, accustomed perhaps to such encounters, bowed his head, raised his shoulders, and walked silently and calmly over the heath, accompanied by my shadow and my faithful man. For a long time I heard the dull sound echoed over the waste. It was lost at last in the distance. I stood alone with my misery as before.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

William Ellery Channing, an American divine and essayist, born at Newport, R.I., April 7, 1780; died at Bennington, Vt., Oct. 2, 1842. He was educated at Harvard University, graduating in 1798. In 1803 he was ordained minister of the Federal Street Congregational Church in Boston. In an ordination sermon preached in 1819 he advanced Unitarian views. His tractate on "The Evidences of Christianity" and his "Address on War" led the authorities of Harvard University in 1821 to bestow on him the title of D.D. The best known of Channing's works are "Remarks on the Life and Character of Napoleon Bonaparte," "Remarks on the Character and Writings of John Milton," "Essay on the Character and Writings of Fénelon," "Essay on Self-Culture," "Essay on the Importance and Means of a National Literature," "Address on War," and "The Evidences of Christianity."

Remarks on the Life and Character of Napoleon Bonaparte.

In a former number of our work we reviewed the life and character of Napoleon Bonaparte. We resume the subject, not for the purpose of speaking more largely of the individual, but that we may consider more distinctly the *principle of action* which governed him, and of which he was a remarkable manifestation.

Power was the idol to which Bonaparte sacrificed himself. To gain supremacy and unlimited sway, to subject men to his will, was his chief, settled, unrelenting purpose. This passion drew and converted into itself the whole energy of his nature. The love of power, that common principle, explains, in a great degree, his character and life. His crimes did not spring from any impulse peculiar to himself. With all his contempt of the human race, he still belonged to it. It is true both of the brightest virtues and the blackest vices, though they seem to set apart their possessors from the rest of mankind, that the seeds of them are sown in every human breast. The man who

attracts and awes us by his intellectual and moral grandeur, is only an example and anticipation of the improvements for which every mind was endowed with reason and conscience; and the worst man has become such by the perversion and excess of desires and appetites which he shares with his whole race. Napoleon had no element of character which others do not possess. It was his misery and guilt that he was usurped and absorbed by one passion; that his whole mind shot up into one growth; that his singular strength of thought and will, which, if consecrated to virtue, would have enrolled him among the benefactors of mankind, was enslaved by one lust. He is not to be gazed on as a miracle. He was a manifestation of our own nature. He teaches on a large scale what thousands teach on a narrow one. He shows us the greatness of the ruin which is wrought when the order of the mind is subverted, conscience dethroned, and a strong passion left without restraint to turn every inward and outward resource to the accomplishment of a selfish purpose.

The influence of the *love of power* on human affairs is so constant, unbounded, and tremendous, that we think this principle of our nature worthy of distinct consideration, and shall devote to it a few pages, as a fit sequel to our notice of Bonaparte.

The passion for power is one of the most universal; nor is it to be regarded as a crime in all its forms. Sweeping censures on a natural sentiment cast blame on the Creator. This principle shows itself in the very dawn of our existence. The child never exults and rejoices more than when it becomes conscious of power by overcoming difficulties or compassing new ends. All our desires and appetites lend aid and energy to this passion, for all find increase of gratification in proportion to the growth of our strength and influence. We ought to add, that this principle is fed from nobler sources. Power is a chief element of all the commanding qualities of our nature. It enters into all the higher virtues; such as magnanimity, fortitude, constancy. It enters into intellectual eminence. It is power of thought and utterance which immortalizes the products of genius. Is it strange that an attribute, through which all our passions reach their objects, and which characterizes whatever is great or admirable in man, should awaken intense desire, and be sought as one of the chief goods of life?

This principle, we have said, is not in all its forms a crime.

There are, indeed, various kinds of power, which it is our duty to covet, accumulate, and hold fast. First, there is *inward* power, the most precious of all possessions; power over ourselves; power to withstand trial, to bear suffering, to front danger; power over pleasure and pain; power to follow our convictions, however resisted by menace or scorn; the power of calm reliance in seasons of darkness and storms. Again, there is a power over *outward* things; the power by which the mind triumphs over matter, presses into its service the subtilest and strongest elements, makes the winds, fire, and steam its ministers, rears the city, opens a path through the ocean, and makes the wilderness blossom as the rose. These forms of power, especially the first, are glorious distinctions of our race, nor can we prize them too highly.

There is another power, which is our principal concern in the present discussion. We mean power over our fellow creatures. It is this which ambition chiefly covets, and which has instigated to more crime, and spread more misery, than any other cause. We are not, however, to condemn even this universally. There is a truly noble sway of man over man; one which it is our honor to seek and exert; which is earned by well-doing; which is a chief recompense of virtue. We refer to the quickening influence of a good and great mind over other minds, by which it brings them into sympathy with itself. Far from condemning this, we are anxious to hold it forth as the purest glory which virtuous ambition can propose. The power of awakening, enlightening, elevating our fellow-creatures may, with peculiar fitness, be called divine; for there is no agency of God so beneficent and sublime as that which he exerts on rational natures, and by which he assimilates them to himself. This sway over other souls is the surest test of greatness. We admire, indeed, the energy which subdues the material creation, or develops the physical resources of a state. But it is a nobler might which calls forth the intellectual and moral resources of a people, which communicates new impulses to society, throws into circulation new and stirring thoughts, gives the mind a new consciousness of its faculties, and rouses and fortifies the will to an unconquerable purpose of well-doing. This spiritual power is worth all other. To improve man's outward condition is a secondary agency, and is chiefly important as it gives the means of inward growth. The most glorious minister of God on earth is he who speaks with a life-giving energy to other

minds, breathing into them the love of truth and virtue, strengthening them to suffer in a good cause, and lifting them above the senses and the world.

We know not a more exhilarating thought than that this power is given to men; that we cannot only change the face of the outward world, and by virtuous discipline improve ourselves, but that we may become springs of life and light to our fellow-beings. We are thus admitted to fellowship with Jesus Christ, whose highest end was that he might act with a new and celestial energy on the human mind. We rejoice to think that he did not come to monopolize this divine sway, to enjoy a solitary grandeur, but to receive others, even all who should obey his religion, into the partnership of this honor and happiness. Every Christian, in proportion to his progress, acquires a measure of this divine agency. In the humblest conditions, a power goes forth from a devout and disinterested spirit, calling forth silently moral and religious sentiment, perhaps in a child, or some other friend, and teaching, without the aid of words, the loveliness and peace of sincere and single-hearted virtue. In the more enlightened classes, individuals now and then rise up, who, through a singular force and elevation of soul, obtain a sway over men's minds to which no limit can be prescribed. They speak with a voice which is heard by distant nations, and which goes down to future ages. Their names are repeated with veneration by millions; and millions read in their lives and writings a quickening testimony to the greatness of the mind, to its moral strength, to the reality of disinterested virtue. These are the true sovereigns of the earth. They share in the royalty of Jesus Christ. They have a greatness which will be more and more felt. The time is coming, its signs are visible, when this long-mistaken attribute of greatness will be seen to belong eminently, if not exclusively, to those who, by their characters, deeds, sufferings, writings, leave imperishable and ennobling traces of themselves on the human mind. Among these legitimate sovereigns of the world will be ranked the philosopher, who penetrates the secrets of the universe and of the soul; who opens new fields to the intellect; who gives it a new consciousness of its own powers, rights, and divine original; who spreads enlarged and liberal habits of thought: and who helps men to understand that an ever-growing knowledge is the patrimony destined for them by the "Father of their spirits." Among them will be ranked the

statesman who, escaping a vulgar policy, rises to the discovery of the true interest of a state; who seeks without fear or favor the common good; who understands that a nation's mind is more valuable than its soil; who inspirits a people's enterprise, without making them the slaves of wealth; who is mainly anxious to originate or give stability to institutions by which society may be carried forward; who confides with a sublime constancy in justice and virtue, as the only foundation of a wise policy and a public prosperity; and, above all, who has so drunk into the spirit of Christ and of God as never to forget that his particular country is a member of the great human family, bound to all nations by a common nature, by a common interest, and by indissoluble laws of equity and charity. Among these will be ranked, perhaps, on the highest throne, the moral and religious reformer, who truly merits that name; who rises above his times; who is moved by a holy impulse to assail vicious establishments, sustained by fierce passions and inveterate prejudices; who rescues great truths from the corruptions of ages; who, joining calm and deep thought to profound feeling, secures to religion at once enlightened and earnest conviction; who unfolds to men higher forms of virtue than they have yet attained or conceived; who gives brighter and more thrilling views of the perfection for which they were framed, and inspires a victorious faith in the perpetual progress of our nature.

There is one characteristic of this power which belongs to truly great minds, particularly deserving notice. Far from enslaving, it makes more and more free those on whom it is exercised; and in this respect it differs wholly from the vulgar sway which ambition thirsts for. It awakens a kindred power in others, calls their faculties into new life, and particularly strengthens them to follow their own deliberate convictions of truth and duty. It breathes conscious energy, self-respect, moral independence, and a scorn of every foreign yoke.

There is another power over men very different from this, — a power, not to quicken and elevate, but to crush and subdue; a power which robs men of the free use of their nature, takes them out of their own hands, and compels them to bend to another's will. This is the sway which men grasp at most eagerly, and which it is our great purpose to expose. To reign, to give laws, to clothe their own wills with omnipotence, to

annihilate all other wills, to spoil the individual of that self-direction which is his most precious right, — this has ever been deemed by multitudes the highest prize for competition and conflict. The most envied men are those who have succeeded in prostrating multitudes, in subjecting whole communities, to their single will. It is the love of this power, in all its forms, which we are anxious to hold up to reprobation. If any crime should be placed by society beyond pardon, it is this.

This power has been exerted most conspicuously and perniciously by two classes of men, — the priest or minister of religion, and the civil ruler. Both rely on the same instrument, — that is, pain or terror; the first calling to his aid the fires and torments of the future world, and practicing on the natural dread of invisible powers; and the latter availing himself of chains, dungeons, and gibbets in the present life. Through these terrible applications man has, in all ages and in almost every country, been made, in a greater or less degree, a slave and machine; been shackled in all his faculties, and degraded into a tool of others' wills and passions. The influence of almost every political and religious institution has been to make man abject in mind; fearful, servile, a mechanical repeater of opinions which he dares not try, and a contributor of his toil, sweat, and blood, to governments which never dreamed of the general weal as their only legitimate end. On the immense majority of men, thus wronged and enslaved, the consciousness of their own nature has not yet dawned; and the doctrine, that each has a mind, worth more than the material world, and framed to grow forever by a self-forming, self-directing energy, is still a secret, a mystery, notwithstanding the clear annunciation of it, ages ago, by Jesus Christ. We know not a stronger proof of the intenseness and nefariousness of the love of power than the fact of its having virtually abrogated Christianity, and even turned into an engine of dominion a revelation which breathes throughout the spirit of freedom, proclaims the essential equality of the human race, and directs its most solemn denunciations against the passion for rule and empire.

That this power, which consists in force and compulsion, in the imposition on the many of the will and judgment of one or a few, is of a low order, when compared with the quickening influence over others of which we have before spoken, we need not stop to prove. But the remark is less obvious, though not less true, that it is not only inferior in kind, but in amount or

degree. This may not be so easily acknowledged. He whose will is passively obeyed by a nation, or whose creed implicitly adopted by a spreading sect, may not easily believe that his power is exceeded, not only in kind or quality, but in extent, by him who wields only the silent, subtile influence of moral and intellectual gifts. But the superiority of moral to arbitrary sway in this particular is proved by its effects. Moral power is creative; arbitrary power wastes away the spirit and force of those on whom it is exerted. And is it not a mightier work to create than to destroy? A higher energy is required to quicken than to crush; to elevate than to depress; to warm and expand than to chill and contract. Any hand, even the weakest, may take away life; another agency is required to kindle or restore it. A vulgar incendiary may destroy in an hour a magnificent structure, the labor of ages. Has he energy to be compared with the creative intellect in which this work had its origin? A fanatic of ordinary talent may send terror through a crowd; and by the craft, which is so often joined with fanaticism, may fasten on multitudes a debasing creed. Has he power to be compared with him who rescues from darkness one only of these enslaved minds, and quickens it to think justly and nobly in relation to God, duty, and immortality? The energies of a single soul, awakened, by such an influence, to the free and full use of its powers, may surpass, in their progress, the intellectual activity of a whole community, enchained and debased by fanaticism or outward force. Arbitrary power, whether civil or religious, if tried by the only fair test, that is, by its effects, seems to have more affinity with weakness than strength. It enfeebles and narrows what it acts upon. Its efficiency resembles that of darkness and cold in the natural world. True power is vivifying, productive, builds up, and gives strength. We have a noble type and manifestation of it in the sun, which calls forth and diffuses motion, life, energy, and beauty. He who succeeds in chaining men's understandings, and breaking their wills, may indeed number millions as his subjects. But a weak, puny race are the products of his sway, and they can only reach the stature and force of men by throwing off his yoke. He who, by an intellectual and moral energy, awakens kindred energy in others, touches springs of infinite might, gives impulse to faculties to which no bounds can be prescribed, begins an action which will never end. One great and kindling thought from a retired and obscure man may live when thrones

are fallen, and the memory of those who filled them obliterated, and, like an undying fire, may illuminate and quicken all future generations.

We have spoken of the inferiority and worthlessness of that dominion over others which has been coveted so greedily in all ages. We should rejoice could we convey some just idea of its moral turpitude. Of all injuries and crimes, the most flagrant is chargeable on him who aims to establish dominion over his brethren. He wars with what is more precious than life. He would rob men of their chief prerogative and glory, — we mean, of self-dominion, of that empire which is given to a rational and moral being over his own soul and his own life. Such a being is framed to find honor and happiness in forming and swaying himself, in adopting as his supreme standard his convictions of truth and duty, in unfolding his powers by free exertion, in acting from a principle within, from his growing conscience. His proper and noblest attributes are self-reverence, energy of thought, energy in choosing the right and the good, energy in casting off all other dominion. He was created for empire in his own breast, and woe, woe to them who would pluck from him this scepter! A mind, inspired by God with reason and conscience, and capable, through these endowments, of progress in truth and duty, is a sacred thing; more sacred than temples made with hands, or even than this outward universe. It is of nobler lineage than that of which human aristocracy makes its boast. It bears the lineaments of a divine Parent. It has not only a physical, but moral connection with the Supreme Being. Through its self-determining power, it is accountable for its deeds, and for whatever it becomes. Responsibility — that which above all things makes existence solemn — is laid upon it. Its great end is to conform itself, by its own energy, and by spiritual succors which its own prayers and faithfulness secure, to that perfection of wisdom and goodness of which God is the original and source, which shines upon us from the whole outward world, but of which the intelligent soul is a truer recipient and a brighter image, even than the sun with all his splendors. From these views we learn that no outrage, no injury, can equal that which is perpetrated by him who would break down and subjugate the human mind; who would rob men of self-reverence; who would bring them to stand more in awe of outward authority than of reason and conscience in their own souls; who would make himself a standard and law for

his race, and shape, by force or terror, the free spirits of others after his own judgment and will.

All excellence, whether intellectual or moral, involves, as its essential elements, freedom, energy, and moral independence, so that the invader of these, whether from the throne or the pulpit, invades the most sacred interest of the human race. Intellectual excellence implies and requires these. This does not consist in passive assent even to the highest truths; or in the most extensive stores of knowledge acquired by an implicit faith, and lodged in the inert memory. It lies in force, freshness, and independence of thought; and is most conspicuously manifested by him who, loving truth supremely, seeks it resolutely, follows the light without fear, and modifies the views of others by the patient, strenuous exercise of his own faculties. To a man thus intellectually free, truth is not, what it is to passive multitudes, a foreign substance, dormant, lifeless, fruitless, but penetrating, prolific, full of vitality, and ministering to the health and expansion of the soul. And what we have said of intellectual excellence is still more true of moral. This has its foundation and root in freedom, and cannot exist a moment without it. The very idea of virtue is, that it is a free act, the product or result of the mind's self-determining power. It is not good feeling, infused by nature or caught by sympathy; nor is it good conduct into which we have slidden through imitation, or which has been forced upon us by another's will. We ourselves are its authors in a high and peculiar sense. We indeed depend on God for virtue; for our capacity of moral action is wholly his gift and inspiration, and without his perpetual aid this capacity would avail nothing. But his aid is not compulsion. He respects, he cannot violate that moral freedom which is his richest gift. To the individual, the decision of his own character is left. He has more than kingly power in his own soul. Let him never resign it. Let none dare to interfere with it. Virtue is self-dominion, or, what is the same thing, it is self-subjection to the principle of duty, that highest law in the soul. If these views of intellectual and moral excellence be just, then to invade men's freedom is to aim the deadliest blow at their honor and happiness; and their worst foe is he who fetters their reason, who makes his will their law, who makes them tools, echoes, copies of himself.

Perhaps it may be objected to the representation of virtue as consisting in self-dominion, that the Scriptures speak of it as

consisting in obedience to God. But these are perfectly compatible and harmonious views; for genuine obedience to God is the free choice and adoption of a law, the great principles of which our own minds approve, and our own consciences bind on us; which is not an arbitrary injunction, but an emanation and expression of the divine Mind; and which is intended throughout to give energy, dignity, and enlargement to our best powers. He, and he only, obeys God virtuously and acceptably, who reverences right, not power; who has chosen rectitude as his supreme rule; who sees and reveres in God the fullness and brightness of moral excellence, and who sees in obedience the progress and perfection of his own nature. That subjection to the Deity, which, we fear, is too common, in which the mind surrenders itself to mere power and will, is any thing but virtue. We fear that it is disloyalty to that moral principle which is ever to be reverenced as God's vicegerent in the rational soul.

Perhaps some may fear that, in our zeal for the freedom and independence of the individual mind, we unsettle government, and almost imply that it is a wrong. Far from it. We hold government to be an essential means of our intellectual and moral education, and would strengthen it by pointing out its legitimate functions. Government, as far as it is rightful, is the guardian and friend of freedom, so that in exalting the one we enforce the other. The highest aim of all authority is to confer liberty. This is true of domestic rule. The great, we may say the single, object of parental government, of a wise and virtuous education, is to give the child the fullest use of his own powers; to give him inward force; to train him up to govern himself. The same is true of the authority of Jesus Christ. He came, indeed, to rule mankind; but to rule them, not by arbitrary statutes, not by force and menace, not by mere will, but by setting before them, in precept and life, those everlasting rules of rectitude which heaven obeys, and of which every soul contains the living germs. He came to exert a moral power; to reign by the manifestation of celestial virtues; to awaken the energy of holy purpose in the free mind. He came to publish liberty to the captives; to open the prison door; to break the power of the passions; to break the yoke of a ceremonial religion which had been imposed in the childhood of the race; to exalt us to a manly homage and obedience of our Creator. Of civil government, too, the great end is to secure freedom.

Its proper and highest function is, to watch over the liberties of each and all, and to open to a community the widest field for all its powers. Its very chains and prisons have the general freedom for their aim. They are just, only when used to curb oppression and wrong; to disarm him who has a tyrant's heart, if not a tyrant's power, who wars against others' rights, who, by invading property or life, would substitute force for the reign of equal laws. Freedom, we repeat it, is the end of government. To exalt men to self-rule is the end of all other rule; and he who would fasten on them his arbitrary will is their worst foe.

We have aimed to show the guilt of the love of power and dominion, by showing the ruin which it brings on the mind, by enlarging on the preciousness of that inward freedom which it invades and destroys. To us, this view is the most impressive; but the guilt of this passion may also be discerned, and by some more clearly, in its outward influences, — in the desolation, bloodshed, and woe of which it is the perpetual cause. We owe to it almost all the miseries of war. To spread the sway of one or a few, thousands and millions have been turned into machines under the name of soldiers, armed with instruments of destruction, and then sent to reduce others to their own lot by fear and pain, by fire and sword, by butchery and pillage. And is it light guilt to array man against his brother; to make murder the trade of thousands; to drench the earth with human blood; to turn it into a desert; to scatter families like chaff; to make mothers widows, and children orphans; and to do all this for the purpose of spreading a still gloomier desolation, for the purpose of subjugating men's souls, turning them into base parasites, extorting from them a degrading homage, humbling them in their own eyes, and breaking them to servility as the chief duty of life? When the passion for power succeeds, as it generally has done, in establishing despotism, it seems to make even civilization a doubtful good. Whilst the monarch and his court are abandoned to a wasteful luxury, the peasantry, rooted to the soil and doomed to a perpetual round of labors, are raised but little above the brute. There are parts of Europe, Christian Europe, in which the peasant, through whose sweat kings and nobles riot in plenty, seems to enjoy less, on the whole, than the untamed Indian of our forests. Chained to one spot, living on the cheapest vegetables, sometimes unable to buy salt to season his coarse fare, seldom or never tasting animal food, having for

his shelter a mud-walled hut floored with earth or stone, and subjected equally with the brute to the rule of a superior, he seems to us to partake less of animal, intellectual, and moral pleasures than the free wanderer of the woods, whose steps no man fetters; whose wigwam no tyrant violates; whose chief toil is hunting, that noblest of sports; who feasts on the deer, that most luxurious of viands; to whom streams, as well as woods, pay tribute; whose adventurous life gives sagacity; and in whom peril nourishes courage and self-command. We are no advocates for savage life. We know that its boasted freedom is a delusion. The single fact that human nature in this wild state makes no progress, is proof enough that it wants true liberty. We mean only to say that man, in the hands of despotism, is sometimes degraded below the savage; that it were better for him to be lawless, than to live under lawless sway.

It is the part of Christians to look on the passion for power and dominion with strong abhorrence; for it is singularly hostile to the genius of their religion. Jesus Christ always condemned it. One of the striking marks of his moral greatness, and of the originality of his character, was, that he held no fellowship and made no compromise with this universal spirit of his age, but withstood it in every form. He found the Jews intoxicating themselves with dreams of empire. Of the prophecies relating to the Messiah, the most familiar and dear to them were those which announced him as a conqueror, and which were construed by their worldliness into a promise of triumphs to the people from whom he was to spring. Even the chosen disciples of Jesus looked to him for this good. "To sit on his right hand and on his left," or, in other words, to hold the most commanding station in his kingdom, was not only their lurking wish, but their open and importunate request. But there was no passion on which Jesus frowned more severely than on this. He taught that, to be great in his kingdom, men must serve, instead of ruling, their brethren. He placed among them a child as an emblem of the humility of his religion. His most terrible rebukes fell on the lordly, aspiring Pharisee. In his own person, he was mild and condescending, exacting no personal service, living with his disciples as a friend, sharing their wants, sleeping in their fishing-boat, and even washing their feet; and in all this he expressly proposed himself to them as a pattern, knowing well that the last triumph of disinterestedness is to forget our own superiority in our sympathy, solicitude, tenderness, respect,

and self-denying zeal for those who are below us. We cannot, indeed, wonder that the lust of power should be encountered by the sternest rebukes and menace of Christianity, because it wages open war with the great end of this religion, which is the elevation of the human mind. No corruption of this religion is more palpable and more enormous than that which turns it into an instrument of dominion, and which makes it teach that man's primary duty is to give himself a passive material into the hands of his minister, priest, or king.

The subject which we now discuss is one in which all nations have an interest, and especially our own; and we should fail of our main purpose were we not to lead our readers to apply it to ourselves. The passion for ruling, though most completely developed in despotisms, is confined to no forms of government. It is the chief peril of free states, the natural enemy of free institutions. It agitates our own country, and still throws an uncertainty over the great experiment we are making here in behalf of liberty. We will try, then, in a few words, to expose its influences and dangers, and to abate that zeal with which a participation in office and power is sought among ourselves.

It is the distinction of republican institutions, that whilst they compel the passion for power to moderate its pretensions, and to satisfy itself with more limited gratifications, they tend to spread it more widely through the community, and to make it a universal principle. The doors of office being open to all, crowds burn to rush in. A thousand hands are stretched out to grasp the reins which are denied to none. Perhaps, in this boasted and boasting land of liberty, not a few, if called to state the chief good of a republic, would place it in this, that every man is eligible to every office, and that the highest places of power and trust are prizes for universal competition. The superiority attributed by many to our institutions is, not that they secure the greatest freedom, but give every man a chance of ruling; not that they reduce the power of government within the narrowest limits which the safety of the state admits, but throw it into as many hands as possible. The despot's great crime is thought to be that he keeps the delight of dominion to himself, that he makes a monopoly of it, whilst our more generous institutions, by breaking it into parcels, and inviting the multitude to scramble for it, spread this joy more widely. The result is, that political ambition infects our country, and generates a feverish restlessness and discontent, which, to the mon-

archist, may seem more than a balance for our forms of liberty. The spirit of intrigue, which in absolute governments is confined to courts, walks abroad through the land; and, as individuals can accomplish no political purposes single-handed, they band themselves into parties, ostensibly framed for public ends, but aiming only at the acquisition of power. The nominal sovereign, that is, the people, like all other sovereigns, is courted and flattered, and told that it can do no wrong. Its pride is pampered, its passions inflamed, its prejudices made inveterate. Such are the processes by which other republics have been subverted, and he must be blind who cannot trace them among ourselves. We mean not to exaggerate our dangers. We rejoice to know that the improvements of society oppose many checks to the love of power. But every wise man who sees its workings must dread it as our chief foe.

This passion derives strength and vehemence in our country from the common idea that political power is the highest prize which society has to offer. We know not a more general delusion, nor is it the least dangerous. Instilled as it is in our youth, it gives infinite excitement to political ambition. It turns the active talent of the country to public station as the supreme good, and makes it restless, intriguing, and unprincipled. It calls out hosts of selfish competitors for comparatively few places, and encourages a bold, unblushing pursuit of personal elevation, which a just moral sense and self-respect in the community would frown upon and cover with shame. This prejudice has come down from past ages, and is one of their worst bequests. To govern others has always been thought the highest function on earth. We have a remarkable proof of the strength and pernicious influence of this persuasion in the manner in which history has been written. Who fill the page of history? Political and military leaders, who have lived for one end, — to subdue and govern their fellow-beings. These occupy the foreground, and the people, the human race, dwindle into insignificance, and are almost lost behind their masters. The proper and noblest object of history is to record the vicissitudes of society, its spirit in different ages, the causes which have determined its progress and decline, and especially the manifestations and growth of its highest attributes and interests of intelligence, of the religious principle, of moral sentiment, of the elegant and useful arts, of the triumphs of man over nature and himself. Instead of this, we have records of men in power,

often weak, oftener wicked, who did little or nothing for the advancement of their age, who were in no sense its representatives, whom the accident of birth perhaps raised to influence. We have the quarrels of courtiers, the intrigues of cabinets, sieges and battles, royal births and deaths, and the secrets of a palace, that sink of lewdness and corruption. These are the staples of history. The inventions of printing, of gunpowder, and the mariner's compass, were too mean affairs for history to trace. She was bowing before kings and warriors. She had volumes for the plots and quarrels of Leicester and Essex in the reign of Elizabeth, but not a page for Shakspeare; and if Bacon had not filled an office, she would hardly have recorded his name, in her anxiety to preserve the deeds and sayings of that Solomon of his age, James the First.

We have spoken of the supreme importance which is attached to rulers and government, as a prejudice; and we think that something may be done towards abating the passion for power by placing this thought in a clearer light. It seems to us not very difficult to show, that to govern men is not as high a sphere of action as has been commonly supposed, and that those who have obtained this dignity have usurped a place beyond their due in history and men's minds. We apprehend, indeed, that we are not alone in this opinion; that a change of sentiment on this subject has commenced and must go on; that men are learning that there are higher sources of happiness and more important agents in human affairs than political rule. It is one mark of the progress of society that it brings down the public man and raises the private one. It throws power into the hands of untitled individuals, and spreads it through all orders of the community. It multiplies and distributes freely means of extensive influence, and opens new channels by which the gifted mind, in whatever rank or condition, may communicate itself far and wide. Through the diffusion of education and printing, a private man may now speak to multitudes, incomparably more numerous than ancient or modern eloquence ever electrified in the popular assembly or the hall of legislation. By these instruments, truth is asserting her sovereignty over nations, without the help of rank, office, or sword; and her faithful ministers will become more and more the lawgivers of the world.

We mean not to deny, we steadily affirm, that government is a great good, and essential to human happiness; but it does

its good chiefly by a negative influence, by repressing injustice and crime, by securing property from invasion, and thus removing obstructions to the free exercise of human powers. It confers little possible benefit. Its office is not to confer happiness, but to give men opportunity to work out happiness for themselves. Government resembles the wall which surrounds our lands, — a needful protection, but rearing no harvests, ripening no fruits. It is the individual who must choose whether the inclosure shall be a paradise or a waste. How little positive good can government confer! It does not till our fields, build our houses, weave the ties which bind us to our families, give disinterestedness to the heart, or energy to the intellect and will. All our great interests are left to ourselves; and governments, when they have interfered with them, have obstructed much more than advanced them. For example, they have taken religion into their keeping only to disfigure it. So education, in their hands, has generally become a propagator of servile maxims, and an upholder of antiquated errors. In like manner they have paralyzed trade by their nursing care, and multiplied poverty by expedients for its relief. Government has almost always been a barrier against which intellect has had to struggle; and society has made its chief progress by the minds of private individuals who have outstripped their rulers, and gradually shamed them into truth and wisdom.

Virtue and intelligence are the great interests of a community, including all others, and worth all others; and the noblest agency is that by which they are advanced. Now, we apprehend that political power is not the most effectual instrument for their promotion, and accordingly we doubt whether government is the only or highest sphere for superior minds. Virtue, from its very nature, cannot be a product of what may be called the direct operation of government; that is, of legislation. Laws may repress crime. Their office is to erect prisons for violence and fraud. But moral and religious worth, dignity of character, loftiness of sentiment, all that makes man a blessing to himself and society, lies beyond their province. Virtue is of the soul, where laws cannot penetrate. Excellence is something too refined, spiritual, celestial, to be produced by the coarse machinery of government. Human legislation addresses itself to self-love, and works by outward force. Its chief instrument is punishment. It cannot touch the springs of virtuous feelings, of great and good deeds. Accordingly, rulers, with

all their imagined omnipotence, do not dream of enjoining by statute, philanthropy, gratitude, devout sentiment, magnanimity, and purity of thought. Virtue is too high a concern for government. It is an inspiration of God, not a creature of law; and the agents whom God chiefly honors in its promotion are those who, through experience as well as meditation, have risen to generous conceptions of it, and who show it forth, not in empty eulogies, but in the language of deep conviction and in lives of purity.

Government, then, does little to advance the chief interest of human nature by its direct agency; and what shall we say of its indirect? Here we wish not to offend; but we must be allowed to use that plainness of speech which becomes Christians and freemen. We do fear, then, that the indirect influence of government is on the whole adverse to virtue; and, in saying this, we do not speak of other countries, or of different political institutions from our own. We do not mean to say, what all around us would echo, that monarchy corrupts a state, that the air of a court reeks with infection, and taints the higher classes with a licentiousness which descends to their inferiors. We speak of government at home; and we ask wise men to say whether it ministers most to vice or virtue. We fear that here, as elsewhere, political power is of corrupting tendency; and that, generally speaking, public men are not the most effectual teachers of truth, disinterestedness, and incorruptible integrity to the people. An error prevails in relation to political concerns, which necessarily makes civil institutions demoralizing. It is deeply rooted, — the growth of ages. We refer to the belief that public men are absolved in a measure from the everlasting and immutable obligations of morality; that political power is a prize which justifies arts and compliances that would be scorned in private life; that management, intrigue, hollow pretensions, and appeals to base passions deserve slight rebuke when employed to compass political ends. Accordingly, the laws of truth, justice, and philanthropy have seldom been applied to public as to private concerns. Even those individuals who have come to frown indignantly on the machinations, the office-seeking, and the sacrifices to popularity, which disgrace our internal condition, are disposed to acquiesce in a crooked or ungenerous policy towards foreign nations, by which great advantages may accrue to their own country. Now the great truth, on which the cause of virtue rests, is, that rectitude

is an eternal, unalterable, and universal law, binding at once heaven and earth, the perfection of God's character, and the harmony and happiness of the rational creation; and in proportion as political institutions unsettle this great conviction, — in proportion as they teach that truth, justice, and philanthropy are local, partial obligations, claiming homage from the weak, but shrinking before the powerful, — in proportion as they thus insult the awful and inviolable majesty of the eternal law, — in the same proportion they undermine the very foundation of a people's virtue.

In regard to the other great interest of the community, its intelligence, government may do much good by a direct influence; that is, by instituting schools or appropriating revenue for the instruction of the poorer classes. Whether it would do wisely in assuming to itself, or in taking from individuals the provision and care of higher literary institutions, is a question not easily determined. But no one will doubt that it is a noble function to assist and develop the intellect in those classes of the community whose hard condition exposes them to a merely animal existence. Still, the agency of government in regard to knowledge is necessarily superficial and narrow. The great sources of intellectual power and progress to a people are its strong and original thinkers, be they found where they may. Government cannot, and does not, extend the bounds of knowledge; cannot make experiments in the laboratory, explore the laws of animal or vegetable nature, or establish the principles of criticism, morals, and religion. The energy which is to carry forward the intellect of a people belongs chiefly to private individuals, who devote themselves to lonely thought, who worship truth, who originate the views demanded by their age, who help us to throw off the yoke of established prejudices, who improve old modes of education or invent better. It is true that great men at the head of affairs may, and often do, contribute much to the growth of a nation's mind. But it too often happens that their station obstructs rather than aids their usefulness. Their connection with a party, and the habit of viewing subjects in reference to personal aggrandizement, too often obscure the noblest intellects, and convert into patrons of narrow views and temporary interests those who, in other conditions, would have been the lights of their age, and the propagators of everlasting truth. From these views of the limited influence of government on the most precious interests

of society, we learn that political power is not the noblest power, and that, in the progress of intelligence, it will cease to be coveted as the chief and most honorable distinction on earth.

If we pass now to the consideration of that interest over which government is expected chiefly to watch, and on which it is most competent to act with power, we shall not arrive at a result very different from what we have just expressed. We refer to property, or wealth. That the influence of political institutions on this great concern is important, inestimable, we mean not to deny. But, as we have already suggested, it is chiefly negative. Government enriches a people by removing obstructions to their powers, by defending them from wrong, and thus giving them opportunity to enrich themselves. Government is not the spring of the wealth of nations, but their own sagacity, industry, enterprise, and force of character. To leave a people to themselves is generally the best service their rulers can render. Time was when sovereigns fixed prices and wages, regulated industry and expense, and imagined that a nation would starve and perish if it were not guided and guarded like an infant. But we have learned that men are their own best guardians, that property is safest under its owner's care, and that, generally speaking, even great enterprises can better be accomplished by the voluntary association of individuals than by the state. Indeed, we are met at every stage of this discussion by the truth, that political power is a weak engine compared with *individual* intelligence, virtue, and effort; and we are the more anxious to enforce this truth, because, through an extravagant estimate of government, men are apt to expect from it what they must do for themselves, and to throw upon it the blame which belongs to their own feebleness and improvidence. The great hope of society is individual character. Civilization and political institutions are themselves sources of not a few evils, which nothing but the intellectual and moral energy of the private citizen can avert or relieve. Such, for example, are the monstrous inequalities of property, the sad contrasts of condition, which disfigure a large city; which laws create and cannot remove; which can only be mitigated and diminished by a principle of moral restraint in the poorer classes, and by a wise beneficence in the rich. The great lesson for men to learn is, that their happiness is in their own hands; that it is to be wrought out by their own faithfulness to God and conscience; that no outward institutions can supply

the place of inward principle, of moral energy, whilst this can go far to supply the place of almost every outward aid.

Our remarks will show that our estimate of political institutions is more moderate than the prevalent one, and that we regard the power, for which ambition has woven so many plots and shed so much blood, as destined to occupy a more and more narrow space among the means of usefulness and distinction. There is, however, one branch of government which we hold in high veneration, which we account an unspeakable blessing, and which, for the world, we would not say a word to disparage; and we are the more disposed to speak of it because its relative importance seems to us little understood. We refer to the judiciary, — a department worth all others in the state. Whilst politicians expend their zeal on transient interests, which perhaps derive their chief importance from their connection with a party, it is the province of the judge to apply those solemn and universal laws of rectitude on which the security, industry, and prosperity of the individual and the state essentially depend. From his tribunal, as from a sacred oracle, go forth the responses of justice. To us there is nothing in the whole fabric of civil institutions so interesting and imposing as this impartial and authoritative exposition of the principles of moral legislation. The administration of justice in this country, where the judge, without a guard, without a soldier, without pomp, decides upon the dearest interests of the citizen, trusting chiefly to the moral sentiment of the community for the execution of his decrees, is the most beautiful and encouraging aspect under which our government can be viewed. We repeat it, there is nothing in public affairs so venerable as the voice of Justice, speaking through her delegated ministers, reaching and subduing the high as well as the low, setting a defense around the splendid mansion of wealth and the lowly hut of poverty, repressing wrong, vindicating innocence, humbling the oppressor, and publishing the rights of human nature to every human being. We confess that we often turn with pain and humiliation from the hall of Congress, where we see the legislator forgetting the majesty of his function, forgetting his relation to a vast and growing community, and sacrificing to his party or to himself the public weal; and it comforts us to turn to the court of justice, where the dispenser of the laws, shutting his ear against all solicitations of friendship or interest, dissolving for a time every private tie, forgetting public opinion, and with-

standing public feeling, asks only what is RIGHT. To our courts, the resorts and refuge of weakness and innocence, we look with hope and joy. We boast, with a virtuous pride, that no breath of corruption has as yet tainted their pure air. To this department of government we cannot ascribe too much importance. Over this we cannot watch too jealously. Every encroachment on its independence we should resent, and repel, as the chief wrong our country can sustain. Woe, woe to the impious hand which would shake this most sacred and precious column of the social edifice!

In the remarks which we have now submitted to our readers, we have treated of great topics, if not worthily, yet, we trust, with a pure purpose. We have aimed to expose the passion for dominion, the desire of ruling mankind. We have labored to show the superiority of moral power and influence to that sway which has for ages been seized with eager and bloody hands. We have labored to hold up to unmeasured reprobation him who would establish an empire of brute force over rational beings. We have labored to hold forth, as the enemy of his race, the man who, in any way, would fetter the human mind, and subject other wills to his own. In a word, we have desired to awaken others and ourselves to a just self-reverence, to the free use and expansion of our highest powers, and especially to that moral force, that energy of holy, virtuous purpose, without which we are slaves amidst the freest institutions. Better gifts than these we cannot supplicate from God; nor can we consecrate our lives to nobler acquisitions.

CULTURE — THE GREAT END OF SOCIETY.

(From "Self-Culture.")

ARE labor and self-culture irreconcilable to each other? In the first place we have seen that a man, in the midst of labor, may and ought to give himself to the most important improvements, that he may cultivate his sense of justice, his benevolence, and the desire of perfection. Toil is the school for these high principles; and we have here a strong presumption that, in other respects, it does not necessarily blight the soul. Next, we have seen that the most fruitful sources of truth and wisdom are not books, precious as they are, but experience and observation; and these belong to all conditions. It is another impor-

tant consideration, that almost all labor demands intellectual activity, and is best carried on by those who invigorate their minds; so that the two interests, toil and self-culture, are friends to each other. It is mind, after all, which does the work of the world, so that the more there is of mind, the more work will be accomplished. A man, in proportion as he is intelligent, makes a given force accomplish a greater task, makes skill take the place of muscles, and, with less labor, gives a better product. Make men intelligent, and they become inventive. They find shorter processes. Their knowledge of nature helps them to turn its laws to account, to understand the substances on which they work, and to seize on useful hints, which experience continually furnishes. It is among workmen that some of the most useful machines have been contrived. Spread education, and, as the history of this country shows, there will be no bounds to useful inventions. You think that a man without culture will do all the better what you call the drudgery of life. Go, then, to the Southern plantation. There the slave is brought up to be a mere drudge. He is robbed of the rights of a man, his whole spiritual nature is starved, that he may work, and do nothing but work; and in that slovenly agriculture, in that worn-out soil, in the rude state of the mechanic arts, you may find a comment on your doctrine, that, by degrading men, you make them more productive laborers.

But it is said, that any considerable education lifts men above their work, makes them look with disgust on their trades as mean and low, makes drudgery intolerable. I reply, that a man becomes interested in labor just in proportion as the mind works with the hands. An enlightened farmer, who understands agricultural chemistry, the laws of vegetation, the structure of plants, the properties of manures, the influences of climate, who looks intelligently on his work, and brings his knowledge to bear on exigencies, is a much more cheerful, as well as more dignified laborer, than the peasant whose mind is akin to the clod on which he treads, and whose whole life is the same dull, unthinking, unimproving toil. But this is not all. Why is it, I ask, that we call manual labor low, that we associate with it the idea of meanness, and think that an intelligent people must scorn it? The great reason is, that, in most countries, so few intelligent people have been engaged in it. Once let cultivated men plow, and dig, and follow the commonest labors, and plowing, digging, and trades will cease to be

mean. It is the man who determines the dignity of the occupation, not the occupation which measures the dignity of the man. Physicians and surgeons perform operations less cleanly than fall to the lot of most mechanics. I have seen a distinguished chemist covered with dust like a laborer. Still these men were not degraded. Their intelligence gave dignity to their work, and so our laborers, once educated, will give dignity to their toils.— Let me add, that I see little difference in point of dignity between the various vocations of men. When I see a clerk spending his days in adding figures, perhaps merely copying, or a teller of a bank counting money, or a merchant selling shoes and hides, I cannot see in these occupations greater respectableness than in making leather, shoes, or furniture. I do not see in them greater intellectual activity than in several trades. A man in the field seems to have more chances of improvement in his work than a man behind the counter, or a man driving the quill. It is the sign of a narrow mind to imagine, as many seem to do, that there is a repugnance between the plain, coarse exterior of a laborer, and mental culture, especially the more refining culture. The laborer, under his dust and sweat, carries the grand elements of humanity, and he may put forth his highest powers. I doubt not there is as genuine enthusiasm in the contemplation of nature, and in the perusal of works of genius, under a homespun garb as under finery. We have heard of a distinguished author who never wrote so well as when he was full dressed for company. But profound thought and poetical inspiration have most generally visited men when, from narrow circumstances or negligent habits, the rent coat and shaggy face have made them quite unfit for polished saloons. A man may see truth, and may be thrilled with beauty, in one costume or dwelling as well as another; and he should respect himself the more for the hardships under which his intellectual force has been developed.

But it will be asked, how can the laboring classes find time for self-culture? I answer, as I have already intimated, that an earnest purpose finds time or makes time. It seizes on spare moments, and turns large fragments of leisure to golden account. A man who follows his calling with industry and spirit, and uses his earnings economically, will always have some portion of the day at command; and it is astonishing how fruitful of improvement a short season becomes, when eagerly

seized and faithfully used. It has often been observed, that they who have most time at their disposal profit by it least. A single hour in the day, steadily given to the study of an interesting subject, brings unexpected accumulations of knowledge. The improvements made by well-disposed pupils in many of our country schools, which are open but three months in the year, and in our Sunday schools, which are kept but one or two hours in the week, show what can be brought to pass by slender means. The affections, it is said, sometimes crowd years into moments, and the intellect has something of the same power. Volumes have not only been read, but written, in flying journeys. I have known a man of vigorous intellect, who had enjoyed few advantages of early education, and whose mind was almost engrossed by the details of an extensive business, but who composed a book of much original thought, in steamboats and on horseback, while visiting distant customers. The succession of the seasons gives to many of the working class opportunities for intellectual improvement. The winter brings leisure to the husbandman, and winter evenings to many laborers in the city. Above all, in Christian countries, the seventh day is released from toil. The seventh part of the year, no small portion of existence, may be given by almost every one to intellectual and moral culture. Why is it that Sunday is not made a more effectual means of improvement? Undoubtedly the seventh day is to have a religious character; but religion connects itself with all the great subjects of human thought, and leads to and aids the study of all. God is in nature. God is in history. Instruction in the works of the Creator, so as to reveal his perfection in their harmony, beneficence, and grandeur; instruction in the histories of the church and the world, so as to show in all events his moral government, and to bring out the great moral lessons in which human life abounds; instruction in the lives of philanthropists, of saints, of men eminent for piety and virtue, — all these branches of teaching enter into religion, and are appropriate to Sunday; and, through these, a vast amount of knowledge may be given to the people. Sunday ought not to remain the dull and fruitless season that it now is to multitudes. It may be clothed with a new interest and a new sanctity. It may give a new impulse to the nation's soul. — I have thus shown that time may be found for improvement; and the fact is, that among our most improved people a considerable part consists of persons who pass the greatest por-

tion of every day at the desk, in the counting-room, or in some other sphere, chained to tasks which have very little tendence to expand the mind. In the progress of society, with the increase of machinery, and with other aids which intelligence and philanthropy will multiply, we may expect that more and more time will be redeemed from manual labor for intellectual and social occupations.

But some will say, "Be it granted that the working classes may find some leisure; should they not be allowed to spend it in relaxation? Is it not cruel to summon them from toils of the hand to toils of the mind? They have earned pleasure by the day's toil, and ought to partake it." Yes, let them have pleasure. Far be it from me to dry up the fountains, to blight the spots of verdure, where they refresh themselves after life's labors. But I maintain that self-culture multiplies and increases their pleasures, that it creates new capacities of enjoyment, that it saves their leisure from being, what it too often is, dull and wearisome, that it saves them from rushing for excitement to indulgences destructive to body and soul. It is one of the great benefits of self-improvement, that it raises a people above the gratifications of the brute, and gives them pleasures worthy of men. In consequence of the present intellectual culture of our country, imperfect as it is, a vast amount of enjoyment is communicated to men, women, and children, of all conditions, by books,—an enjoyment unknown to ruder times. At this moment, a number of gifted writers are employed in multiplying entertaining works. Walter Scott, a name conspicuous among the brightest of his day, poured out his inexhaustible mind in fictions, at once so sportive and thrilling, that they have taken their place among the delights of all civilized nations. How many millions have been chained to his pages! How many melancholy spirits has he steeped in forgetfulness of their cares and sorrows! What multitudes, wearied by their day's work, have owed some bright evening hours and balmier sleep to his magical creations! And not only do fictions give pleasure. In proportion as the mind is cultivated, it takes delight in history and biography, in descriptions of nature, in travels, in poetry, and even graver works. Is the laborer then defrauded of pleasure by improvement? There is another class of gratifications to which self-culture introduces the mass of the people. I refer to lectures, discussions, meetings of associations for benevolent and literary pur-

poses, and to other like methods of passing the evening, which every year is multiplying among us. A popular address from an enlightened man, who has the tact to reach the minds of the people, is a high gratification, as well as a source of knowledge. The profound silence in our public halls, where these lectures are delivered to crowds, shows that cultivation is no foe to enjoyment. — I have a strong hope, that by the progress of intelligence, taste, and morals among all portions of society, a class of public amusements will grow up among us, bearing some resemblance to the theater, but purified from the gross evils which degrade our present stage, and which, I trust, will seal its ruin. Dramatic performances and recitations are means of bringing the mass of the people into a quicker sympathy with a writer of genius, to a profounder comprehension of his grand, beautiful, touching conceptions, than can be effected by the reading of the closet. No commentary throws such a light on a great poem or any impassioned work of literature, as the voice of a reader or speaker who brings to the task a deep feeling of his author and rich and various powers of expression. A crowd, electrified by a sublime thought, or softened into a humanizing sorrow, under such a voice, partake a pleasure at once exquisite and refined; and I cannot but believe that this and other amusements, at which the delicacy of woman and the purity of the Christian can take no offense, are to grow up under a higher social culture. — Let me only add, that, in proportion as culture spreads among a people, the cheapest and commonest of all pleasures, conversation, increases in delight. This, after all, is the great amusement of life, cheering us round our hearths, often cheering our work, stirring our hearts gently, acting on us like the balmy air or the bright light of heaven, so silently and continually, that we hardly think of its influence. This source of happiness is too often lost to men of all classes for want of knowledge, mental activity, and refinement of feeling; and do we defraud the laborer of his pleasure by recommending to him improvements which will place the daily, hourly blessings of conversation within his reach?

I have thus considered some of the common objections which start up when the culture of the mass of men is insisted on as the great end of society. For myself, these objections seem worthy little notice. The doctrine is too shocking to need refutation, that the great majority of human beings, endowed as they are with rational and immortal powers, are placed on

earth simply to toil for their own animal subsistence, and to minister to the luxury and elevation of the few. It is monstrous, it approaches impiety, to suppose that God has placed insuperable barriers to the expansion of the free, illimitable soul. True, there are obstructions in the way of improvement. But in this country, the chief obstructions lie, not in our lot, but in ourselves; not in outward hardships, but in our worldly and sensual propensities; and one proof of this is, that a true self-culture is as little thought of on exchange as in the workshop, as little among the prosperous as among those of narrower conditions. The path to perfection is difficult to men in every lot; there is no royal road for rich or poor. But difficulties are meant to rouse, not discourage. The human spirit is to grow strong by conflict. And how much has it already overcome! Under what burdens of oppression has it made its way for ages! What mountains of difficulty has it cleared! And with all this experience, shall we say that the progress of the mass of men is to be despaired of; that the chains of bodily necessity are too strong and ponderous to be broken by the mind; that servile, unimproving drudgery is the unalterable condition of the multitude of the human race?

I conclude with recalling to you the happiest feature of our age, and that is, the progress of the mass of the people in intelligence, self-respect, and all the comforts of life. What a contrast does the present form with past times! Not many ages ago, the nation was the property of one man, and all its interests were staked in perpetual games of war, for no end but to build up his family, or to bring new territories under his yoke. Society was divided into two classes, the high-born and the vulgar, separated from one another by a great gulf, as impassable as that between the saved and the lost. The people had no significance as individuals, but formed a mass, a machine, to be wielded at pleasure by their lords. In war, which was the great sport of the times, those brave knights, of whose prowess we hear, cased themselves and their horses in armor, so as to be almost invulnerable, whilst the common people on foot were left, without protection, to be hewn to pieces or trampled down by their betters. Who that compares the condition of Europe a few years ago with the present state of the world, but must bless God for the change? The grand distinction of modern times is, the emerging of the people from brutal degradation, the gradual recognition of their rights, the gradual diffusion

among them of the means of improvement and happiness, the creation of a new power in the state, — the power of the people. And it is worthy remark, that this revolution is due in a great degree to religion, which, in the hands of the crafty and aspiring, had bowed the multitude to the dust, but which, in the fullness of time, began to fulfill its mission of freedom. It was religion which, by teaching men their near relation to God, awakened in them the consciousness of their importance as individuals. It was the struggle for religious rights which opened men's eyes to all their rights. It was resistance to religious usurpation which led men to withstand political oppression. It was religious discussion which roused the minds of all classes to free and vigorous thought. It was religion which armed the martyr and patriot in England against arbitrary power, which braced the spirits of our fathers against the perils of the ocean and wilderness, and sent them to found here the freest and most equal state on earth.

Let us thank God for what has been gained. But let us not think everything gained. Let the people feel that they have only started in the race. How much remains to be done! What a vast amount of ignorance, intemperance, coarseness, sensuality, may still be found in our community! What a vast amount of mind is palsied and lost! When we think that every house might be cheered by intelligence, disinterestedness, and refinement, and then remember in how many houses the higher powers and affections of human nature are buried as in tombs, what a darkness gathers over society! And how few of us are moved by this moral desolation! How few understand, that to raise the depressed, by a wise culture, to the dignity of men, is the highest end of the social state! Shame on us, that the worth of a fellow-creature is so little felt.

I would that I could speak with an awakening voice to the people of their wants, their privileges, their responsibilities. I would say to them, You cannot, without guilt and disgrace, stop where you are. The past and the present call on you to advance. Let what you have gained be an impulse to something higher. Your nature is too great to be crushed. You were not created what you are, merely to toil, eat, drink, and sleep, like the inferior animals. If you will, you can rise. No power in society, no hardship in your condition, can depress you, keep you down, in knowledge, power, virtue, influence, but by your own consent. Do not be lulled to sleep by the

flatteries which you hear, as if your participation in the national sovereignty made you equal to the noblest of your race. You have many and great deficiencies to be remedied; and the remedy lies, not in the ballot-box, not in the exercise of your political powers, but in the faithful education of yourselves and your children. These truths you have often heard and slept over. Awake! Resolve earnestly on Self-culture. Make yourselves worthy of your free institutions, and strengthen and perpetuate them by your intelligence and your virtues.

"Thought."

(From "The Elevation of the Working Classes.")

It is common to distinguish between the intellect and the conscience, between the power of thought and virtue, and to say that virtuous action is worth more than strong thinking. But we mutilate our nature by thus drawing lines between actions or energies of the soul which are intimately, indissolubly, bound together. The head and the heart are not more vitally connected than thought and virtue. Does not conscience include, as a part of itself, the noblest action of the intellect or reason? Do we not degrade it by making it a mere feeling? Is it not something more? Is it not a wise discernment of the right, the holy, the good? Take away thought from virtue, and what remains worthy of a man? Is not high virtue more than blind instinct? Is it not founded on, and does it not include clear, bright perceptions of what is lovely and grand in character and action? Without power of thought, what we call conscientiousness, or a desire to do right, shoots out into illusion, exaggeration, pernicious excess. The most cruel deeds on earth have been perpetrated in the name of conscience. Men have hated and murdered one another from a sense of duty. . . . The worst frauds have taken the name of pious. Thought, intelligence, is the dignity of a man, and no man is rising but in proportion as he is learning to think clearly and forcibly, or directing the energy of his mind to the acquisition of truth. Every man, in whatever condition, is to be a student. No matter what other vocation he may have, his chief action is to Think.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

George Chapman, an English poet, dramatist, and translator, born near Hitchin, Hertfordshire, in 1559; died at London, May 12, 1634. He was educated at Oxford, and it is supposed that he traveled in Germany. At the age of thirty-five he published a poem, "The Shadow of Night." At thirty-nine he was known as a writer for the stage. He had also published the first part of his translation of Homer. Among his eighteen plays are "The Blind Beggar of Alexandria," "All Fools," "Monsieur D'Olive," "Bussy D'Ambois," "The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Charles, Duke of Byron," "The Widow's Tears," "Cæsar and Pompey," "Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany," and "Revenge for Honor." His style is sometimes clear, vigorous, and simple, sometimes obscure and pedantic. Solid thought, noble sentiment, and graceful fancy, are intermingled with turgid obscurity, indecency, and bombast. Yet so competent a critic as Charles Lamb regarded Chapman as the greatest after Shakspeare of the English dramatists. Chapman's best work is his translation of Homer and Hesiod.

The Grief of Andromache.

Thus fury like she went,
Two women as she willed at hand; and made her quick ascent
Up to the tower and press of men, her spirit in uproar. Round
She cast her greedy eye, and saw her Hector slain and bound
T' Achilles' chariot, manlessly dragg'd to the Grecian fleet.
Black night strook through her, under her trance took away her feet,
And back she shrunk with such a sway that off her headtire flew,
Her coronet, caul, ribbands, veil that golden Venus threw
On her white shoulders that high day when warlike Hector won
Her hand in nuptials in the court of King Eëtion,
And that great dower then given with her. About her, on their knees,
Her husband's sisters, brothers' wives, fell round, and by degrees
Recovered her. Then when again her respirations found
Free pass (her mind and spirit met) these thoughts her words did sound:

"O Hector, O me, cursed dame, both born beneath one fate,
Thou here, I in Cilician Thebes, where Placus doth elate
His shady forehead, in the court where King Eëtion
(Hapless) begot unhappy me; which would he had not done,
To live past thee: thou now art dived to Pluto's gloomy throne,
Sunk through the coverts of the earth; I in a hell of moan,
Left here thy widow; one poor babe born to unhappy both,
Whom thou leav'st helpless as he thee, he born to all the wroth
Of woe and labor. Lands left him will others seize upon;
The orphan day of all friends' helps robs every mother's son.
An orphan all men suffer sad; his eyes stand still with tears:
Need tries his father's friends, and fails; of all his favorers,
If one the cup gives, 'tis not long, the wine he finds in it
Scarce moists his palate; if he chance to gain the grace to sit,
Surviving fathers' sons repine; use contumelies, strike,
Bid 'Leave us, where's thy father's place?' He weeping with dislike,
Retires to me, to me, alas, Astyanax is he
Born to these miseries; he that late fed on his father's knee,
To whom all knees bow'd, daintiest fare apposed him; and when sleep
Lay on his temples, his cries still'd (his heart even laid in steep
Of all things precious), a soft bed, a careful nurse's arms
Took him to guardiance. But now as huge a world of harms
Lies on his sufferance; now thou want'st thy father's hand to friend,
O my Astyanax; O my Lord, thy hand that did defend
These gates of Ilion, these long walls by thy arm measured still
Amply and only. Yet at fleet thy naked corsè must fill
Vile worms, when dogs are satiate; far from thy parents' care.
Far from those funeral ornaments that thy mind would prepare
(So sudden being the chance of arms) ever expecting death.
Which task, though my heart would not serve t' employ my hands beneath,
I made my women yet perform. Many and much in price,
Were those integuments they wrought t' adorn thy exequies;
Which, since they fly thy use, thy corse not laid in their attire,
Thy sacrifice they shall be made; these hands in mischievous fire
Shall vent their vanities. And yet, being consecrate to thee,
They shall be kept for citizens, and their fair wives, to see."
Thus spake she weeping; all the dames endeavoring to cheer
Her desert state, fearing their own, wept with her tear for tear.

— *Translation of the Iliad.*

Reunion of Soul and Body.

(From "Cæsar and Pompey.")

Cato. — As nature works in all things to an end,
So, in th' appropriate honor of that end,
All things precedent have their natural frame;
And therefore is there a proportion
Betwixt the end of these things and their primes;
For else there could not be in their creation,
Always, or for the most part, that firm form
In their still like existence, that we see
In each full creature. What proportion, then,
Hath an immortal with a mortal substance?
And therefore the mortality to which
A man is subject rather is a sleep
Than bestial death; since sleep and death are called
The twins of nature. For if absolute death
And bestial seize the body of a man,
Then is there no proportion in his parts,
His soul being free from death, which otherwise
Retains divine proportion. For as sleep
No disproportion holds with human souls,
But aptly quickens the proportion
'Twixt them and bodies, making bodies fitter
To give up forms to souls, which is their end;
So death (twin-born of sleep) resolving all
Man's bodies' heavy parts; in lighter nature
Makes a reunion with the sprightly soul;
When in a second life their beings given,
Holds this proportion firm in highest heaven.

Athenodorus. — Hold you our bodies shall revive, resuming
Our souls again to heaven?

Cato. — Past doubt, though others
Think heaven a world too high for our low reaches,
Not knowing the sacred sense of him that sings.
Jove can let down a golden chain from heaven,
Which, tied to earth, shall fetch up earth and seas;
And what's that golden chain but our pure souls.
A golden beam of him, let down by him,
That, governed with his grace, and drawn by him,
Can hoist this earthly body up to him,
The sea, the air, and all the elements

Comprest in it: not while 'tis thus concrete,
But fin'd by death, and then given heavenly heat.

A Good Wife.

(From "The Gentleman Usher.")

Let no man value at a little price
A virtuous woman's counsel; her wing'd spirit
Is feathered oftentimes with heavenly words,
And (like her beauty), ravishing and pure,
The weaker body still the stronger soul.
When good endeavors do her powers apply,
Her love draws nearest man's felicity.
O! what a treasure is a virtuous wife,
Discreet and loving. Not one gift on earth
Makes a man's life so highly bound to heaven;
She gives him double forces to endure
And to enjoy; by being one with him,
Feeling his joys and griefs with equal sense;
And, like the twins Hippocrates reports,
If he fetch sighs, she draws her breath as short;
If he lament, she melts herself in tears;
If he be glad she triumphs; if he stir,
She moves his way; in all things his sweet ape;
And is in alterations passing strange,
Himself divinely varied without change.
Gold is right precious, but his price infects
With pride and avarice; Authority lifts
Hats from men's heads, and bows the strongest knees,
Yet cannot bend in rule the weakest hearts;
Music delights but one sense; nor choice meats;
One quickly fades, the other stirs to sin;
But a true wife both sense and soul delights,
And mixeth not her good with any ill,
Her virtues (ruling hearts) all powers command;
All store without her leaves a man but poor.
And with her poverty is exceeding store;
No time is tedious with her, her true worth
Makes a true husband think his arms infold
(With her alone) a complete world of gold.

Dedication of The Iliad.

O 'tis wondrous much
(Though nothing prisde) that the right vertuous touch
Of a well written soule to vertue moves.
Nor have we soules to purpose, if their loves
Of fitting objects be not so inflam'd;
How much then were this kingdome's maine soul maim'd,
To want this great inflamer of all powers
That move in human soules! All realms but yours
Are honored with him; and hold best that state
To have his works to contemplate
In which humanity to her height is raisde,
Which all the world (yet none enough) hath praisde.
Seas, earth, and heaven he did in verse comprize;
Out-sung the Muses, and did equalise
Their king Apollo; being so farre from cause
Of princes' light thoughts, that their gravest lawes
May find stuff to be fashioned by his lines.
Through all the pomp of kingdomes still he shines,
And graceth all his graces. Then let lie
Your lutes and viols, and more loftily
Make the heroiques of your Homer sung,
To drums and trumpets set his Angel's tongue:
And with the princely sports of hawkes you use
Behold the kingly flight of his high Muse;
And see, how like the Phœnix, she renues
Her age and starrie feathers in your sunne —
Thousands of yeares attending; everie one
Blowing the holy fire, and throwing in
Their seasons, kingdomes, nations that have bin
Subverted in them; lawes, religions, all
Offered to change and greedie funerall;
Yet still your Homer lasting, living, raigning.

Ulysses and Nausicaa.

(From the Translation of Homer's "Odyssey.")

Straight rose the lovely Morn, that up did raise
Fair-veil'd Nausicaa, whose dream her praise
To admiration took; who no time spent
To give the rapture of her vision vent
To her loved parents, whom she found within.

Her mother set at fire, who had to spin
A rock, whose tincture with sea-purple shined;
Her maids about her. But she chanced to find
Her father going abroad, to council call'd
By his grave Senate; and to him exhaled
Her smother'd bosom was: — "Loved sire," said she,
"Will you not now command a coach for me,
Stately and complete? fit for me to bear
To wash at flood the weeds I cannot wear
Before re-purified? Yourself it fits
To wear fair weeds, as every man that sits
In place of council. And five sons you have,
Two wed, three bachelors, that must be brave
In every day's shift, that they may go dance;
For these three last with these things must advance
Their states in marriage; and who else but I,
Their sister, should their dancing rites supply?"
This general cause she shew'd, and would not name
Her mind of nuptials to her sire, for shame.
He understood her yet, and thus replied: —
"Daughter! nor these, nor any grace beside,
I either will deny thee, or defer,
Mules, nor a coach, of state and circular,
Fitting at all parts. Go; my servants shall
Serve thy desires, and thy command in all."
The servants then commanded soon obey'd,
Fetch'd coach, and mules join'd in it. Then the Maid
Brought from the chamber her rich weeds, and laid
All up in coach; in which her mother placed
A maund of victuals, varied well in taste,
And other junkets. Wine she likewise fill'd
Within a goat-skin bottle, and distill'd
Sweet and moist oil into a golden cruse,
Both for her daughter's and her handmaid's use,
To soften their bright bodies, when they rose
Cleansed from their cold baths. Up to coach then goes
Th' observed Maid; takes both the scourge and reins;
And to her side her handmaid straight attains.
Nor these alone, but other virgins, graced
The nuptial chariot. The whole bevy placed,
Nausicaa scourged to make the coach-mules run,
That neigh'd, and paced their usual speed, and soon
Both maids and weeds brought to the river-side,
Where baths for all the year their use supplied.

Whose waters were so pure they would not stain,
But still ran fair forth; and did more remain
Apt to purge stains, for that purged stain within,
Which by the water's pure store was not seen.
These, here arrived, the mules uncoach'd, and drave
Up the gulfy river's shore, that gave
Sweet grass to them. The maids from coach then took
Their clothes, and steep'd them in the sable brook;
Then put them into springs, and trod them clean
With cleanly feet; adventuring wagers then,
Who should have soonest and most cleanly done.
When having thoroughly cleansed, they spread them on
The flood's shore, all in order. And then, where
The waves the pebbles wash'd, and ground was clear,
They bathed themselves, and all with glittering oil
Smooth'd their white skins; refreshing then their toil
With pleasant dinner, by the river's side.
Yet still watch'd when the sun their clothes had dried.
Till which time, having dined, Nausicaa
With other virgins did at stool-ball play,
Their shoulder-reaching head-tires laying by.
Nausicaa, with the wrists of ivory,
The liking stroke strook, singing first a song,
As custom order'd, and amidst the throng
Made such a shew, and so past all was seen,
As when the chaste-born, arrow-loving Queen,
Along the mountains gliding, either over
Spartan Taygetus, whose tops far discover,
Or Eurymanthus, in the wild boar's chace,
Or swift-hooved hart, and with her Jove's fair race,
The field Nymphs, sporting; amongst whom, to see
How far Diana had priority
(Though all were fair) for fairness; yet of all,
(As both by head and forehead being more tall)
Latona triumph'd, since the dullest sight
Might easily judge whom her pains brought to light;
Nausicaa so, whom never husband tamed,
Above them all in all the beauties flamed.
But when they now made homewards, and array'd,
Ordering their weeds; disorder'd as they play'd,
Mules and coach ready, then Minerva thought
What means to wake Ulysses might be wrought,
That he might see this lovely-sighted maid,
Whom she intended should become his aid,

Bring him to town, and his return advance.
Her mean was this, though thought a stool-ball chance:
The queen now, for the upstroke, strook the ball
Quite wide off th' other maids, and made it fall
Amidst the whirlpools. At which outshriek'd all,
And with the shriek did wise Ulysses wake;
Who, sitting up, was doubtful who should make
That sudden outcry, and in mind thus strived:—
"On what a people am I now arrived?
At civil hospitable men, that fear
The gods? or dwell injurious mortals here,
Unjust and churlish? Like the female cry
Of youth it sounds. What are they? Nymphs bred high
On tops of hills, or in the founts of floods,
In herby marshes, or in leavy woods?
Or are they high-spoke men I now am near?
I'll prove and see." With this the wary peer
Crept forth the thicket, and an olive bough
Broke with his broad hand; which he did bestow
In covert of his nakedness, and then
Put hasty head out. Look how from his den
A mountain lion looks, that, all embrued
With drops of trees, and weatherbeaten-hued,
Bold of his strength goes on, and in his eye
A burning furnace glows, all bent to prey
On sheep, or oxen, or the upland hart,
His belly charging him, and he must part
Stakes with the herdsman in his beasts' attempt,
Even where from rape their strengths are most exempt:
So wet, so weather-beat, so stung with need,
Even to the home-fields of the country's breed
Ulysses was to force forth his access,
Though merely naked; and his sight did press
The eyes of soft-haired virgins. Horrid was
His rough appearance to them; the hard pass
He had at sea stuck by him. All in flight
The virgins scattered, frighted with this sight,
About the prominent windings of the flood.
All but Nausicaa fled; but she fast stood:
Pallas had put a boldness in her breast,
And in her fair limbs tender fear comprest.
And still she stood him, as resolved to know
What man he was; or out of what should grow
His strange repair to them.

The Duke of Byron is Condemned to Death.

(From the "Tragedy of Charles, Duke of Byron.")

By horror of death, let me alone in peace,
And leave my soul to me, whom it concerns;
You have no charge of it; I feel her free:
How she doth rouse, and like a falcon stretch
Her silver wings; a threatening death with death;
At whom I joyfully will cast her off.
I know this body but a sink of folly,
The ground work and raised frame of woe and frailty;
The bond and bundle of corruption;
A quick corse, only sensible of grief,
A walking sepulcher, or household thief:
A glass of air, broken with less than breath,
A slave bound face to face to death, till death.
And what said all you more? I know, besides,
That life is but a dark and stormy night
Of senseless dreams, terrors, and broken sleeps;
A tyranny, devising pains to plague
And make man long in dying, racks his death;
And death is nothing: what can you say more?
I bring a long globe and a little earth,
And seated like earth, betwixt both the heavens,
That if I rise, to heaven I rise; if fall,
I likewise fall to heaven; what stronger faith
Hath any of your souls? what say you more?
Why lose I time in these things? Talk of knowledge,
It serves for inward use. I will not die
Like to a clergyman; but like the captain
That prayed on horseback, and with sword in hand,
Threatened the sun, commanding it to stand;
These are but ropes of sand.

VISCOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

François René Chateaubriand, Viscomte de, a distinguished French statesman and general writer, born at St. Malo, France, Sept. 14, 1768; died at Paris, July 4, 1848. After quitting the College of Rennes he went to America; but on hearing of the arrest of Louis XVI. returned to France and joined the army. He was compelled to flee to England, where he remained for several years. In 1801, soon after his return to France, he published "Atala," a prose epic intended to delineate Indian life and love in America. This work brought its author immediate fame, which was heightened by the appearance, in 1802, of his "Genius of Christianity." Napoleon appointed him Secretary of the Embassy at Rome, and afterward Ambassador to the Republic of Valais, a post which Chateaubriand resigned on the murder of Duc d'Enghien. He then traveled to the Holy Land, and on his return, in 1807, published "René," another episode of "The Natchez," "Atala" being the first. "The Martyrs" appeared in 1809, "The Pilgrimage from Paris to Jerusalem" in 1811, and "The Last of the Abencerrages" in 1826. His timely pamphlet "Bonaparte and the Bourbons," procured him a peerage, and made him a Minister of State. He was successively ambassador to Great Britain, to Verona, and to Rome. "The Natchez," the remainder of his prose epic, was published in 1826. The last years of his life were employed in completing his "Mémoires d'Outre Tombe," published after his death.

Chactas' Story.

(From "Atala.")

The destiny which has brought us together, my dear son, is a singular one. I see in you the civilized man become savage; you see in me the wild man whom the Great Spirit (I know not from what motive) desired to civilize. Having each entered upon the career of life from the opposite directions, you came to repose yourself at my place, and I have seated myself in yours; so that we must have acquired a totally different view of things. Which of the twain has gained or lost the more by

this change of position? That is known to the genii, the least learned of whom possesses more wisdom than all mankind together.

At the next flower-moon there will be seven times ten snows, and three snows more, since my mother brought me into the world on the banks of the Mississippi. The Spaniards had recently established themselves in the Bay of Pensacola, but no European yet inhabited Louisiana. I had scarcely witnessed seventeen falls of the leaves when I marched with my father, the warrior Outalissi, against the Muscogulges, a powerful nation in the Floridas. We united our forces with those of the Spaniards, our allies, and the combat took place upon one of the branches of the Mobile. Areskoui and the manitous were not favorable to us. Our enemies triumphed: my father lost his life; I was twice wounded whilst defending him. Oh, why did I not then go down into the land of souls! I should have avoided the misfortunes which were awaiting me on earth. The spirits ordained otherwise. I was dragged along by the defeated crowd to St. Augustine.

In that city, but then recently built by the Spaniards, I ran the risk of being carried away to the mines of Mexico, when an old Castilian, named Lopez, touched by my youth and simplicity, offered me an asylum, and presented me to his sister, with whom he was living spouseless.

Both of them took to me in the tenderest manner. I was brought up with much care, and had all sorts of masters given to me. But after having passed thirty moons at St. Augustine, I was afflicted with a disgust for the life of cities. I fell away visibly; sometimes I remained motionless for hours whilst contemplating the summits of distant forests; at other times I might be seen seated on the banks of a river, gazing sadly upon the flowing waters. I figured to myself the woods through which those waters had passed, and my soul was thus entirely given up to solitude.

No longer able to resist the desire of returning to the desert, I one morning presented myself to Lopez dressed in my savage attire, holding in one hand my bow and arrows, and in the other my European costume, which I returned to my generous protector, at whose feet I fell, shedding a torrent of tears, giving myself odious names, and accusing myself of ingratitude. "After all, O my father," said I to him, "you see it yourself; I must die if I do not resume the life of the Indian."

Lopez, struck with astonishment, endeavored to change my determination. He spoke of the dangers I was about to encounter, by exposing myself to the possibility of falling into the hands of the Muscogulges. But perceiving at last that I was resolved to risk everything, he melted into tears, and, pressing me in his arms with affection, "Go," said he, "child of Nature; take back this independence of man, of which Lopez does not wish to deprive you. If I were myself younger, I would accompany you to the desert (where I also have sweet remembrances), and restore you to your mother's arms. When you shall be once again in your forests, think sometimes of the old Spaniard who gave you hospitality, and remember, in order that you may be disposed to love your fellow-creatures, that your first experience of the human heart was altogether in its favor." Lopez finished by a prayer to the God of the Christians, whose religion I had refused to embrace, and we separated with much sadness.

It was not long before I was punished for my ingratitude. My inexperience caused me to lose myself in the wood, and I was taken by a party of Muscogulges and Seminoles, as Lopez had predicted. My dress, and the feathers ornamenting my head, caused me to be recognized as a Natchez. I was enchained, but slightly, on account of my youth. Simaghan, the leader of the troop, desired to learn my name. I replied: "I am called Chactas, son of Outalissi, son of Miscou, who have taken more than a hundred scalps from the heroes of the Muscogulges." Simaghan then said, "Chactas, son of Outalissi, son of Miscou, rejoice; thou shalt be burnt at the big village." I answered, "That is well," and began to chant the song of death.

Although a prisoner, I could not refrain, during the first few days, from admiring my enemies. The Muscogulge, and especially his ally, the Seminole, is full of gayety, love, and contentment. His walk is light, his mien calm and open. He speaks much, and with volubility. His language is harmonious and flowing. Even age does not deprive the sachems of this joyous simplicity; like the old birds of our forests, they mingle their ancient songs with the fresh notes of their young posterity.

The women who accompanied the troop displayed for my youth a tender pity and an amiable curiosity. They questioned me about my mother, concerning the earliest days of my life; and they wanted to know whether my cradle of moss had been

hung upon the flowering branches of the maple-trees, and whether the breezes had rocked me near the nests of the little birds. Then came a thousand other questions as to the state of my heart. They asked me if I had seen a white fawn in my dreams, and whether the trees of the secret valley had advised me to love. I replied with simplicity to the mothers, to the daughters, and to the spouses of the men, saying, "You are the graces of the day, and the night loves you like dew. Man issues from your loins to hang upon your breast and upon your lips; you know the magic words that lull every pain. So was I told by her who brought me into the world, and who will never see me again! She told me also that maidens are mysterious flowers met with in solitary places."

These praises gave much pleasure to the women, who overwhelmed me with all sorts of presents, and brought me cocoanut cream, maple-tree sugar, sagamite, bear-hams, beaver-skins, shells with which to ornament myself, and moss for my couch. They sang and laughed with me, and then took to shedding tears at the thought that I was to be burnt.

One night, when the Muscogulges had pitched their camp on the outskirt of a forest, I was seated near the war-fire with the guard who had charge of me. All of a sudden, I heard the sound of a dress upon the grass, and a female, half-veiled, came and sat down by my side. Tears were rolling from beneath her eyelids, and I saw by the light of the fire that a small golden crucifix shone upon her bosom. She was altogether beautiful, and I remarked upon her countenance an expression of virtue and passion of irresistible attraction. To that she added the most tender graces; an extreme sensitiveness, united to a profound melancholy, breathed in her looks, and her smile was heavenly.

I took her to be the Virgin of the last Loves, the virgin sent to the prisoner of war to enchant his tomb. Under this impression, I said to her stammeringly, and with an emotion that did not, however, proceed from any feeling of fear of the funeral pile, "O virgin, you are worthy of a first love, and you are not made for the last. The palpitations of a heart that will soon cease to beat would ill respond to the movements of your own. How can death and life be mingled together? You would cause me to regret too much the approach of day. Let another be happier than myself, and may long embraces unite the tender plant to the oak!"

The youthful maiden then said to me, "I am not the Virgin of the last Loves. Are you a Christian?" I replied that I had not betrayed the genii of my cottage. At these words the Indian made an involuntary movement, and said, "I pity you for being merely a wicked idolater. My mother made me a Christian; my name is Atala, and I am the daughter of Simaghan of the Golden Bracelets, the chief of the warriors of this troop. We are going to Apalachucla, where you will be burnt." Having uttered these words, Atala rose and took her departure.

[Here Chactas was compelled to interrupt his story. A crowd of souvenirs rushed into his soul; his closed eyes inundated his furrowed cheeks with tears, just as two springs hidden in the profound depths of the earth reveal themselves by the waters they send filtering between the rocks. After a long pause, he continued.]

Oh, my son, you perceive that Chactas is not very wise, notwithstanding his reputation for wisdom. Alas! my dear child, although men can no longer see, they can still weep! Several days passed. Every evening the old man's daughter came to converse with me. Sleep had fled from my eyes, and Atala was in my heart like the remembrance of the resting-place of my fathers.

On the seventeenth day of our march, about the time when the ephemeran rises from the waters, we entered upon the grand savanna of Alachua. The plain is surrounded with hills, which, receding behind one another, are covered, as they appear to touch the clouds, with ranges of forests of palm trees, citron trees, magnolias, and oaks. The chief uttered the cry of arrival, and the troop encamped at the foot of a hillside. I was left at some distance, on the border of one of those natural wells so famous in the Floridas, attached to the trunk of a tree, and guarded by a warrior who watched me with impatience. I had passed but some moments in this place when Atala appeared beneath the liquid ambers of the fountain. "Hunter," said she to the Muscogulgan hero, "if you would like to chase the stag, I will guard the prisoner." The warrior jumped for joy at this offer of the chief's daughter, and at once hurried from the top of the hill, and directed his steps toward the plain.

What a strange contradiction is the heart of man! I, who had so much desired to speak of things mysterious to her

whom I already loved like the sun, suddenly became troubled and confused, and felt as though I should have preferred to be thrown amongst the crocodiles in the fountain to finding myself alone with Atala. The daughter of the desert was as much affected as her prisoner. We observed a profound silence; for the genii of love had deprived us of speech. After an interval, Atala, making an effort, spoke thus: "Warrior, you are held but slightly; you can easily escape." At these words courage returned to my tongue, and I replied, "But slightly held, O woman!" — I could not complete my phrase. Atala hesitated some moments, and then said, "Fly!" at the same time liberating me from the trunk of the tree. I seized the cord, and returned it to the hand of the foreign maiden, forcing her beautiful fingers to close themselves upon my chain. "Take it back! Take it back!" I cried. "You are mad!" said Atala, in a voice full of emotion. "Wretched man, do you not know that you will be burnt? What do you mean, — do you reflect that I am the daughter of a redoubtable sachem?" "There was a time," I replied, with tears, "when I also was carried about in a beaver-skin on the shoulders of a mother; my father also had a fine cottage, and his fawns drank of the waters of a thousand torrents; but I now wander without a country. When I shall have ceased to exist, no friend will place a little grass over my body, to keep the insects away from it. The corpse of an unhappy stranger interests no one."

These words touched Atala. Her tears fell into the fountain. "Ah," I continued with vivacity, "if your heart spoke like mine! Is not the desert free? Do not the forests contain folds in which we could conceal ourselves? And in order to be happy, are there so many things necessary for the children of the huts? O maiden, more beautiful than the first dream of a spouse! Oh, my well-beloved, dare to follow me!" Such was my language. Atala replied to me in a tender tone of voice, "My young friend, you have learnt the expressions of the white men; it is easy to deceive an Indian girl!" "What!" I exclaimed, "you call me your young friend. Ah, if a poor slave" — "Well," said she, leaning upon me, "a poor slave" — I continued with ardor, "Let a kiss assure him of your faith!" Atala listened to my prayers. As a fawn appears to cling to the flowers of the rosy creepers which it seizes with its delicate tongue on the mountain steeps, so I remained attached to the lips of my well-beloved.

Alas, my dear son, pain is in close attendance upon pleasure. Who could have thought that the moment in which Atala gave me the first token of her love should be precisely that in which she would destroy all my hopes? White hairs of old Chactas, what was your astonishment when the daughter of the sachem pronounced these words: "Beautiful prisoner, I have foolishly given way to your desire; but whither will this passion lead us? My religion separates me from you forever — Oh, my mother, what hast thou done?" Atala became suddenly silent, and kept back I know not what fatal secret about to escape from her lips. Her words plunged me into despair, "Well, then," I exclaimed, "I will be as cruel as you; I will not escape. You shall see me in the flame of fire; you shall hear the groans of my flesh, and you will be full of joy." Atala took my hands between both of hers. "Poor young idolater," she cried, "I really grieve for you! You wish me, then, to weep my whole heart out? What a pity I cannot fly with you! Unhappy was the bosom of thy mother, O Atala! Why dost thou not throw thyself to the crocodiles in the fountain?"

That very moment the crocodiles, at the approach of the setting of the sun, began to make their cries heard. Atala said to me, "Let us leave this place." I led away the daughter of Simaghan to the foot of the hills, which form gulfs of verdure by advancing their promontories into the savannas. Everything in the desert was splendidly imposing. The stork was screaming upon its nest; the woods resounded with the monotonous song of the quails, the whistling of the paroquets, the lowing of the bisons, and the neighing of the Seminolian cavalry.

Our promenade was almost a dumb one. I walked by the side of Atala, who was holding the end of the cord, which I had forced her to take back again. Sometimes we shed tears, and sometimes we endeavored to smile. A look, now directed toward the sky and then toward the earth; an ear listening to the song of the birds; a gesture toward the setting sun; a hand tenderly pressed; a bosom by turns palpitating and tranquil; the names of Chactas and Atala softly repeated at intervals! Oh, first promenade of love, thy souvenir must be extremely powerful, since after so many years of misfortune it can still stir the heart of old Chactas!

How incomprehensible are mortals when agitated by the passions! I had just abandoned the generous-hearted Lopez; had just exposed myself to every danger for the sake of liberty;

and in one instant the look of a woman had changed my tastes, my resolutions, my thoughts! Forgetful of my country, my mother, my cabin, and the frightful death awaiting me, I had become indifferent to everything that was not Atala. Lacking strength to raise myself to the reason of a man, I had suddenly fallen into a sort of childishness; and, far from being able to do anything to extricate myself from threatening misfortunes, I almost required some one to provide me with the means of sleep and nourishment.

It was therefore in vain that Atala, after our ramble in the savanna, threw herself at my knees, and again begged me to leave her. I declared that I would return alone to the camp, if she refused to re-attach me to the trunk of my tree. She was compelled to comply with my request, hoping to convince me another time.

The next day, which decided the fate of my life, we halted in a valley not far from Cuscowilla, the capital of the Seminoles. These Indians, together with the Muscogulges, form the confederation of the Creeks. The daughter of the land of palm-trees came to find me in the middle of the night. She conducted me to a great pine-forest, and renewed her entreaties to induce me to escape. Without replying to her, I took her hand in mine, and forced the thirsting fawn to wander with me into the forest. The night was delicious. The genius of the air appeared to be shaking the blue canopy, embalmed with the odor of the pines; and we breathed a slight perfume of amber emitted by the crocodiles asleep beneath the tamarind-trees by the river-side. The moon was shining in the midst of a spotless azure, and the pearl-gray light fell upon the undefined summit of the forests. Not a sound was to be heard, except I know not what distant harmony that reigned in the depth of the woods. It seemed as though the soul of solitude was sighing throughout the entire extent of the desert.

Through the trees we perceived a young man, who, holding a torch in his hand, looked like the genius of spring visiting the forests to re-animate Nature. He was a lover on his way to learn his fate at the cabin of his mistress.

Should the maiden blow out the torch, she accepts the offered vows; but if she veil herself without extinguishing it, she refuses the spouse.

The warrior, gliding through the shades, chanted these words in a low tone of voice: —

"I will outrun the steps of the daylight upon the mountain-tops to seek my lonely dove in the midst of the oaks of the forest.

"I have fastened around her throat a necklace of porcelain, with three red beads for my love, three violet ones for my fears, three blue ones for my hopes.

"Mila has the eyes of an ermine, and hair as light as a field of rice; her mouth is a pink shell lined with pearls; her two breasts are like two little spotless kids, born the same day of one mother.

"May Mila extinguish this torch! May her mouth cast a voluptuous shade over it! I will fertilize her bosom. The hope of the country shall hang from her fruitful breast, and I will smoke my calumet of peace by the cradle of my son.

"Ah! let me outrun the steps of the daylight upon the mountain-tops to seek my lonely dove amidst the oaks of the forest!"

Thus sang this young man, whose accents agitated me to the bottom of my soul, and caused Atala to change countenance. Our united hands trembled in each other. But we were diverted from this scene by another scene not less dangerous for us.

We passed near a child's tomb, which served as a boundary between two nations. It had been placed on the border of the road, according to custom, in order that the young wives, when going to the fountain, might draw into their bosom the soul of the innocent creature, and restore it to the country. At this moment several newly-married spouses were there, and, desirous of the sweets of maternity, were endeavoring, by opening their lips, to receive the soul of the little child, which they fancied they saw wandering amongst the flowers. The veritable mother came afterwards, and deposited a bunch of corn and white lilies upon the tomb; she sprinkled the earth with her milk, sat down upon the damp turf, and spoke thus to her child in an impassioned voice: —

"Why do I weep for thee in thy earthly cradle, O my newborn? When the little bird has grown it must seek its own nutriment, and find many bitter seeds in the desert. At least thou hast been unconscious of tears; at least thy heart has not been exposed to the devouring breath of men. The bud that dries up in its envelope passes away with all its perfumes, like thou, O my son, with all thine innocence. Happy are those who

die in the cradle! they have only known the kisses and smiles of a mother!"

Already subdued by our own hearts, we were overwhelmed by the images of love and maternity which seemed to pursue us in these enchanted solitudes. I carried Atala away in my arms to the extremity of the forest, where I told her things that I should in vain endeavor to repeat to-day with my lips. The southern wind, my dear son, loses its heat on passing over mountains of ice. The souvenirs of love in the heart of an old man are like the fires of day reflected by the peaceful orb of the moon when the sun has set, and silence spreads itself over the huts of the savages.

What could save Atala? What could prevent her from succumbing to Nature? Nothing, doubtless, but a miracle; and that miracle was accomplished. The daughter of Simaghan had recourse to the God of the Christians; she threw herself upon the ground, and uttered a fervent prayer, addressed to her mother and to the Queen of Virgins. It was from this moment, O René, that I entertained a wonderful idea of that religion which, in the forests, in the midst of all the privations of life, imparts a thousand boons to the unfortunate; of that religion which, opposing its power to the torrent of the passions, suffices alone to conquer them, when everything else is in their favor, — the secrecy of the woods, the absence of men, and the fidelity of the shades. Ah, how divine to me appeared that simple savage, the ignorant Atala, who, on her knees before an old fallen pine-tree, as at the foot of an altar, was offering up a prayer to her God in favor of an idolatrous lover! Her eyes raised toward the star of the night, her cheeks, brilliant with tears of religion and of love, were of immortal beauty. Several times it appeared to me as though she were about to take her flight to heaven; several times I fancied I saw come down upon the rays of the moon, and heard amidst the trees, those genii whom the God of the Christians sends to the hermits of the rocks when He is about to call them back to Himself. I was afflicted by all this, for I feared that Atala had but little time to remain on earth.

Nevertheless, she shed such abundant tears, she appeared so unhappy, that I was perhaps upon the point of consenting to take my departure, when the cry of death resounded through the forest. Four armed men rushed upon me. We had been discovered; the war-chief had given orders for our pursuit.

Atala, who resembled a queen in the pride of her demeanor, disdained to speak to these warriors. She glanced nobly at them, and went forth to Simaghan.

She could obtain no concession. My guards were doubled, my chains increased, and my lover was kept away from me. Five nights passed, and then we perceived Apalachucla, situated on the banks of the river Chata-Uche. I was immediately crowned with flowers; my face was painted blue and red; beads were fastened to my nose and to my ears, and a chichikoué [1] was placed in my hand.

Thus prepared for the sacrifice, I entered Apalachucla amidst the reiterated shouts of the crowd. My fate was sealed; when all of a sudden the sound of a conch was heard, and the mico, or chief of the nation, ordered an assembly.

You know, my son, the torments to which savages subject their prisoners of war. Christian missionaries, at the risk of their lives, and with an indefatigable charity, had succeeded in inducing several nations to substitute a comparatively mild slavery to the horrors of the funeral pile. The Muscogulges had not yet adopted this custom; but a numerous party amongst them had declared themselves in favor of it. It was to decide upon this important matter that the mico had convoked the sachems, or wise men. I was conducted to the place of deliberation.

The pavilion of the council was situated upon an isolated mound not far from Apalachucla. Three circles of columns constituted the elegant architecture of this rotunda. The columns were of polished and carved cypress-wood, increasing in height and in thickness, and diminishing in number as they approached the center, which was indicated by a single pillar. From the summit of this pillar depended strips of bark, which, passing over the tops of the other columns, covered the pavilion in the guise of an open fan.

The council assembled. Fifty old men, in beaver cloaks, were ranged upon the steps facing the door of the pavilion. The grand chief was seated in their midst, holding in his hand the calumet of peace, half-colored for war. On the right of the old men were placed fifty women, dressed in robes of swan-feathers. The war-chiefs, with a tomahawk in the hand, a bunch of feathers on the head, and their arms and chests dyed with blood, occupied the left.

[1] A musical instrument played by the savages.

At the foot of the central column the fire of the council was burning. The first jungler, surrounded by eight guardians of the temple, dressed in long vestments, and wearing a stuffed owl upon their heads, poured some balm of copal upon the flames, and offered a sacrifice to the sun. The triple row of old men, matrons, and warriors, the priests, the clouds of incense, and the sacrifice, — imparted to this council an aspect altogether imposing.

I was standing chained in the midst of the assembly. When the sacrifice was finished, the mico spoke, and explained with simplicity the affair that had brought the council together. He threw a blue necklace upon the ground, as evidence of what he had just said.

Then a sachem of the tribe of the Eagle rose, and spoke thus: —

"My father the mico, sachems, matrons, warriors of the four tribes of the Eagle, the Beaver, the Serpent, and the Tortoise, let us change nothing in the manners of our forefathers; let us burn the prisoner, and let us not allow our courage to be weakened. It is a custom of the white men that is now proposed to you; it cannot be other than pernicious. Give a red collar which contains my words. I have spoken."

And he threw a red collar into the midst of the assembly.

A matron then rose, and said: —

"My father Eagle, you have the cleverness of a fox and the prudent slowness of a tortoise. I will polish the chain of friendship with you, and we will plant together the tree of peace. But let us change the customs of our forefathers when they are of a terrible character. Let us have slaves to cultivate our fields, and let us no longer hear the cries of the prisoners, which trouble the bosoms of the mothers. I have spoken."

As the waves of the ocean are broken up by a storm; as in autumn the dried leaves are carried away in a whirlwind; as the reeds of the Mississippi bend and rise again during a sudden inundation; as a great herd of deer bellow in the depths of a forest, — so was the council agitated and murmuring. Sachems, warriors, and matrons spoke by turns, or all together. Interests clashed, opinions were divided, and the council was about to be dissolved; but at length the ancient custom prevailed, and I was condemned to the pile.

A circumstance caused my punishment to be delayed: the Feast of the Dead, or the Festival of Souls, was approaching,

and it is the custom not to put any captive to death during the days consecrated to that ceremony. I was handed over to a strict guard, and doubtless the sachems had sent away the daughter of Simaghan, as I saw her no longer.

Meanwhile, the tribes for more than three hundred leagues around came in crowds to celebrate the Festival of Souls. A long hut had been constructed upon an isolated situation. On the day indicated, each cabin exhumed the remains of its fathers from their private tombs, and the skeletons were hung upon the walls of the Common-room of the Ancestors in order and by families. The winds (a tempest had burst forth), the forests, and the cataracts roared from without, while the old men of the different nations were engaged in concluding treaties of peace between the tribes over the bones of their fathers.

Funeral amusements were indulged in, — running, ball, and a game with small bones. Two maidens tried to snatch from each other a willow-twig. Their hands fluttered about the twig, which each in her turn held above her head. Their beautiful naked feet interwined, their mouths met, their sweet breaths became confounded; they stooped, and their hairs were mixed together; then they looked at their mothers, and blushed in the midst of applause. The jungler invoked Michabou, the genius of the waters, and related the wars of the great Hare against Machimanitou, the god of evil. He spoke of the first man, and of Athaënsic, the first woman, being hurled from heaven for having lost their innocence; of the earth having been reddened with a brother's blood; of the immolation of Tahouist-sarou by the impious Jouskeka; of the deluge commanded by the voice of the Great Spirit; of Massou, the only one saved in his bark vessel; and of the crow sent out to discover the land. He spoke, moreover, of the beautiful Endaë, recalled from the land of souls by the sweet songs of her spouse.

After these games and hymns, preparations were made for giving the ancestors an eternal sepulture.

Upon the borders of the river Chata-Uche there was a wild fig-tree, which the worship of the people had consecrated. The Indian maidens were in the habit of washing their bark-dresses at this place, and exposing them to the breath of the desert upon the branches of the ancient tree. It was there that an immense tomb had been dug.

While leaving the funeral chamber, the hymn of death was sung. Each family carried some sacred remains. On arriving

at the tomb the relics were lowered down into it, and spread out in layers, separated by the skins of bears and beavers; the mound of the tomb was then raised, and the tree of tears and of sleep planted upon it.

Let us pity men, my dear son! Those very Indians whose customs are so touching, those very women who had displayed such a tender interest in my behalf, now called out loudly for my execution; and entire tribes delayed their departure in order to have the pleasure of seeing a young man undergo the most horrible sufferings.

In a valley to the north, at some distance from the grand village, was a wood of cypresses and deals, called the Wood of Blood. It was reached by the ruins of one of those monuments of which the origin is ignored, and which were the work of a people now unknown. I was led thither in triumph. Preparations were being made for my death. The pole of Areskoui was planted; pine, elm, and cypress trees fell beneath the ax; the funeral pile was rising; and spectators were constructing amphitheaters with the branches and trunks of trees. Each one was occupied in inventing a torture. Some proposed to tear the skin off my head, others to burn my eyes out with red-hot axes. I began to sing the song of death: —

"I do not fear torture. I am brave, O Muscogulges! I defy you, I despise you more than women. My father, Outalissi, son of Miscou, drank out of the skulls of your most famous warriors. You will not draw a sigh from my breast."

Provoked by my song, a warrior pierced my arm with an arrow. I merely said, "Brother, I thank thee."

In spite of the activity of the executioners, the preparations for my execution could not be completed before the setting of the sun. A jungler was consulted, and he forbade the genii of the shades to be troubled; so that my death was postponed till the following day. But in their impatience to enjoy the spectacle, and in order to be ready sooner on the break of day, the Indians did not quit the Wood of Blood. They lighted large fires, and began a series of festivities and dances.

Meanwhile, I had been laid down upon my back. Cords from my neck, from my feet, and from my arms were attached to stakes fixed in the ground. Warriors were seated upon these cords; and I could not make the slightest movement without their knowledge. The night advanced; the songs and dances gradually ceased; the fires emitted but a ruddy light, in front

of which I could see the shadows of some of the savages pass. At last they all fell asleep; but as the noise of men became pacified, that of the desert seemed to increase, and to the tumult of voices succeeded the howlings of the winds in the forest.

It was the hour when a young Indian recently become a mother awakes with a start in the middle of the night, fancying she has heard the cry of her first-born babe desirous of her sweet nutriment. With my eyes gazing up to heaven, where the crescent moon was wandering in the clouds, I was reflecting upon my destiny. Atala appeared to me to be a monster of ingratitude thus to abandon me at the moment of punishment, —I, who had given myself up to the flames rather than leave her! And yet I felt that I still loved her, and that I should die with joy for Atala.

In extreme pleasures there is a sting that excites one, as though to counsel us to profit by the rapidly passing moment. In great grief, on the contrary, there is something heavy that induces drowsiness; the eyes, fatigued with tears, naturally seek to close, and the goodness of Providence may be thus remarked in our misfortunes. I gave way, in spite of myself, to that heavy sleep which sometimes overcomes the wretched. I dreamt that my chains were being taken off; I thought I felt the satisfaction experienced when, after having been tightly pressed, a helping hand relieves us of our irons.

This sensation was so vivid that it caused me to raise my eyelids. By the light of the moon, a ray of which was escaping between two clouds, I saw a tall white figure leaning over me, and silently occupied in loosening my bonds. I was about to utter a cry, when a hand, which I instantly recognized, closed my mouth. A single cord remained; but it appeared impossible to cut it without touching a warrior who covered it entirely with his body. Atala placed her hand upon it. The warrior, half-awakened, bestirred himself, and sat up. Atala remained motionless, and looked at him. The Indian thought he was looking at the spirit of the ruins; and he lay down again, closing his eyes and invoking his manitou. The bond was broken. I arose, and followed my deliverer, who tendered to me the end of a bow, of which she held the other extremity. But with what dangers were we surrounded! At times we were on the point of stumbling over the sleeping savages; then a guard questioned us, and Atala replied in an assumed voice. Chil-

dren were crying, and dogs barking. Scarcely had we got clear of the fatal inclosure, when terrible howlings resounded through the forest. The camp was aroused. A thousand fires were lighted, and savages were running about in all directions with torches. We hurried away with precipitation.

When day broke upon the Apalaches, we were already far away. Great was my felicity on finding myself again in solitude with Atala, — with Atala my deliverer, with Atala who was giving herself to me forever! Words failed my tongue. I fell on my knees, and said to the daughter of Simaghan: "Men are but little; but when the genii visit them they are nothing at all. You are a genius; you have visited me, and I cannot speak before you." Atala offered me her hand with a smile. "I am obliged to follow you," she said, "since you will not fly without me. During the night I seduced the juggler with presents, I intoxicated your executioners with essence of fire, and I risked my life for you, because you had given yours for me. Yes, young idolater!" she added, with an accent that alarmed me, "the sacrifice will be reciprocal."

Atala gave me the weapons she had had the precaution to bring, and then she dressed my wound. Whilst wiping it with a papaya-leaf, she wetted it with her tears. "It is a balm," I said to her, "that you are dropping on my arm." "I am rather afraid that it may be a poison," she replied. She tore one of the coverings from her bosom, with which she made a first bandage that she fastened with a tress of her hair.

Intoxication, which lasts a long time upon savages, and is for them a species of malady, prevented them from pursuing us during the first few days. If they sought for us afterwards, it was probably in a westerly direction, as they must have thought we should make for the Mississippi; but we had taken our flight toward the fixed star, guiding ourselves by the moss on the trunks of the trees.

We were not long in perceiving that we had gained but little by my deliverance. The desert now unrolled before us its immeasurable solitudes. Without experience in forest life, having lost our way, and walking on at hazard, what was to become of us? Often while gazing upon Atala, I remembered the ancient story of Agar, that Lopez had given me to read, and which happened in the desert of Beersheba, a long time ago, when men lived to three times the age of the oak.

Atala made me a cloak out of some ash-bark, and she also

embroidered me a pair of muskrat skin moccasins with porcupine's hair. In my turn, I did all in my power to ornament her attire. First of all, I placed upon her head a crown of those blue mallows that crowded beneath our feet in the abandoned Indian cemeteries: then I made her necklaces of real azalea berries; and after all I smiled in the contemplation of her wonderful beauty.

When we encountered a river, we crossed it either on a raft or by swimming. Atala placed one of her hands upon my shoulder, and thus, like a pair of migratory swans, we traversed the solitary waves.

During the great heat of the day we often sought shelter beneath the moss of the cedars. Nearly all the Floridian trees, especially the cedar and the oak, are covered with a white moss, which descends from their branches down to the very ground. At night-time, by moonlight, should you happen to see, in the open savanna, an isolated holm dressed in such drapery, you would imagine it to be a phantom dragging after it a number of long veils. The scene is not less picturesque by day, when a crowd of butterflies, brilliant insects, colibris, green paroquets, and blue jackdaws entangle themselves amongst the moss, and thus produce the effect of a piece of white woolen tapestry embroidered by some clever European workman with beautiful birds and sparkling insects.

It was in the shade of such smiling quarters, prepared by the Great Spirit, that we stopped to repose ourselves. When the winds come down from heaven to rock the great cedar, when the aërial castles built upon its branches undulate with the birds and the travelers sleeping beneath its shelter, when thousands of sighs pass through the corridors of the waving edifice, there is nothing amongst the wonders of the ancient world to be compared with this monument of the desert.

Every evening we lighted a large fire and built a traveling hut of bark raised upon four stakes. When I had killed a wild turkey, a pigeon, or a wood-pheasant, we attached it to the end of a pole before a pile of burning oak, and left the care of turning the hunter's prey to the caprices of the wind. We used to eat a kind of moss called rock-tripe, sweetened bark, and May-apples that tasted of the peach and the raspberry. The black walnut-tree, the maple-tree and the sumach furnished our table with wine. Sometimes I went and fetched from amongst the reeds a plant whose flower, in the form of an elongated cup,

contained a cup of the purest dew. We blessed Heaven for having placed this limpid spring upon the stalk of a flower, in the midst of the corrupted marshes, just as it has placed hope at the bottom of hearts ulcerated by grief; just also as it has caused virtue to well up from the bosom of the miseries of life!

I soon discovered, alas! that I had deceived myself as to the apparent calm of my beloved Atala. The farther we advanced the sadder she became. She frequently shuddered without a cause, and turned her head aside hurriedly. I sometimes caught her regarding me with a passionate look, which she at once cast toward the sky with a profound melancholy. What alarmed me above all was a secret thought concealed in the bottom of her soul, but which I read in her eyes. Constantly drawing me toward her and then pushing me away, re-animating my hopes, and then destroying them when I thought I had made some progress in her heart, I found myself still at the same point. How many times she said to me, "Oh, my young sweetheart, I love you like the shade of the woods at mid-day! You are as beautiful as the desert with all its flowers and all its breezes. If I incline toward you I tremble; when my hand falls upon yours, it seems to me as though I were about to die. The other day the wind blew your hair upon my face as you were reposing yourself upon my bosom, and I fancied I felt the light touch of the invisible spirits. Yes, I have seen the young kids of the mountain of Occona; I have listened to the language of men ripe with years; but the mildness of goats and the wisdom of old men are less agreeable and less powerful than your words. Ah, my poor Chactas! I shall never be your spouse!"

The constant struggle between Atala's love and religion, her tender freedom and the chastity of her conduct, the pride of her character and her profound sensitiveness, the elevation of her soul in great things, her susceptibility about trifles, rendered her, in my opinion, an incomprehensible being. Atala could not hold a weak empire over a man. Full of passion, she was full of power; she must either be adored or hated.

After fifteen nights of hurried march, we entered upon the chain of the Alleghany Mountains, and reached one of the branches of the Tennessee, a river that falls into the Ohio. Aided by the advice of Atala, I built a boat, which I coated with plum-tree gum, after having re-sewn the bark with roots of the fir. I subsequently embarked therein with Atala, and we abandoned ourselves to the current of the river.

The Indian village of Sticoë, with its pyramidal tombs and ruined huts, appeared on our left at the turn of a promontory; on the right we left the valley of Keow, terminated by the perspective of the cabins of Jore, which seemed to be suspended from the forehead of the mountain of the same name. The river which carried us along flowed between high cliffs, at the extremity of which we perceived the setting sun. The profound solitudes were not disturbed by the presence of men. We only saw one Indian hunter, who, leaning motionless upon his bow, on the peak of a rock, looked like a statue raised upon the mountain to the genius of those deserts.

Atala and myself added our silence to the silence of this scene. All of a sudden, the daughter of exile filled the air by thus singing, in a voice replete with melancholy emotion, of her absent country: —

"Happy are they who have not seen the smoke of foreign festivals, and who have never been seated elsewhere than at the rejoicings of their fathers!

"If the blue jackdaw of the Mississippi were to say to the nonpareil of the Floridas, 'Why dost thou complain so sadly? Hast thou not here beautiful waters and lovely shades, and all sorts of pastures, as in thine own forests?' 'Yes,' would reply the fugitive nonpareil; 'but my nest is in the jessamine; who will bring it to me? And the sun of my savannah, where is it?'

"Happy are they who have not seen the smoke of foreign festivals, and who have never been seated elsewhere than at the rejoicings of their fathers!

"After hours of painful wayfare, the traveler sits down in sadness. He sees around him the roofs of men's habitations, but has no place wherein to repose his head. The traveler knocks at a cabin, places his bow behind the door, and asks for hospitality. The master makes a gesture of the hand; the traveler takes back his bow, and returns to the desert.

"Happy are they who have not seen the smoke of foreign festivals, and who have never been seated elsewhere than at the rejoicings of their fathers!

"Wondrous stories told around the hearth, tender effusions of the heart, long habits of loving so necessary to life, you have filled the days of those who have not quitted their natal place! Their tombs are in the land of their birth, with the setting sun, the tears of their friends, and the charms of religion.

"Happy are they who have not seen the smoke of foreign

festivals, and who have never been seated elsewhere than at the rejoicings of their fathers!"

Thus sang Atala. Nothing interrupted the course of her lamentations, except the almost imperceptible sound of our boat upon the waves. In two or three places only were they taken up by a weak echo, which repeated them to a second, and the second to a third, faintly and more faintly still. It seemed as though the souls of two lovers, formerly unfortunate like ourselves, and attracted by the touching melody, were enjoying the pleasure of sighing forth the dying sounds of its music in the mountain.

Nevertheless, the solitude, the constant presence of the beloved object, even our misfortunes, increased our affection from one instant to another. Atala prayed continuously to her mother, whose irritated shade she seemed as though wishing to appease. She sometimes asked me if I did not hear a plaintive voice, and see flames issuing out of the earth. As for myself, exhausted with fatigue, but still burning with desire, and thinking that I was perhaps irretrievably lost in the midst of those forests, I was a hundred times upon the point of drawing my spouse to my arms, and a hundred times did I urge Atala to allow me to build a hut upon the riverside, so that we might bury ourselves therein together. But she always resisted my propositions. "Remember, my young friend," she would say, "that a warrior owes himself to his country. What is a woman compared to the duties you have to fulfill? Take courage, son of Outalissi; do not murmur against your destiny. The heart of man is like a river-sponge, that imbibes pure water during calm weather, and is swollen with muddy liquid when the sky has troubled the waves. Has the sponge the right to say, 'I thought there would never be any storms, and that the sun would never be scorching'?"

Oh, René, if you fear the trials of the heart, be upon your guard against solitude. The great passions are solitary, and to transport them to the desert is to restore them to their triumph. Overcome with cares and fears; exposed to the danger of falling into the hands of Indian enemies, to be swallowed up by the waters, stung by serpents, devoured by beasts; finding the poorest nourishment with difficulty, and not knowing whither to direct our steps,—it seemed impossible for our misfortunes to be greater, when an accident brought them to a climax.

It was the twenty-seventh sun since our departure from the cabins. The moon of fire had commenced her course, and everything announced a storm. Toward the hour when the Indian matrons hang up the plow-handle to the branches of the sabin-tree, and when the paroquets retire into the hollows of the cypress, the sky began to be overcast. The voices of the solitude died away, the desert became silent, and the forests were reposing in the midst of a universal calm. Shortly after, the rollings of a distant thunder, prolonged through the woods as old as the world, re-issued from them with sublime sounds. Fearful of being submerged, we hastened to reach the bank of the river, and withdrew into a forest.

The ground in this place was marshy. We advanced with difficulty under a vault of smilax, amidst vines, indigo-plants, bean-trees, and creeping ivy that entangled our feet like nets. The spongy soil trembled around us, and at each instant we were on the point of sinking into the quagmires. Insects without number, and enormous bats, blinded us; bell-serpents were hissing in every direction, and wolves, bears, carcajous, and young tigers, come to hide themselves in these retreats, made them resound with their roarings.

Meanwhile, the darkness increased. The lowering clouds were entering beneath the leafy covering of the woods. Suddenly the sky was rent, and the lightning traced a rapid zigzag of fire. A violent wind from the west rolled clouds upon clouds; the forests bent; the sky opened time after time, and from between the interstices other skies and ardent scenes might be perceived. What a frightful, what a magnificent spectacle! The lightning set fire to the forest; the conflagration extended like a head-dress of flame; columns of sparks and of smoke besieged the clouds, which were vomiting their flashes into the vast burning mass. Then the Great Spirit covered the mountain with heavy darkness; and from the midst of this chaos there arose a confused moaning, formed by the rushing of the winds, the cracking of trees, the howling of wild beasts, the buzzing of the inflamed vegetation, and the repeated fall of thunderbolts hissing as they died out in the waters.

The Great Spirit knows that at this moment I saw and thought of nothing but Atala. I managed to guard her against the torrents of rain by placing her beneath the inclining trunk of a birch-tree, under which I sat down, holding my well-beloved upon my knees, and warming her naked feet between my

hands; and thus I found myself happier than the young spouse who feels her future offspring quiver in her bosom for the first time.

We were listening to the sound of the tempest, when all of a sudden I felt one of Atala's tears fall upon my breast. "Storm of the heart," I cried to myself, "is it a drop of your rain?" Then embracing her I loved, I said, "Atala, you are concealing something from me. Open your heart to me, O beauty! It does one so much good when a friend looks into one's soul. Tell me this secret of grief which you persist in hiding from me. Ah! I see you are weeping for your country." She immediately retorted, "Child of men, why should I weep for my country, since my father came not from the land of palms?" "What!" I replied, with profound astonishment, "your father was not from the land of palms! What was he then who brought you upon this earth? Reply!" Atala answered in these words:—

"Before my mother brought to the warrior Simaghan, as a marriage portion, thirty mares, twenty buffaloes, a hundred measures of nut-oil, fifty beaver-skins, and a quantity of other riches, she had known a man of white flesh. Now the mother of my mother threw water in her face, and forced her to marry the magnanimous Simaghan, who was like unto a king, and honored by the people as a genius. But my mother said to her new spouse, 'My bosom has conceived; kill me.' Simaghan replied to her, 'May the Great Spirit preserve me from such an action! I will not mutilate you. I will neither cut off your nose nor your ears, because you have been sincere, and have not betrayed my couch. The fruit of your bosom shall be my fruit, and I will not visit you till after the departure of the bird of the rice-fields, when the thirteenth moon shall have shone.' About that time I issued from my mother's bosom, and I began to grow, proud as a Spaniard and as a savage. My mother made me a Christian, so that her God and the God of my father might also be my God. Afterwards love-sickness fell upon her, and she went down into the little pit furnished with skins, from which no one ever comes out."

Such was Atala's story. "And who was your father, then, poor orphan?" I said to her; "how was he called by men upon earth, and what name did he bear among the genii?" "I never washed my father's feet," said Atala; "I only know that he lived with his sister at St. Augustine, and that he ever re-

mained faithful to my mother. Philip was his name amongst the angels, and men called him Lopez."

At these words I uttered a cry which re-echoed throughout the solitude; the sounds of my transports mingled with those of the storm. Pressing Atala to my heart, I exclaimed with sobs, "O my sister! O daughter of Lopez! daughter of my benefactor!" Atala, alarmed, sought to ascertain the cause of my agitation; but when she learnt that Lopez was the generous host who had adopted me at St. Augustine, and whom I had quitted in order to be free, she was herself stricken with joy and confusion.

This fraternal friendship which came upon us and joined its love to our love, was too much for our hearts. Already had I intoxicated myself with her breath, already had I drunk all the magic of love upon her lips. With my eyes raised toward heaven, amidst the flash of the lightnings, I held my spouse in my arms in the presence of the Eternal. Splendid pomp, worthy of our misfortunes and of the grandeur of our loves; superb forests, that shook your creeping plants and your leafy domes as though they were to be the curtains and the canopy of our couch; overflowing river, roaring mountains, frightful and sublime Nature, were you then but a combination prepared to deceive us, and could you not for one moment conceal a man's felicity amidst your mysterious horrors?

Suddenly a vivid flash, followed by a clap of thunder, ran through the thickness of the shades, filled the forest with sulphur and light, and rent a tree close by us. We fled. O surprise! In the silence which followed we heard the sound of a bell. Both speechless, we listened to the sound, so strange in a desert. At the same instant a dog barked in the distance. It approached, redoubled its cries, came up to us, and howled with joy at our feet. An old hermit, carrying a small lantern, was following the animal through the darkness of the forest. "Heaven be praised!" he cried, as soon as he perceived us; "I have been looking for you a long time! Our dog smelt you as soon as the storm commenced, and has guided me hither. Poor children, how young you are, and how you must have suffered! Come; I have brought a bear-skin. It shall be for this young woman, and there is some wine in our gourd. Let God be praised in all His works! His mercy is great and His goodness is infinite!"

Atala threw herself at the feet of the monk. "Chief of

prayer," said she to him, "I am a Christian. Heaven has sent you to save me!" "My daughter," said the hermit, raising her up, "we usually ring the mission-bell during the night and during tempests, to call strangers; and in imitation of the example of our brethren of the Alps and of the Liban, we have taught our dog to discover lost travelers."

I scarcely understood the hermit. This charity appeared to me so much above man that I thought I was dreaming. By the light of the little lantern the monk was holding in his hand I saw that his beard and hair were saturated with water; his feet, his hands, and his face were bleeding from their encounters with the brambles. "Old man," I at length cried, "what sort of heart have you, that you did not fear being struck by the lightning?" "Fear!" retorted the father, with a certain ardor, "fear when men are in danger and I can be useful to them! I should in that case be an unworthy servant of Jesus Christ!" "But do you know," I interrupted, "that I am not a Christian?" "Young man," replied the hermit, "did I ask you your religion? Jesus Christ did not say, 'My blood shall wash this one or that one.' He died for the Jew and for the Gentile, and He only considered all the races of men as brothers in misfortune. What I am now doing for you is but little, and you would find elsewhere plenty of other help; but the glory of it should not fall upon the priests. What are we poor hermits, if not the coarse instruments of a celestial work? And what soldier would be cowardly enough to retreat when his Chief, with the cross in His hand and His forehead covered with thorns, marches before him to the assistance of suffering humanity?"

These words went to my heart; tears of admiration and tenderness fell from my eyes. "My dear children," said the missionary, "I govern in these forests a little flock of your wild brethren. My grotto is not far from here, in the mountain. Come and warm yourselves under my roof. You will not find the conveniences of life there, but you shall have shelter, and you should thank the Divine goodness even for that, for there are many men who are without it."

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Thomas Chatterton, an English poet, born at Bristol, England, Nov. 20, 1752; died at London, Aug. 25, 1770. He was the posthumous son of a chanter in the Bristol Cathedral, and was educated at a charity school in that city. In 1767 he was apprenticed to an attorney. At the opening of a new bridge over the Avon, in 1768, Chatterton sent to the editor of a Bristol newspaper an account of "the mayor's first passing over the old bridge," in the reign of Henry II., professedly copied from an ancient manuscript. This was followed by numerous letters and fragments of ancient history, and by many poems purporting to be by an ancient monk, Thomas Rowley, which Chatterton professed to have copied from papers found in an old chest. He then sent to Horace Walpole a specimen of the "Poems of Thomas Rowley." In the spring of 1770 Chatterton went to London, and engaged in literary work, writing political letters, satires, and poems, which showed great versatility; but his contributions were unpaid for, and starvation stared him in the face. Too proud to acknowledge his bitter poverty, he shut himself in his attic room, destroyed his manuscripts, and committed suicide by poison.

The poems of Chatterton, written under the name of "Rowley," comprise the tragedy of "Ælla," "The Execution of Sir Charles Bawdin," "The Battle of Hastings," "The Tournament," and "Canynge's Feast." He also left a fragment of a dramatic poem, "Goddwyn." There is throughout an attempt to give an air of antiquity to these verses.

Final Chorus from "Goddwyn."

When Freedom, dreste yn blodde-steyned veste,
To everie knyghte her warre-songe sunge,
Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spredde;
A gorie anlace bye her honge.
She dauncèd onne the heathe;
She hearde the voice of deathe;
Pale-eyned affryghte, hys harte of sylver hue,
In vayne assayled her bosomme to acale;

DEATH OF CHATTERTON

From Painting by H. Wallis

She hearde onflemed the shriekynge voice of woe,
And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale.
She shooke the burled speere,
On hie she jeste her sheelde,
Her foemen all appere,
And flizze alonge the feelde.
Power, wythe his heafod straught ynto the skyes,
Hys speere a sonne-beame, and hys sheelde a starre,
Alyche twaie brendeynge gronfyres rolls hys eyes,
Chaftes with hys yronne feete and soundes to war.
She syttes upon a rocke,
She bendes before hys speere,
She ryses from the shocke,
Wieldynge her owne yn ayre.
Harde as the thonder dothe she drive ytte on,
Wytte scillye wympled gies ytte to hys crowne,
Hys longe sharpe speere, hys spreddynge sheelde ys gon,
He falles, and fallynge rolleth thousandes down.
War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld, arist,
Hys feerie heaulme noddynge to the ayre,
Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys streynynge fyste.

The Farewell of Sir Charles Baldwin to His Wife.

(From "The Bristowe Tragedie.")

And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,
And claryonnes to sounde;
Syr Charles hee herde the horses' feete
A-prauncing onne the grounde:

And just before the officers
Hys lovynge wyfe came ynne,
Weepynge unfeignèd teeres of woe,
Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne.

"Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forbere,
Ynne quiet lett mee die;
Praie Godde, thatt ev'ry Christian soule
May looke onne dethe as I.

"Sweet Florence! why these brinie teeres?
Theye washe my soule awaie,
And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,
Wythe thee, sweete dame, to staie.

"'Tys butt a journie I shalle goe
Untoe the lande of blysse;
Nowe, as a proofe of husbande's love,
Receive thys holie kysse."

Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne her saie,
Tremblynge these wordyès spoke: —
"Ah, cruele Edwarde! bloudie kynge!
My herte ys welle nyghe broke:

"Ah, sweete Syr Charles! why wylt thou goe,
Wythoute thye lovynge wyfe?
The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,
Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe."

And nowe the officers came ynne
To brynge Syr Charles awaie,
Whoe turnèdd toe hys lovynge wyfe,
And thus to her dydd saie: —

"I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe;
Truste thou ynne Godde above,
And teache thye sonnes to feare the Lorde,
And ynne theyre hertes hym love:

"Teache them to runne the nobile race
Thatt I theyre fader runne:
Florence! shou'd dethe thee take — adieu!
Yee officers, leade onne."

Thenne Florence rav'd as anie madde,
And dydd her tresses tere;
"Oh! staie, mye husbande! lorde! and lyfe!"
Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare.

'Tyll tyrèdd oute wythe ravynge loud,
She fellen onne the flore;
Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,
And march'd fromme oute the dore.

Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,
Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete;
Lookes, thatt enshone ne more concern
Thanne anie ynne the strete.

Mynstrelles Songe.

O synge untoe mie roundelaie,
O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,

Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a reynynge ryver bee;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Blacke hys cryne as the wyntere nyghte,
Whyte hys rode as the sommer snowe,
Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tyngue as the throstles note,
Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,
Defte hys taboure, codgelle stote,
O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynge,
In the briered delle belowe;
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,
To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde;
Nee one hallie Seyncte to save
Al the celness of a mayde.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

Wythe mie hondes I'll dente the brieres
Rounde his hallie corse to gre;
Ouphante fairie, lyghte youre fyres;
Heere mie boddie stylle schalle bee.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
Lyfe and all yttes goode I scorne,
Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wythes, crownede wythe reytes,
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.
I die! I come! mie true love waytes.
Thus the damselle spake, and died.

An Excelente Balade of Charitie.

(As wroten bie the gode prieste Thomas Rowleie, 1464.)

In Virgyne the sweltrie sun gan sheene,
And hotte upon the mees did caste his raie:
The apple rodded from its palie greene,
And the mole peare did bende the leafy spraie;
The peede chelandri sunge the livelong daie;
'Twas nowe the pride, the manhode of the yeare,
And eke the grounde was dighte in its mose defte aumere.

The sun was glemeing in the midde of daie,
Deadde still the aire, and eke the welken blue,
When from the sea arist in drear arraie
A hepe of cloudes of sable sullen hue,
The which full fast unto the woodlande drewe,
Hiltring attenes the sunnis fetyve face,
And the blacke tempeste swolne and gathered up apace.

Beneathe an holme, fast by a pathwaieside,
Which dyde unto Seyncte Godwine's covent lede,
A hapless pilgrim moneynge dyd abide;
Pore in his viewe, ungentle in his weede,
Longe bretful of the miseries of neede,

Where from the hail-stone coulde the almer flie?
He had no housen theere, ne anie covent nie.

Look in his gloomed face, his sprighte there scanne;
Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd, deade!
Haste to thie church-glebe-house, asshrewed manne!
Haste to thie kiste, thie onlie dortoure bedde.
Cale, as the claie whiche will gre on thie hedde,
Is Charitie and Love aminge highe elves;
Knightis and Barons live for pleasure and themselves.

The gatherd storme is rype; the bigge drops falle;
The forswat meadows smethe, and drenche the raine;
The comyng ghastness do the cattle pall,
And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine;
Dashde from the cloudes the waters flott againe;
The welkin opes; the yellow levynne flies;
And the hot fierie smothe in the wide lowings dies.

Liste! now the thunder's rattling clymmynge sound
Cheves slowlie on, and then embollen clangs;
Shakes the hie spyre, and losst, dispended, drown'd,
Still on the gallard eare of terroure hanges;
The windes are up; the lofty elmen swanges;
Again the levynne and the thunder poures,
And the full cloudes are braste attenes in stones showers.

Spyrreynge his palfrie oere the watrie plaine,
The Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes convente came;
His chapournette was drented with the reine,
And his pencte gyrdle met with mickle shame;
He aynewarde tolde his bederoll at the same;
The storme encreasen, and he drew aside,
With the mist almes-craver neere to the holme to bide.

His cope was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne,
With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne;
His autremete was edged with golden twynne,
And his shoone pyke a loverds mighte have binne;
Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no sinne:
The trammels of the palfrye pleasde his sighte,
For the horse-millanare his head with roses dighte

An almes, sir prieste! the droppynge pilgrim saide:
O! let me waite within your covente dore,
Till the sunne sheneth hie above our heade,
And the loude tempeste of the aire is oer;

Helpless and ould am I, alas! and poor:
No house, ne friend, ne moneie in my pouche;
All yatte I calle my owne is this my silver crouche.

Varlet, replyd the Abbatte, cease your dinne;
This is no season almes and prayers to give;
Mie porter never lets a faitour in;
None touch mie rynge who not in honour live.
And now the sonne with the blacke cloudes did stryve,
And shettynge on the grounde his glairie raie,
The Abbatte spurrde his steede, and eftsoones roadde awaie.

Once moe the skie was blacke, the thounder rolde;
Faste reyneynge oer the plaine a prieste was seen;
Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde;
His cope and jape were graie, and eke were clene;
A Limitoure he was of order seene;
And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,
Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen tree.

An almes, sir priest! the droppynge pilgrim sayde
For sweete Seyncte Marie and your order sake.
The Limitoure then loosen'd his pouche threade,
And did thereoute a groate of silver take;
The mister pilgrim dyd for halline shake.
Here, take this silver, it maie eathe thie care;
We are Goddes stewards all, nete of oure owne we bare.

But ah! unhailie pilgrim, lerne of me,
Scathe anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde.
Here, take my semecope, thou arte bare I see;
'Tis thyne; the Seynctes will give me mie rewarde.
He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde.
Virgynne and hallie Seyncte, who sitte yn gloure,
Or give the mittee will, or give the gode man power!

The Resignation.

O God! whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom-globe surveys,
To thee, my only rock, I fly, —
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial night,
Are past the power of human skill;
But what the Eternal acts is right.

O teach me, in the trying hour —
  When anguish swells the dewy tear —
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
  Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but thee,
  Encroaching, sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
  And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain —
  Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain;
  For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still;
  The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
  The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,
  I'll thank the Inflicter of the blow —
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
  Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
  Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
  Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

Geoffrey Chaucer, a celebrated English poet, born at London, England, about 1340; died there, Oct. 25, 1400. Of his childhood nothing is certainly known except that he was the son of a vintner. In 1359 he was made prisoner in the war with France, and was ransomed by the English King. The next positive mention of him occurs in 1366, when he was one of the squires of the King, and was already married to a sister of Katharine Swynford, the mistress and subsequently the wife of the King's son, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. This marriage might have placed his descendants on the English throne. In 1372 he was one of the envoys sent to Genoa to arrange a commercial treaty with that republic. Under the powerful protection of John of Gaunt the fortunes of Chaucer flourished for several years; he held lucrative posts in what we should now style the customs, and in 1386 was returned to Parliament for the shire of Kent. At the close of this year, John of Gaunt being employed on the Continent, Chaucer was removed from his post in the customs, and appears to have fallen into pecuniary straits. He is supposed to have written "The Canterbury Tales" at this period. John of Gaunt, returning to England, took up the cause of Chaucer, procured for him the appointment of Clerk of the King's Works, and furnished him an annuity of £20. Still later, and toward the end of his life, Chaucer received from the King a grant of a tun of wine a year, and a pension of 40 marks — about £27. Chaucer was buried in Westminster Abbey, being the first of the long line of poets to whom that honor has been awarded.

Chaucer wrote several unimportant prose works, among which is a translation of Boethius's "Consolations of Philosophy." His principal poems are "The Court of Love" and "The Flower and The Leaf," the genuineness of which has been called in question; "The Romaunt of the Rose," "Troilus and Creseide," "The Assembly of Foules," "The Booke of the Dutchess," "The House of Fame," "Chaucer's Dream," "The Legend of Good Women," "The Complaint of Mars and Venus," "The Cuckow and the Nightingale," and "The Canterbury Tales," upon which his fame mainly rests.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

From a Painting by P. Krämer

The Prologue.

(From "The Canterbury Tales." About 1386.)

Whanne that April with his shoures sote
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote,
And bathed every veine in swiche licour,
Of whiche vertue engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eke with his sote brethe
Enspired hath in every holt and hethe
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours yronne,
And smale foules maken melodie,
That slepen alle night with open eye,
So priketh hem nature in hir corages;
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmeres for to seken strange strondes,
To serve halwes couthe in sondry londes;
And specially, from every shires ende
Of Englelond, to Canterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martyr for to seke,
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.
Befelle, that, in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury with devoute corage,
At night was come into that hostelrie
Wel nine and twenty in a compagnie
Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle
In felawship, and pilgrimes were they alle,
That toward Canterbury wolden ride.
The chambres and the stables weren wide,
And well we weren esed atte beste.
And shortly, whan the sonne was gon to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everich on,
That I was of hir felawship anon,
And made forword erly for to rise,
To take oure way ther as I you devise.
But natheles, while I have time and space,
Or that I forther in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it accordant to reson,
To tellen you alle the condition
Of eche of hem, so as it semed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degre;

And eke in what araie that they were inne:
And at a knight than wol I firste beginne.

A KNIGHT ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the time that he firste began
To riden out, he loved chevalrie,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie.
Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,
And therto hadde he ridden, no man ferre,
As well in Cristendom as in Hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthinesse.
At Alisandre he was whan it was wonne.
Ful often time he hadde the bord begonne
Aboven alle nations in Pruce.
In Lettowe hadde he reysed and in Ruce,
No cristen man so ofte of his degre.
In Gernade at the siege eke hadde he be
Of Algesir, and ridden in Belmarie
At Leyes was he, and at Satalie,
Whan they were wonne; and in the Grete see
At many a noble armee hadde he be.
At mortal batailles hadde he ben fiftene,
And foughten for our faith at Tramissene
In listes thries, and ay slain his fo.
This ilke worthy knight hadde ben also
Sometime with the lord of Palatie,
Agen another hethen in Turkie:
And evermore he had a sovereine pris.
And though that he was worthy he was wise,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He never yet no vilanie ne sayde
In alle his lif, unto no manere wight.
He was a veray parfit gentil knight.
But for to tellen you of his araie,
His hors was good, but he ne was not gaie.
Of fustian he wered a gipon,
Alle besmotred with his habergeon,
For he was late ycome fro his viage,
And wente for to don his pilgrimage.

With him there was his sone a yonge SQUIER,
A lover, and a lusty bacheler,
With lockes crull as they were laide in presse.
Of twenty yere of age he was I gesse

Of his stature he was of even lengthe,
And wonderly deliver, and grete of strengthe.
And he hadde be somtime in chevachie,
In Flaundres, in Artois, and in Picardie,
And borne him well, as of so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his ladies grace.
Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
Alle ful of fresshe floures, white and rede.
Singing he was, or floyting alle the day,
He was as fresshe as is the moneth of May.
Short was his goune, with sleves long and wide.
Wel coude he sitte on hors, and fayre ride.
He coude songes make, and wel endite,
Juste and eke dance, and wel pourtraie and write.
So hote he loved, that by nightertale
He slep no more than doth the nightingale.
Curteis he was, lowly, and servisable,
And carf beforn his fader at the table.

A YEMAN hadde he, and servantes no mo
At that time, for him luste to ride so;
And he was cladde in cote and hode of grene.
A shefe of peacock arwes bright and kene
Under his belt he bare ful thriftily.
Wel coude he dresse his takel yemanly:
His arwes drouped not with fetheres lowe.
And in his hond he bare a mighty bowe.
A not-hed hadde he, with a broune visage.
Of wood-craft coude he wel alle the usage.
Upon his arme he bare a gaie bracer,
And by his side a swerd and a bokeler,
And on that other side a gaie daggere,
Harneised wel, and sharpe as point of spere:
A Cristofre on his brest of silver shene.
An horne he bare, the baudrik was of grene.
A forster was he sothely as I gesse.

Ther was also a Nonne, a PRIORESSE,
That of hire smiling was ful simple and coy;
Hire gretest othe n'as but by Seint Eloy;
And she was cleped madame Eglentine.
Ful wel she sange the service devine,
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely;
And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,

After the scole of Stratford atte bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.
At mete was she wel ytaughte withalle;
She lette no morsel from hire lips falle,
Ne wette hire fingres in hire sauce depe.
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
Thatte no drope ne fell upon hire brest.
In curtesie was sette ful moche hire lest.
Hire over lippe wiped she so clene,
That in hire cuppe was no ferthing sene
Of grese, whan she dronken hadde hire draught.
Ful semely after hire mete she raught.
And sikerly she was of grete disport,
And ful plesant, and amiable of port,
And peined hire to contrefeten chere
Of court, and ben estatelich of manere,
And to ben holden digne of reverence.
But for to speken of hire conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
Caughte in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde.
Of smale houndes hadde she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede,
But sore wept she if on of hem were dede,
Or if men smote it with a yerde smert:
And all was conscience and tendre herte.
Ful semely hire wimple ypinched was;
Hire nose tretis; hire eyen grey as glas;
Hire mouth ful smale, and therto soft and red;
But sikerly she hadde a fayre forehed.
It was almost a spanne brode I trowe;
For hardily she was not undergrowe.
Ful fetise was hire cloke, as I was ware.
Of smale corall aboute hire arm she bare
A pair of bedes, gauded all with grene;
And theron heng a broche of gold ful shene,
On whiche was first ywriten a crouned A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia.*
Another Nonne also with hire hadde she,
That was hire chapelleine, and Preestes thre.

A Monk ther was, a fayre for the maistrie,
An out-rider, that loved venerie;
A manly man, to ben an abbot able,

Ful many a deinte hors hadde he in stable:
And when he rode, men mighte his bridel here
Gingeling in a whistling wind as clere,
And eke as loude, as doth the chapell belle,
Ther as this lord was keper of the celle.
The reule of seint Maure and of seint Beneit,
Because that it was olde and somdele streit,
This ilke monk lette olde thinges pace,
And held after the newe world the trace.
He yave not of the text a pulled hen,
That saith, that hunters ben not holy men;
Ne that a monk, whan he is rekkeles,
Is like to a fish that is waterles;
This is to say, a monk out of his cloistre.
This ilke text held he not worth an oistre.
And I say his opinion was good.
What shulde he studie, and make himselven wood,
Upon a book in cloistre alway to pore,
Or swinken with his hondes, and laboure,
As Austin bit? how shal the world be served?
Let Austin have his swink to him reserved.
Therfore he was a prickasoure a right:
Greihoundes he hadde as swift as foul of flight:
Of pricking and of hunting for the hare
Was all his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.
I saw his sleves purfiled at the hond
With gris, and that the finest of the lond.
And for to fasten his hood under his chinne,
He hadde of gold ywrought a curious pinne;
A love-knotte in the greter end ther was.
His hed was balled, and shone as any glas,
And eke his face, as it hadde been anoint.
He was a lord ful fat and in good point.
His eyen stepe, and rolling in his hed,
That stemed as a forneis of a led.
His botes souple, his hors in gret estat,
Now certainly he was a fayre prelat.
He was not pale as a forpined gost.
A fat swan loved he best of any rost.
His palfrey was as broune as is a bery.

A Frere ther was, a wanton and a mery,
A Limitour, a ful solempne man.
In all the ordres foure is non that can

So moche of daliance and fayre langage.
He hadde ymade ful many a mariage
Of yonge wimmen, at his owen cost.
Until his ordre he was a noble post.
Ful wel beloved, and familier was he
With frankeleins over all in his contree,
And eke with worthy wimmen of the toun:
For he had power of confession,
As saide himselfe, more than a curat,
For of his ordre he was licenciat,
Ful swetely herde he confession,
And plesant was his absolution.
He was an esy man to give penance,
Ther as he wiste to han a good pitance:
For unto a poure ordre for to give
Is signe that a man is wel yshrive.
For if he gave, he dorste make avant,
He wiste that a man was repentant.
For many a man so hard is of his herte,
He may not wepe although him sore smerte.
Therfore in stede of weping and praiers,
Men mote give silver to the poure freres.
His tippet was ay farsed ful of knives,
And pinnes, for to given fayre wives.
And certainly he hadde a mery note.
Wel coude he singe and plaien on a rote.
Of yeddinges he bare utterly the pris.
His nekke was white as the flour de lis.
Therto he strong was as a champioun,
And knew wel the tavernes in every toun,
And every hosteler and gay tapstere,
Better than a lazar or a beggere,
For unto swiche a worthy man as he
Accordeth nought, as by his faculte,
To haven with sike lazars acquaintance.
It is not honest, it may not avance,
As for to delen with no swiche pouraille,
But all with riche, and sellers of vitaille.
And over all, ther as profit shuld arise,
Curteis he was, and lowly of servise.
Ther n'as no man nowher so vertuous.
He was the beste begger in all his hous:
And gave a certaine ferme for the grant,
Non of his bretheren came in his haunt.

For though a widewe hadde but a sou,
(So plesant was his *In principio*)
Yet wold he have a ferthing or he went.
His pourchas was wel better than his rent.
And rage he coude as it hadde ben a whelp,
In lovedayes, ther coude he mochel help.
For ther was he nat like a cloisterere,
With thredbare cope, as is a poure scolere,
But he was like a maister or a pope.
Of double worsted was his semicope,
That round was as a belle out of the presse.
Somwhat he lisped for his wantonnesse,
To make his English swete upon his tonge;
And in his harping, whan that he hadde songe,
His eyen twinkled in his hed aright,
As don the sterres in a frosty night.
This worthy limitour was cleped Huberd.

A MARCHANT was ther with a forked berd,
In mottelee, and highe on hors he sat,
And on his hed a Flaundrish bever hat.
His botes clapsed fayre and fetisly.
His resons spake he ful solempnely,
Souning alway the encrese of his winning.
He wold the see were kept for anything
Betwixen Middleburgh and Orewell.
Wel coud he in eschanges sheldes selle.
This worthy man ful wel his wit besette;
Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,
So stedefastly didde he his governance,
With his bargeines, and with his chevisance.
Forsothe he was a worthy man withalle,
But soth to sayn, I n'ot how men him calle.

A CLERK ther was of Oxenforde also,
That unto logike hadde long ygo.
As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake;
But loked holwe, and therto soberly.
Ful thredbare was his overest courtepy,
For he hadde geten him yet no benefice,
Ne was nought worldly to have an office.
For him was lever han at his beddes hed
At twenty bokes, clothed in black or red,
Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,

Than robes riche, or fidel, or sautrie,
But all be that he was a philosophre,
Yet had he but litel gold in cofre,
But all that he might of his friends hente,
On bokes and on lerning he it spente,
And besily gan for the souls praie
Of hem, that yave him wherwith to scolaie.
Of studie toke he moste cure and hede.
Not a word spake he more than was any nede;
And that was said in forme and reverence,
And short and quike, and ful of high sentence.
Souning in moral vertue was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche.

A Sergeant of the Lawe ware and wise,
That often hadde yben at the pareis,
Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
Discrete he was, and of gret reverence:
He semed swiche, his wordes were so wise,
Justice he was ful often in assise,
By patent, and by pleine commissioun;
For his science, and for his high renoun,
Of fees and robes had he many on.
So grete a pourchasour was nowher non.
All was fee simple to him in effect,
His pourchasing might nor ben in suspect.
Nowher so besy a man as he ther n'as,
And yet he semed besier than he was.
In termes hadde he cas and domes alle,
That fro the time of king Will. weren falle.
Therto he coude endite, and make a thing,
Ther coude no wight pinche at his writing.
And every statute coude he plaine by rote.
He rode but homely in a medlee cote,
Girt with a seint of silk, with barres smale;
Of his array tell I no lenger tale.

A Frankelein was in this compagnie;
White was his berd, as is the dayesie.
Of his complexion he was sanguin.
Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in win.
To liven in delit was ever his wone,
For he was Epicures owen sone,
That held opinion, that plein delit
Was verraily felicite parfite.

An housholder, and that a grete was he;
Seint Julian he was in his contree.
His brede, his ale, was alway after on;
A better envyned man was no wher non.
Withouten bake mete never was his hous,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous,
It snewed in his hous of mete and drinke,
Of alle deintees that men coud of thinke,
After the sondry sesons of the yere,
So changed he his mete and his soupere.
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,
And many a breme, and many a luce in stewe.
Wo was his coke, but if his sauce were
Poinant and sharpe, and redy all his gere.
His table dormant in his halle alway
Stode redy covered alle the longe day.
As sessons ther was he lord and sire,
Ful often time he was knight of the shire.
An anelace and a gipciere all of silk,
Heng at his girdel, white as morwe milk,
A shereve hadde he ben, and a countour.
Was no wher swiche a worthy vavasour.

An Haberdasher, and a Carpenter,
A Webbe, a Deyer, and a Tapiser,
Were alle yclothed in o livere,
Of a solempne and grete fraternite.
Ful fresh and newe hir gere ypiked was.
Hir knives were ychaped not with bras,
But all with silver wrought ful clene and wel,
Hir girdeles and hir pouches every del.
Wel semed eche of hem a fayre burgeis,
To sitten in a gild halle, on the deis.
Everich, for the wisdom that he can,
Was shapelich for to ben an alderman.
For catel hadden they ynough and rent,
And eke hir wives wolde it wel assent:
And elles certainly they were to blame.
It is full fayre to ben ycleped madame,
And for to gon to vigiles all before,
And have a mantel reallich ybore.

A Coke they hadden with hem for the nones.
To boile the chikenes and the marie bones,
And poudre marchant, tart and galingale,

Wel coude he knowe a draught of London ale,
He coude roste, and sethe, and broile, and frie,
Maken mortrewes, and wel bake a pie.
But gret harm was it, as it thoughte me,
That on his shinne a mornal hadde he.
For blanc manger that made he with the best.

A Shipman was ther, woned fer by West:
For ought I wote, he was of Dertemouth.
He rode upon a rouncie, as he couthe,
All in a goune of falding to the knee.
A dagger hanging by a las hadde hee
About his nekke under his arm adoun.
The hote sommer hadde made his hewe al broun.
And certainly he was a good felaw.
Ful many a draught of win he hadde draw
From Burdeux ward, while that the chapman slepe.
Of nice conscience toke he no kepe.
If that he faught, and hadde the higher hand,
By water he sent hem home to every land.
But of his craft to reken wel his tides,
His stremes and his strandes him besides,
His herberwe, his mone, and his lodemanage,
There was non swiche, from Hull unto Cartage.
Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake:
With many a tempest hadde his berd been shake.
He knew wel alle the havens, as they were,
Fro Gotland, to the Cape de finistere,
And every creke in Bretagne and in Spaine:
His barge ycleped was the Magdelaine.

With us ther was a Doctour of Phisike,
In all this world ne was ther non him like
To speke of phisike, and of surgerie:
For he was grounded in astronomie.
He kept his patient a ful gret del
In houres by his magike naturel.
Wel coude he fortunen the ascendent
Of his images for his patient.
He knew the cause of every maladie,
Were it of cold, or hote, or moist, or drie,
And wher engendred, and of what humour,
He was a veray parfite practisour.
The cause yknowe, and of his harm the rote,

Anon he gave to the sike man his bote.
Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries
To send him dragges, and his lettuaries,
For eche of hem made other for to winne:
Hir frendship n'as not newe to beginne.
Wel knew he the old Esculapius,
And Dioscorides, and eke Rufus;
Old Hippocras, Hali, and Gallien;
Serapion, Rasis, and Avicen;
Averrois, Damascene, and Constantin;
Bernard, and Gatisden, and Gilbertin.
Of his diete mesurable was he,
For it was of no superfluitee,
But of gret nourishing, and digestible.
His studie was but litel on the Bible.
In sanguin and in perse he clad was alle
Lined with taffata, and with sendalle.
And yet he was but esy of dispence:
He kepte that he wan in the pestilence.
For gold in phisike is a cordial;
Therefore he loved gold in special.

A good Wif was ther of beside Bathe,
But she was som del defe, and that was scathe.
Of cloth making she hadde swiche an haunt,
She passed hem of Ipres, and of Gaunt.
In all the parish wif ne was ther non,
That to the offring before hire shulde gon,
And if ther did, certain so wroth was she,
That she was out of alle charitee.
Hire coverchiefs weren ful fine of ground;
I dorste swere, they weyeden a pound;
That on the Sonday were upon hire hede.
Hire hosen weren of fine scarlet rede,
Ful streite yteyed, and shoon ful moist and newe.
Bold was hire face, and fayre and rede of hew.
She was a worthy woman all hire live,
Housbondes at the chirche dore had she had five,
Withouten other compagnie in youthe.
But thereof nedeth not to speke as nouthe.
And thries hadde she ben at Jerusaleme.
She hadde passed many a strange streme.
At Rome she hadde ben, and at Boloine,
In Galice at Seint James, and at Coloine.

She coude moche of wandring by the way.
Gat-tothed was she, sothly for to say.
Upon an ambler esily she sat,
Ywimpled wel, and on hire hede an hat,
As brode as is a bokeler, or a targe.
A fote-mantel about hire hippes large,
And on hire fete a pair of sporres sharpe.
In felawship wel coude she laughe and carpe
Of remedies of love she knew perchance,
For of that arte she coude the olde dance.

A good man ther was of religioun,
That was a poure PERSONE of a toun:
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche.
His parishens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversite ful patient:
And swiche he was ypreved often sithes.
Ful loth were him to cursen for his tithes,
But rather wolde he yeven out of doute,
Unto his poure parishens aboute,
Of his offring, and eke of his substance.
He coude in litel thing have suffisance.
Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,
In sickenesse and in mischief to visite
The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,
Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.
Out of the gospel he the wordes caught,
And this figure he added yet therto,
That if gold ruste, what shuld iren do?
For if a preest be foule, on whom we trust,
No wonder is a lewed man to rust:
And shame it is, if that a preest take kepe;
To see a shitten shepherd, and clene shepe:
Wel ought a preest ensample for to yeve,
By his clenenesse, how his shepe shulde live.
He set not his benefice to hire,
And lette his shepe acombred in the mire,
And ran unto London, unto Seint Poules,

To seken him a chanterie for soules,
Or with a brotherhede to be withold:
But dwelt at home, and kepte wel his fold,
So that the wolf ne made it not miscarie.
He was a shepherd, and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to sinful men not dispitous,
Ne of his speche dangerous ne digne,
But his teching discrete and benigne.
To drawen folk to heven, with fairenesse,
By good ensample, was his besinesse;
But it were any persone obstinat,
What so he were of highe, or low estat,
Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones.
A better preest I trowe that nowher non is.
He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
Ne maked him no spiced conscience,
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught, but first he folwed it himselve.

With him ther was a PLOWMAN, was his brother,
That hadde ylaid of dong ful many a fother.
A trewe swinker, and a good was he,
Living in pees, and parfite charitee.
God loved he beste with alle his herte
At alle times, were it gain or smerte,
And than his neighebour right as himselve.
He wolde thresh, and therto dike, and delve,
For Cristes sake, for every poure wight,
Withouten hire, if it lay in his might.
His tithes paied he ful fayre and wel
Both of his propre swink and his catel.
In a tabard he rode upon a mere.
Ther was also a reve, and a millere,
A sompnour, and a pardoner also,
A manciple, and myself, ther n'ere no mo.

The MILLER was a stout carl for the nones.
Ful bigge he was of braun, and eke of bones;
That proved wel, for over all ther he came,
At wrastling he wold bere away the ram.
He was short shuldered brode, a thikke gnarre,
Ther n'as no dore, that he n'olde heve of barre,
Or breke it at a renning with his hede.
His berd as any sowe or fox was rede,

And therto brode, as though it were a spade.
Upon the cop right of his nose he hade
A wert, and theron stode a tufte of heres,
Rede as the bristles of a sowes eres.
His nose-thirles blacke were and wide.
A swerd and bokeler bare he by his side.
His mouth as wide was as a forneis.
He was a jangler, and a goliardeis,
And that was most of sinne, and harlotries.
Wel coude he stelen corne, and tollen thries.
And yet he had a thomb of gold parde.
A white cote and a blew hode wered he.
A baggepipe wel coude he blowe and soune,
And therwithall he brought us out of toune.

A gentil Manciple was ther of a temple,
Of which achatours mighten take ensemple
For to ben wise in bying of vitaille.
For whether that be paide, or toke by taille,
Algate he waited so in his achate,
That he was ay before in good estate.
Now is not that of God a ful fayre grace,
That swiche a lewed mannes wit shal pace
The wisdom of an hepe of lered men?
Of maisters had he mo than thries ten,
That were of lawe expert and curious:
Of which ther was a dosein in that hous,
Worthy to ben stewardes of rent and lond
Of any lord that is in Englelond,
To maken him live by his propre good,
In honour detteles, but if he were wood,
Or live as scarsly, as him list desire;
And able for to helpen all a shire
In any cas that mighte fallen or happe;
And yet this manciple sette hir aller cappe.

The Reve was a slendre colerike man,
His berd was shave as neighe as ever he can.
His here was by his eres round yshorne.
His top was docked like a preest beforne.
Ful longe were his legges, and ful lene,
Ylike a staff, there was no calf ysene.
Wel coude he kepe a garner and a binne:
Ther was non auditour coude on him winne.

Wel wiste he by the drought, and by the rain,
The yelding of his seed, and of his grain.
His lordes shepe, his nete, and his deirie,
His swine, his hors, his store, and his pultrie,
Were holly in this reves governing.
And by his covenant yave he rekening,
Sin that his lord was twenty yere of age;
Ther coude no man bring him in arerage.
Ther n'as baillif, ne herde, ne other hine,
That he ne knew his sleight and his covine:
They were adradde of him, as of the deth.
His wonning was ful fayre upon an heth,
With green trees yshadewed was his place.
He coude better than his lord pourchace.
Ful riche he was ystored privily.
His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly,
To yeve and lene him of his owen good,
And have a thank, and yet a cote and hood.
In youthe he lerned hadde a good mistere.
He was a wel good wright, a carpentere.
This reve sate upon a right good stot,
That was all pomelee grey, and highte Scot.
A long surcote of perse upon he hade,
And by his side he bare a rusty blade.
Of Norfolk was this reve, of which I tell,
Beside a toun, men clepen Baldeswell.
Tucked he was, as is a frere, aboute,
And ever he rode the hinderest of the route.

A Sompnour was ther with us in that place,
That hadde a fire-red cherubinnes face,
For sauseflem he was, with eyen narwe.
As hote he was, and likerous as a sparwe,
With scalled browes blake, and pilled berd:
Of his visage children were sore aferd.
Ther n'as quiksilver, litarge, ne brimston,
Boras, ceruse, ne oile of tartre non,
Ne oinement that wolde clense or bite,
That him might helpen of his whelkes white,
Ne of the knobbes sitting on his chekes.
Wel loved he garlike, onions, and lekes,
And for to drinke strong win as rede as blood.
Than wolde he speke, and crie as he were wood.
And whan that he wel dronken had the win,

Then wold he speken no word but Latin.
A fewe termes coude he, two or three,
That he had learned out of som decree;
No wonder is, he herd it all the day.
And eke ye knowen wel, how that a jay
Can clepen watte, as well as can the pope.
But who so wolde in other thing him grope,
Then hadde he spent all his philosophie,
Ay, *Questio quid juris*, wolde he crie.
He was a gentil harlot and a kind;
A better felaw shulde a man not find.
He wolde suffre for a quart of wine,
A good felaw to have his concubine
A twelve month, and excuse him at the full.
Ful prively a finch eke coude he pull.
And if he found owhere a good felawe,
He wolde techen him to have non awe
In swiche a cas of the archedekenes curse;
But if a mannes soule were in his purse;
For in his purse he shulde ypunished be.
Purse is the archedekens helle, said he.
But wel I wote, he lied right in dede:
Of cursing ought eche gilty man him drede.
For curse wol sle right as assoiling saveth,
And also ware him of a *significavit*.
In danger hadde he at his owen gise
The yonge girles of the diocise,
And knew hir conseil, and was of hir rede.
A gerlond hadde he sette upon his hede,
As gret as it were for an alestake:
A bokeler hadde he made him of a cake.

With him ther rode a gentil PARDONERE
Of Rouncevall, his frend and his compere,
That streit was comen from the court of Rome.
Ful loude he sang, Come hither, love, to me.
This sompnour bare to him a stiff burdoun,
Was never trompe of half so gret a soun.
This pardoner had here as yelwe as wax,
But smoth it heng, as doth a strike of flax
By unces heng his lokkes that he hadde,
And therwith he his shulders overspradde.
Ful thinne it lay, by culpons on and on,
But hode, for jolite, ne wered he non,

For it was trussed up in his wallet.
Him thought he rode al of the newe get,
Dishevele, sauf his cappe, he rode all bare.
Swiche glaring eyen hadde he, as an hare.
A vernicle hadde he sewed upon his cappe.
His wallet lay beforne him in his lappe,
Bret-ful of pardon come from Rome al hote.
A vois he hadde, as smale as hath a gote.
No berd hadde he, ne never non shulde have,
As smothe it was as it were newe shave;
I trowe he were a gelding or a mare.
But of his craft, fro Berwike unto Ware,
Ne was ther swiche an other pardonere.
For in his male he hadde a pilwebere,
Which, as he saide, was oure ladies veil:
He saide, he hadde a gobbet of the seyl
Thate seint Peter had, whan that he went
Upon the see, till Jesu Crist him hent.
He had a crois of laton ful of stones,
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.
But with these relikes, whanne that he fond
A poure persone dwelling up on lond,
Upon a day he gat him more moneie
Than that the persone gat in monethes tweie.
And thus with fained flattering and japes,
He made the persone, and the peple, his apes.
But trewly to tellen atte last,
He was in chirche a noble ecclesiast.
Wel coude he rede a lesson or a storie,
But alderbest he sang an offertorie:
For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe,
He must preche, and wel afile his tonge,
To winne silver, as he right wel coude:
Therfore he sang the merier and loude.

Now have I told you shortly in a clause,
Th' estat, th' araie, the nombre, and eke the cause
Why that assembled was this compagnie
In Southwerk at this gentil hostelrie,
That highte the Tabard, faste by the Belle.
But now is time to you for to telle,
How that we baren us that ilke night,
Whan we were in that hostelrie alight.
And after wol I telle of our viage,

And all the remenant of our pilgrimage.
But firste I praie you of your curtesie,
That ye ne arette it not my vilanie,
Though that I plainly speke in this matere,
To tellen you hir wordes and hir chere;
Ne though I speke hir wordes proprely.
For this ye knowen al so wel as I,
Who so shall telle a tale after a man,
He moste reherse, as neighe as ever he can.
Everich word, if it be in his charge,
All speke he never so rudely and so large;
Or elles he moste tellen his tale untrewe,
Or feinen thinges, or finden wordes newe.
He may not spare, although he were his brother.
He moste as wel sayn o word, as an other.
Crist spake himself ful brode in holy writ,
And wel ye wote no vilanie is it.
Eke Plato sayeth, who so can him rede,
The wordes moste ben cosin to the dede.
Also I praie you to forgive it me,
And have I not sette folk in hir degree,
Here in this tale, as that they shulden stonde.
My wit is short, ye may wel understonde.

Gret chere made oure hoste us everich on,
And to the souper sette he us anon:
And served us with vitaille of the beste.
Strong was the win, and wel to drinke us leste.
A semely man our hoste was with alle
For to han ben a marshal in an halle.
A large man he was with eyen stepe,
A fairer burgeis is ther non in Chepe:
Bold of his speche, and wise and wel ytaught,
And of manhood him lacked righte naught.
Eke thereto was he right a mery man,
And after souper plaien he began,
And spake of mirthe amonges other thinges,
Whan that we hadden made our rekeninges;
And saide thus; Now, lordinges, trewely
Ye ben to me welcome right hertily:
For by my trouthe, if that I shal not lie,
I saw nat this yere swiche a compagnie
At ones in this herberwe, as is now.
Fayn wolde I do you mirthe, and I wiste how,

And of a mirthe I am right now bethought,
To don you ese, and it shall coste you nought.
Ye gon to Canterbury; God you spede,
The blisful martyr quite you your mede;
And wel I wot, as ye gon by the way,
Ye shapen you to talken and to play:
For trewely comfort ne mirthe is non,
To riden by the way dombe as the ston:
And therfore wold I maken you disport,
As I said erst, and don you some comfort.
And if you liketh alle by on assent
Now for to stonden at my jugement:
And for to werchen as I shal you say
To-morwe, whan ye riden on the way,
Now by my faders soule that is ded,
But be ye mery, smiteth of my hed.
Hold up your hondes withouten more speche.
Our conseil was not longe for to seche:
Us thought it was not worth to make it wise,
And granted him withouten more avise,
And bad him say his verdit, as him leste.
Lordinges, (quod he) now herkeneth for the beste;
But take it nat, I pray you, in disdain;
This is the point, to speke it plat and plain,
That eche of you to shorten with youre way,
In this viage, shal tellen tales tway,
To Canterbury ward, I mene it so,
And homeward he shal tellen other two,
Of aventures that whilom han befalle.
And which of you that bereth him best of alle,
That is to sayn, that telleth in this cas
Tales of best sentence and most solas,
Shal have a souper at youre aller cost
Here in this place sitting by this post,
Whan that ye comen agen from Canterbury.
And for to maken you the more mery,
I wol myselven gladly with you ride,
Right at min owen cost, and be your gide.
And who that wol my jugement withsay,
Shal pay for alle we spenden by the way.
And if ye vouchesauf that it be so,
Telle me anon withouten wordes mo,
And I wol erly shapen me therfore.
This thing was granted, and our othes swore

With ful glad herte, and praiden him also,
That he wold vouchesauf for to don so,
And that he wolde ben our governour,
And of our tales jüge and reportour,
And sette a souper at a certain pris;
And we wol reuled ben at his devise,
In highe and lowe: and thus by on assent,
We ben accorded to his jugement.
And therupon the win was fette anon.
We dronken, and to reste wenten eche on,
Withouten any lenger tarying.
A-morwe whan the day began to spring,
Up rose our hoste, and was our aller cok,
And gaderd us togeder in a flok,
And forth we riden a litel more than pas,
Unto the watering of Seint Thomas:
And ther our hoste began his hors arest,
And saide; lordes, herkeneth if you lest.
Ye wete your forword, and I it record.
If even-song and morwe-song accord,
Let se now who shal telle the first tale.
As ever mote I drinken win or ale,
Who so is rebel to my jugement,
Shal pay for alle that by the way is spent.
Now draweth cutte, or that ye forther twinne.
He which that hath the shortest shal beginne.
Sire knight, (quod he) my maister and my lord,
Now draweth cutte, for that is min accord.
Cometh nere, (quod he) my lady prioresse,
And ye, sire clerk, let be your shamefastnesse,
Ne studieth nought; lay hand to, every man.
Anon to drawen every wight began,
And shortly for to tellen as it was,
Were it by aventure, or sort, or cas,
The sothe is this, the cutte fell on the knight,
Of which full blith and glad was every wight;
And tell he must his tale as was reson,
But forword, and by composition,
As ye han herd; what nedeth wordes mo?
And whan this good man saw that it was so,
As he that wise was and obedient
To kepe his forword by his free assent,
He saide; sithen I shal begin this game,
What? welcome be the cutte a goddes name.

Now let us ride, and herkeneth what I say.
And with that word we riden forth our way;
And he began with right a mery chere
His tale anon, and saide as ye shul here.

Good Counsail of Chaucer.

Fly fro the prease, and dwell with soothfastnesse
Suffise unto thy good though it be small,
For horde hath hate, and climbing tikelnesse,
Prease hath envy, and wele is blent over all,
Savour no more than thee behove shall,
Rede well thy selfe that other folke canst rede,
And trouth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.

Paine thee not ech crooked to redresse
In trust of her that tourneth as a ball,
Great rest standeth in little businesse,
Beware also to spurne againe a nall,
Strive not as doth a crocke with a wall,
Deme thy selfe that demest others dede,
And trouth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.

That thee is sent receive in buxomnesse,
The wrastling of this world asketh a fall,
Here is no home, here is but wildernesse,
Forth, pilgrime! forth, beast, out of thy stall!
Looke up on high, and thanke God of all!
Weive thy lusts, and let thy ghost thee lede,
And trouth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.

To His Empty Purse.

To you, my purse, and to none other wight
Complaine I, for ye be my lady dere,
I am sorry now that ye be light,
For, certes, ye now make me heavy chere,
Me were as lefe laid upon a bere,
For which unto your mercy thus I crie,
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

Now vouchsafe this day or it be night,
That I of you the blissful sowne may here,
Or see your colour like the Sunne bright,
That of yelowness had never pere,

Ye be my life, ye be my hertes stere,
Queene of comfort and of good companie,
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

Now purse, that art to me my lives light,
And saviour, as downe in this world here,
Out of this towne helpe me by your might,
Sith that you woll not be my treasure,
For I am shave as nere as any frere,
But I pray unto your curtesie,
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

Emylye in the Garden.

(From "The Knight's Tale.")

It fil ones in a morwe of May,
That Emylye, that fairer was to sene
Than is the lylie upon his stalke grene,
And fressher than the May with floures newe —
For with the Rose colour stroof hire hewe,
I noot which was the finer of hem two —
Er it were day, as was hir wone to do,
She was arisen and al redy dight,
For May wole haue no slogardrie a nyght;
The seson priketh euery gentil herte,
And maketh hym out of his slepe to sterte,
And seith, "Arys and do thyn obseruance."
This maked Emylye have remembraunce
To doon honour to May and for to ryse.
Yclothed was she fressh for to deuyse
Hir yelow heer was broyded in a tresse,
Bihynde hir bak a yerde long, I gesse,
And in the gardyn at the sonne up riste,
She walketh vp and down and as hire liste,
She gadereth floures party white and rede,
To make a subtil gerland for hire hede,
And as an Aungel heuenysshly she soong.

MARIE-ANDRÉ CHÉNIER.

Marie-André Chénier, a distinguished French poet, was born at Constantinople, Oct. 30, 1762; died in Paris, July 25, 1794. He became a fine classical scholar, especially in Greek literature. At twenty he entered the army, and for a time served as a sub-lieutenant at Strasburg, but in a few months he threw up his commission and returned to Paris, and again devoted himself to study. During this period he wrote the idyls "Le Mendiant," "L'Aveugle," and "Le Jeune Malade," and planned others. His close application affected his health, and toward the close of the year 1784 he set out with some friends on a tour through Switzerland, Italy, and the Archipelago. On his return, in 1786, he again wrote and made plans and sketches for great poems. Among these are "Suzanne," "L'Invention," and "Hermes." The first and last of these were left in a fragmentary condition. In 1787, he accepted the secretaryship of the French Legation at London. Three years later he resigned and returned to Paris in the first whirl of the Revolution, 1790. When Louis XVI. was brought to trial he assisted in the preparation of his defense. He had always opposed the atrocities of the Jacobins, and he published a number of pamphlets containing severe strictures against them and the leaders of the Revolution. These angered Robespierre, and he was arrested Jan. 6, 1794. He was imprisoned in Saint Lazare. After an incarceration of six months, on July 24 he was brought, with others, before the tribunal and condemned, and on the following day, July 25, 1794, was executed.

The Young Captive.

"The corn in peace fills out its golden ear;
Through the long summer days, the flowers without a fear
Drink in the strength of noon.
And I, a flower like them, as young, as fair, as pure,
Though at the present hour some trouble I endure,
I would not die so soon!

"No, let the stoic heart call upon Death as kind!
For me, I weep and hope; before the bitter wind
I bend like some lithe palm.

If there be long, sad days, others are bright and fleet;
Alas! what honeyed draught holds nothing but the sweet?
What sea is ever calm?

"And still within my breast nestles illusion bright;
In vain these prison walls shut out the noonday light;
Fair Hope has lent me wings.
So from the fowler's net, again set free to fly,
More swift, more joyous, through the summer sky,
Philomel soars and sings.

"Is it my lot to die? In peace I lay me down,
In peace awake again, a peace nor care doth drown,
Nor fell remorse destroy.
My welcome shines from every morning face,
And to these downcast souls my presence in this place
Almost restores their joy.

"The voyage of life is but begun for me,
And of the landmarks I must pass, I see
So few behind me stand.
At life's long banquet, now before me set,
My lips have hardly touched the cup as yet
Still brimming in my hand.

"I only know the spring; I would see autumn brown;
Like the bright sun, that all the seasons crown,
I would round out my year.
A tender flower, the sunny garden's boast,
I have but seen the fires of morning's host;
Would eve might find me here!

"O Death, canst thou not wait? Depart from me, and go
To comfort those sad hearts whom pale despair, and woe,
And shame, perchance have wrung.
For me the woods still offer verdant ways,
The Loves their kisses, and the Muses praise:
I would not die so young!"

Thus, captive too, and sad, my lyre none the less
Woke at the plaint of one who breathed its own distress,
Youth in a prison cell;
And throwing off the yoke that weighed upon me too,
I strove in all the sweet and tender words I knew
Her gentle grief to tell.

Melodious witness of my captive days,
These rhymes shall make some lover of my lays
Seek the maid I have sung.

Grace sits upon her brow, and all shall share,
Who see her charms, her grief and her despair:
They too "must die so young!"

His Last Poem.

A fragment; interrupted by the advent of the death-guard.

As the sun's last flashing ray,
As the last cool breeze from the shore,
Cheer the close of a dying day,
Thus I strike my lyre once more.
As now by the scaffold I wait,
Each moment of time seems the last;
For the clock, like a finger of fate,
Points onward and onward fast.
Perchance ere the hand goes round,
Perchance ere I hear the beat
Of the measured and vigilant sound
Of its sixty sonorous feet,
The sleep of the tomb will close
On my wearied lids and eyes —
Ere each thronging thought that glows
Can have taken its own fitting guise;
And One, bearing death in his hand,
Like a grim recruiter of shades,
Will come with his murderous band,
And, amid the clanging of blades,
Fill all these gloomy corridors
With resoundings of my name.
. . . . . .

Ode.

May fewer roses calls her own,
And fewer vines wreathe Autumn's throne,
Fewer the wheat-ears of the field, —
Than all the songs that Fanny's smiles
And Fanny's eyes and witching wiles
Inspire my lips and lyre to yield.

The secret longings of my heart
In words of fire to being start,
Moved by the magic of her name:
As when from ocean's depths the shell
Yields up the pearl it wrought so well,
Worthy the Sultan's diadem.

And thus from out the mulberry leaves
The Cathay silkworm twines and weaves
Her sparkling web of palest gold.
Come, dear, my Muse has silk more pure
And bright than hers, that shall endure,
And all your loveliness infold.

And pearls of poetry divine
With rosy fingers she shall twine,
To make a necklace rich and rare;
Come, Fanny, and that snowy neck
Let me with radiant jewels deck,
Although no pearl is half so fair.

First Love.

I was but a feeble infant, she a stately maid and tall,
Yet with many a smiling promise, many a soft and winsome call,
She would snatch me to her bosom, cradle me and rock me there,
Let my childish fingers trifle with the glories of her hair;
Smother me with fond caresses — for a moment's space again,
As if shocked with my o'erboldness, feign to chide, but only feign.
Then, when all her lovers thronged her — wandering and bashful host —
Then the proud disdainful beauty kissed and fondled me the most.
Often, often — (oh, how foolish childhood's innocent alarms!)
Has she covered me with kisses as I struggled in her arms:
While the shepherds murmur'd round us, as triumphantly I smiled,
"Oh, what thrilling joys are wasted! Oh, too happy, happy child."

Jos.h Collyer sculp.t

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

From an Original Model by M.r Gosset.

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD, an English statesman, orator, and general writer, born in London, England, Sept. 22, 1694; died March 24, 1773. He was educated at Cambridge, and, after making the tour of Europe, was appointed a gentleman of the bed-chamber to the Prince of Wales. In 1727 he was made a privy councilor, and in 1728 was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to Holland. He was afterward Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and Secretary of State. He was distinguished by his brilliant wit, polished manners, and elegance of conversation. Deafness forced him to retire from public life in 1762. His literary reputation rests upon a series of "Letters" addressed to his natural son, Philip Stanhope.

CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

ON POETRY AND COMMON SENSE.

BATH, *July* 16, 1743.

DEAR BOY: I received, this morning, your letter and theme; both which were so much better written than the former, that I almost read them at sight. It is therefore plain that you could do better than you did, and I am sure you can do better still, and desire that you will be pleased to do so. I send you back your letter for the sake of two gross faults in orthography, which I have corrected, and which it is fit you should observe. Those things, which all people can do well if they please, it is a shame to do ill. As, for example, writing and spelling well only require care and attention. There are other things which people are not obliged to do at all; but, if they do them at all, are obliged to do them well, or they make themselves very ridiculous by attempting them. As, for instance, dancing, music, painting; which a man is not obliged to know at all; but then he is obliged by common sense not to do them at all, unless he does them well. I am very glad to hear that you have increased your fortune, by the acquisition of two silver pence. In that article, (in spite of the old proverb,) I recom-

mend to you, to be *penny wise*, and to take a great deal of pains to get more. Money so got brings along with it, what seldom accompanies money, honor. As you are now got into sense-verses, remember, that it is not sufficient to put a little common sense into hexameters and pentameters; that alone does not constitute poetry; but observe, and endeavor to imitate the poetical diction, the epithets, and the images of the poets; for, though the Latin maxim is a true one, *Nascitur poeta, fit orator;* that relates only to the genius, the fire, and the invention of the poet, which is certainly never to be acquired, but must be born with him. But the mechanical parts of the poetry, such as the diction, the numbers, and the harmony, they are to be acquired by care. Many words, that are very properly used in prose, are much below the dignity of verse. Frequent epithets would be very improper and affected in prose, but are almost necessary in verse. Thus you will observe, that Ovid, the poet you now read, adds an epithet to almost every substantive: which epithet is to point out some particular circumstance or peculiarity of the substantive. Virgil commonly gives the epithet of *Pius* to his hero Æneas, on account of his remarkable piety, both to his father Anchises, and to the gods; but then, when he represents him fighting, or making love, he judiciously changes the epithet, and calls him *Dux Æneas*, a more proper epithet in those situations. Ovid, in his epistle from Penelope to Ulysses, makes her give him the epithet of *lentus*, because he was so long coming home,

Hanc tua Penelope *lento* tibi mittit Ulyssi.

When you read the Poets, attend to all these things, as well as merely to the literal construction of the language, or the feet of the verse.

I hope you take pains with Mr. Fitzgerald, and improve much in Greek; for that, I am sure, is in your power.

I will give you Horace's advice upon that subject.

————Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.

Everybody knows Latin, but few people know Greek well; so that you will distinguish yourself much more by Greek, than you can by Latin, and, considering how long you have learned it, you ought to know it as well.

If you would have me bring you anything from hence, let

me know what, and you shall have it; provided that, at my return, I hear an equally good account of you from Dr. Nichols, Mr. Fitzgerald, and Monsieur Coudert. Adieu.

ON THE ART OF PLEASING.

LONDON, *Oct.* 16, *O. S.* 1747.

DEAR BOY: The art of pleasing is a very necessary one to possess; but a very difficult one to acquire. It can hardly be reduced to rules; and your own good sense and observation will teach you more of it than I can. Do as you would be done by, is the surest method that I know of pleasing. Observe carefully what pleases you in others, and probably the same thing in you will please others. If you are pleased with the complaisance and attention of others to your humors, your tastes, or your weaknesses, depend upon it the same complaisance and attention, on your part to theirs, will equally please them. Take the tone of the company that you are in, and do not pretend to give it; be serious, gay, or even trifling, as you find the present humor of the company; this is an attention due from every individual to the majority. Do not tell stories in company; there is nothing more tedious and disagreeable; if by chance you know a very short story, and exceedingly applicable to the present subject of conversation, tell it in as few words as possible; and even then, throw out that you do not love to tell stories; but that the shortness of it tempted you. Of all things, banish the egotism out of your conversation, and never think of entertaining people with your own personal concerns, or private affairs; though they are interesting to you, they are tedious and impertinent to everybody else; besides that, one cannot keep one's own private affairs too secret. Whatever you think your own excellencies may be, do not affectedly display them in company; nor labor, as many people do, to give that turn to the conversation, which may supply you with an opportunity of exhibiting them. If they are real, they will infallibly be discovered, without your pointing them out yourself, and with much more advantage. Never maintain an argument with heat and clamor, though you think or know yourself to be in the right: but give your opinion modestly and coolly, which is the only way to convince; and if that does not do, try to change the conversation, by saying, with good humor, "We shall hardly convince one another, nor is it necessary that we should, so let us talk of something else."

Remember that there is a local propriety to be observed in all companies; and that what is extremely proper in one company, may be, and often is, highly improper in another.

The jokes, the *bonmots*, the little adventures, which may do very well in one company, will seem flat and tedious, when related in another. The particular characters, the habits, the cant of one company, may give merit to a word, or a gesture, which would have none at all if divested of those accidental circumstances. Here people very commonly err; and fond of something that has entertained them in one company, and in certain circumstances, repeat it with emphasis in another, where it is either insipid, or, it may be, offensive, by being ill-timed or misplaced. Nay, they often do it with this silly preamble: "I will tell you an excellent thing;" or, "I will tell you the best thing in the world." This raises expectations, which, when absolutely disappointed, make the relater of this excellent thing look, very deservedly, like a fool.

If you would particularly gain the affection and friendship of particular people, whether men or women, endeavor to find out their predominant excellency, if they have one, and their prevailing weakness, which everybody has; and do justice to the one, and something more than justice to the other. Men have various objects in which they may excel, or at least would be thought to excel; and, though they love to hear justice done to them, where they know that they excel, yet they are most and best flattered upon those points where they wish to excel, and yet are doubtful whether they do or not. As, for example, Cardinal Richelieu, who was undoubtedly the ablest statesman of his time, or perhaps of any other, had the idle vanity of being thought the best poet too; he envied the great Corneille his reputation, and ordered a criticism to be written upon the Cid. Those, therefore, who flattered skillfully, said little to him of his abilities in state affairs, or at least but *en passant*, and as it might naturally occur. But the incense which they gave him, the smoke of which they knew would turn his head in their favor, was as a *bel esprit* and a poet. Why? Because he was sure of one excellency, and distrustful as to the other. You will easily discover every man's prevailing vanity, by observing his favorite topic of conversation; for every man talks most of what he has most a mind to be thought to excel in. Touch him but there, and you touch him to the quick. The late Sir Robert Walpole (who was certainly an able man) was little

open to flattery upon that head; for he was in no doubt himself about it; but his prevailing weakness was, to be thought to have a polite and happy turn to gallantry; of which he had undoubtedly less than any man living: it was his favorite and frequent subject of conversation: which proved, to those who had any penetration, that it was his prevailing weakness. And they applied to it with success.

Women have, in general, but one object, which is their beauty; upon which, scarce any flattery is too gross for them to swallow. Nature has hardly formed a woman ugly enough to be insensible to flattery upon her person; if her face is so shocking, that she must in some degree, be conscious of it, her figure and her air, she trusts, make ample amends for it. If her figure is deformed, her face, she thinks, counterbalances it. If they are both bad, she comforts herself that she has graces; a certain manner; a *je ne sais quoi*, still more engaging than beauty. This truth is evident, from the studied and elaborate dress of the ugliest women in the world. An undoubted, uncontested, conscious beauty, is of all women, the least sensible of flattery upon that head; she knows that it is her due, and is therefore obliged to nobody for giving it her. She must be flattered upon her understanding; which, though she may possibly not doubt of herself, yet she suspects that men may distrust.

Do not mistake me, and think that I mean to recommend to you abject and criminal flattery: no; flatter nobody's vices or crimes: on the contrary, abhor and discourage them. But there is no living in the world without a complaisant indulgence for people's weaknesses, and innocent, though ridiculous vanities. If a man has a mind to be thought wiser, and a woman handsomer than they really are, their error is a comfortable one to themselves, and an innocent one with regard to other people; and I would rather make them my friends, by indulging them in it, than my enemies, by endeavoring (and that to no purpose) to undeceive them.

There are little attentions likewise, which are infinitely engaging, and which sensibly affect that degree of pride and self-love, which is inseparable from human nature; as they are unquestionable proofs of the regard and consideration which we have for the person to whom we pay them. As, for example, to observe the little habits, the likings, the antipathies, and the tastes of those whom we would gain; and then take care to provide them with the one, and to secure them from the other;

giving them, genteelly, to understand, that you had observed that they liked such a dish, or such a room; for which reason you had prepared it: or, on the contrary, that having observed they had an aversion to such a dish, a dislike to such a person, etc., you had taken care to avoid presenting them. Such attention to such trifles flatters self-love much more than greater things, as it makes people think themselves almost the only objects of your thought and care.

These are some of the *arcana* necessary for your initiation in the great society of the world. I wish I had known them better at your age; I have paid the price of three-and-fifty years for them, and shall not grudge it, if you reap the advantage. Adieu.

ON THE GRACES.

BATH, *March* 9, *O. S.* 1748.

DEAR BOY: I must from time to time remind you of what I have often recommended to you, and of what you cannot attend to too much; *sacrifice to the Graces.* The different effects of the same things, said or done, when accompanied or abandoned by them, is almost inconceivable. They prepare the way to the heart; and the heart has such an influence over the understanding, that it is worth while to engage it in our interest. It is the whole of women, who are guided by nothing else; and it has so much to say, even with men, and the ablest men too, that it commonly triumphs in every struggle with the understanding. Monsieur de Rochefoucault, in his Maxims, says, that *l'esprit est souvent la dupe du cœur.* If he had said, instead of *souvent*, *presque toujours*, I fear he would have been nearer the truth. This being the case, aim at the heart. Intrinsic merit alone will not do; it will gain you the general esteem of all; but not the particular affection, that is, the heart, of any. To engage the affections of any particular person, you must, over and above your general merit, have some particular merit to that person; by services done, or offered; by expressions of regard and esteem; by complaisance, attentions, etc., for him: And the graceful manner of doing all these things opens the way to the heart, and facilitates, or rather insures, their effects. From your own observation, reflect what a disagreeable impression an awkward address, a slovenly figure, an ungraceful manner of speaking, whether stuttering, muttering, monotony, or drawling, an unattentive behavior, etc., make upon you, at first sight, in a stranger, and how they

prejudice you against him, though for aught you know, he may have great intrinsic sense and merit. And reflect, on the other hand, how much the opposites of all these things prepossess you, at first sight, in favor of those who enjoy them. You wish to find all good qualities in them, and are in some degree disappointed if you do not. A thousand little things, not separately to be defined, conspire to form these graces, this *je ne sais quoi*, that always please. A pretty person, genteel motions, a proper degree of dress, an harmonious voice, something open and cheerful in the countenance, but without laughing; a distinct and properly varied manner of speaking: All these things, and many others, are necessary ingredients in the composition of the pleasing *je ne sais quoi*, which everybody feels, though nobody can describe. Observe carefully, then, what displeases or pleases you in others, and be persuaded, that, in general, the same things will please or displease them in you. Having mentioned laughing, I must particularly warn you against it: and I could heartily wish, that you may often be seen to smile, but never heard to laugh while you live. Frequent and loud laughter is the characteristic of folly and ill manners; it is the manner in which the mob express their silly joy at silly things; and they call it being merry. In my mind, there is nothing so illiberal, and so ill bred, as audible laughter. True wit, or sense, never yet made anybody laugh; they are above it: They please the mind, and give a cheerfulness to the countenance. But it is low buffoonery, or silly accidents, that always excite laughter; and that is what people of sense and breeding should show themselves above. A man's going to sit down, in the supposition that he has a chair behind him, and falling down upon his breech for want of one, sets a whole company a laughing, when all the wit in the world would not do it; a plain proof, in my mind, how low and unbecoming a thing laughter is: Not to mention the disagreeable noise that it makes, and the shocking distortion of the face that it occasions. Laughter is easily restrained, by a very little reflection; but as it is generally connected with the idea of gayety, people do not enough attend to its absurdity. I am neither of a melancholy nor a cynical disposition; and am as willing and as apt to be pleased as anybody; but I am sure that, since I have had the full use of my reason, nobody has ever heard me laugh. Many people, at first, from awkwardness and *mauvaise honte*, have got a very disa-

greeable and silly trick of laughing whenever they speak: and I know a man of very good parts, Mr. Waller, who cannot say the commonest thing without laughing; which makes those, who do not know him, take him at first for a natural fool. This, and many other very disagreeable habits, are owing to *mauvaise honte* at their first setting out in the world. They are ashamed in company, and so disconcerted, that they do not know what they do, and try a thousand tricks to keep themselves in countenance; which tricks afterwards grow habitual to them. Some put their fingers in their nose, others scratch their heads, others twirl their hats; in short, every awkward, ill-bred body has his trick. But the frequency does not justify the thing, and all these vulgar habits and awkwardnesses, though not criminal indeed, are most carefully to be guarded against, as they are great bars in the way of the art of pleasing. Remember, that to please, is almost to prevail, or at least a necessary previous step to it. You, who have your fortune to make, should more particularly study this art. You had not, I must tell you, when you left England, *les manières prevenantes;* and I must confess they are not very common in England; but I hope that your good sense will make you acquire them abroad. If you desire to make yourself considerable in the world, (as, if you have any spirit, you do,) it must be entirely your own doing; for I may very possibly be out of the world at the time you come into it. Your own rank and fortune will not assist you; your merit and your manners can alone raise you to figure and fortune. I have laid the foundations of them by the education which I have given you; but you must build the superstructure yourself.

ON GOOD COMPANY.

BATH, *Oct.* 12, *O. S.* 1748.

DEAR BOY: Good company is not what respective sets of company are pleased either to call or think themselves, but it is that company which all the people of the place call, and acknowledge to be, good company, notwithstanding some objections which they may form to some of the individuals who compose it. It consists chiefly (but by no means without exception) of people of considerable birth, rank, and character; for people of neither birth nor rank are frequently, and very justly admitted into it, if distinguished by any peculiar merit, or eminency

in any liberal art or science. Nay, so motely a thing is good company, that many people, without birth, rank, or merit, intrude into it by their own forwardness, and others slide into it by the protection of some considerable person; and some even of indifferent characters and morals make part of it. But in the main, the good part preponderates and people of infamous and blasted characters are never admitted. In this fashionable good company, the best manners and the best language of the place are most unquestionably to be learnt; for they establish and give the tone to both, which are therefore called the language and manners of good company; there being no legal tribunal to ascertain either.

A company, consisting wholly of people of the first quality, cannot, for that reason, be called good company, in the common acceptation of the phrase, unless they are, into the bargain, the fashionable and accredited company of the place; for people of the very first quality can be as silly, as ill-bred, and as worthless, as people of the meanest degree. On the other hand, a company consisting entirely of people of very low condition, whatever their merit or parts may be, can never be called good company; and consequently should not be much frequented, though by no means despised.

A company wholly composed of men of learning, though greatly to be valued and respected, is not meant by the words *good company;* they cannot have the easy manners and *tournure* of the world, as they do not live in it. If you can bear your part well in such a company, it is extremely right to be in it sometimes, and you will be but more esteemed in other companies, for having a place in that. But then do not let it engross you; for if you do, you will be only considered as one of the *literati* by profession; which is not the way either to shine, or rise in the world.

The company of professed wits and poets is extremely inviting to most young men; who if they have wit themselves, are pleased with it, and if they have none, are sillily proud of being one of it: but it should be frequented with moderation and judgment, and you should by no means give yourself up to it. A wit is a very unpopular denomination, as it carries terror along with it; and people in general are as much afraid of a live wit, in company, as a woman is of a gun, which she thinks may go off of itself, and do her a mischief. Their acquaintance is, however, worth seeking, and their company worth frequent-

ing; but not exclusively of others, nor to such a degree as to be considered only as one of that particular set.

But the company, which of all others you should most carefully avoid, is that low company, which, in every sense of the word, is low indeed; low in rank, low in parts, low in manners, and low in merit. You will, perhaps, be surprised, that I should think it necessary to warn you against such company, but yet I do not think it wholly unnecessary, from the many instances which I have seen, of men of sense and rank, discredited, verified, and undone, by keeping such company.

Vanity, that source of many of our follies, and of some of our crimes, has sunk many a man into company, in every light infinitely below himself, for the sake of being the first man in it. There he dictates, is applauded, admired; and, for the sake of being the *Coryphæus* of that wretched chorus, disgraces and disqualifies himself soon for any better company. Depend upon it, you will sink or rise to the level of the company which you commonly keep: people will judge of you, and not unreasonably, by that. There is good sense in the Spanish saying, "Tell me whom you live with, and I will tell you who you are." Make it therefore your business, wherever you are, to get into that company which everybody in the place allows to be the best company next to their own; which is the best definition that I can give you of good company. But here, too, one caution is very necessary; for want of which many young men have been ruined, even in good company.

Good company (as I have before observed) is composed of a great variety of fashionable people, whose characters and morals are very different, though their manners are pretty much the same. When a young man, new in the world, first gets into that company, he very rightly determines to conform to, and imitate it. But then he too often, and fatally, mistakes the objects of his imitation. He has often heard that absurd term of genteel and fashionable vices. He there sees some people who shine, and who in general are admired and esteemed; and observes that these people are whoremasters, drunkards, or gamesters, upon which he adopts their vices, mistaking their defects for their perfections, and thinking that they owe their fashions and their luster to those genteel vices. Whereas it is exactly the reverse; for these people have acquired their reputation by their parts, their learning, their good-breeding, and other real accomplishments: and are only blemished and low-

ered, in the opinions of all reasonable people, and of their own, in time, by these genteel and fashionable vices. A whoremaster, in a flux, or without a nose, is a very genteel person indeed, and well worthy of imitation. A drunkard, vomiting up at night the wine of the day, and stupefied by the headache all the next, is, doubtless, a fine model to copy from. And a gamester, tearing his hair, and blaspheming, for having lost more than he had in the world, is surely a most amiable character. No; these are alloys, and great ones too, which can never adorn any character, but will always debase the best. To prove this, suppose any man, without parts and some other good qualities, to be merely a whoremaster, a drunkard, or a gamester; how will he be looked upon by all sorts of people? Why, as a most contemptible and vicious animal. Therefore it is plain, that in these mixed characters, the good part only makes people forgive, but not approve, the bad.

I will hope and believe, that you will have no vices; but if, unfortunately, you should have any, at least I beg of you to be content with your own, and to adopt no other body's. The adoption of vice has, I am convinced, ruined ten times more young men than natural inclinations.

As I make no difficulty of confessing my past errors, where I think the confession may be of use to you, I will own, that when I first went to the university, I drank and smoked, notwithstanding the aversion I had to wine and tobacco, only because I thought it genteel, and that it made me look like a man. When I went abroad, I first went to the Hague, where gaming was much in fashion; and where I observed that many people of shining rank and character gamed too. I was then young enough, and silly enough, to believe that gaming was one of their accomplishments; and, as I aimed at perfection, I adopted gaming as a necessary step to it. Thus I acquired, by error, the habit of a vice, which, far from adorning my character, has, I am conscious, been a great blemish in it.

Imitate then, with discernment and judgment, the real perfections of the good company into which you may get; copy their politeness, their carriage, their address, and the easy and well bred turn of their conversation; but remember that, let them shine ever so bright, their vices, if they have any, are so many spots, which you would no more imitate, than you would make an artificial wart upon your face, because some very handsome man had the misfortune to have a natural one upon his:

but, on the contrary, think how much handsomer he would have been without it.

Having thus confessed some of my *égaremens*, I will now show you a little of my right side. I always endeavored to get into the best company wherever I was, and commonly succeeded. There I pleased, to some degree, by showing a desire to please. I took care never to be absent, or *distrait;* but, on the contrary, attended to every thing that was said, done, or even looked, in company; I never failed in the minutest attentions, and was never *journalier.* These things, and not my *égaremens*, made me fashionable. Adieu! This letter is full long enough.

ON DRESS.

LONDON, *Dec.* 30, *O.S.* 1748.

DEAR BOY: I direct this letter to Berlin, where, I suppose, it will either find you, or at least wait but a very little time for you. I cannot help being anxious for your success, at this your first appearance upon the great stage of the world; for, though the spectators are always candid enough to give great allowances, and to show great indulgence to a new actor; yet, from the first impressions which he makes upon them, they are apt to decide, in their own minds, at least, whether he will ever be a good one, or not: If he seems to understand what he says, by speaking it properly; if he is attentive to his part, instead of staring negligently about him; and if, upon the whole, he seems ambitious to please, they willingly pass over little awkwardnesses and inaccuracies, which they ascribe to a commendable modesty in a young and inexperienced actor. They pronounce that he will be a good one in time; and, by the encouragement which they give him, make him so the sooner. This, I hope, will be your case: you have sense enough to understand your part; a constant attention, and ambition to excel in it, with a careful observation of the best actors, will inevitably qualify you, if not for the first, at least for considerable parts.

Your dress (as insignificant a thing as dress is in itself) is now become an object worthy of some attention; for, I confess, I cannot help forming some opinion of a man's sense and character from his dress; and I believe most people do as well as myself. Any affectation whatsoever in dress, implies, in my mind, a flaw in the understanding. Most of our young fellows here display some character or other by their dress; some affect

the tremendous, and wear a great and fiercely cocked hat, an enormous sword, a short waistcoat and a black cravat; these I should be almost tempted to swear the peace against, in my own defense, if I were not convinced that they are but meek asses in lions' skins. Others go in brown frocks, leather breeches, great oaken cudgels in their hands, their hats uncocked, and their hair unpowdered; and imitate grooms, stage-coachmen, and country bumpkins, so well, in their outsides, that I do not make the least doubt of their resembling them equally in their insides. A man of sense carefully avoids any particular character in his dress; he is accurately clean for his own sake; but all the rest is for other people's. He dresses as well, and in the same manner, as the people of sense and fashion of the place where he is. If he dresses better, as he thinks, that is, more than they, he is a fop; if he dresses worse, he is unpardonably negligent: But, of the two, I would rather have a young fellow too much than too little dressed; the excess on that side will wear off, with a little age and reflection; but if he is negligent at twenty, he will be a sloven at forty, and stink at fifty years old. Dress yourself fine, where others are fine; and plain where others are plain; but take care always that your clothes are well made, and fit you, for otherwise they will give you a very awkward air. When you are once well dressed for the day think no more of it afterwards; and, without any stiffness for fear of discomposing that dress, let all your motions be as easy and natural as if you had no clothes on at all. So much for dress, which I maintain to be a thing of consequence in the polite world.

As to manners, good-breeding, and the Graces, I have so often entertained you upon those important subjects, that I can add nothing to what I have formerly said. Your own good sense will suggest to you the substance of them; and observation, experience, and good company, the several modes of them. Your great vivacity, which I hear of from many people, will be no hindrance to your pleasing in good company: on the contrary, will be of use to you, if tempered by good-breeding, and accompanied by the Graces. But then, I suppose your vivacity to be a vivacity of parts, and not a constitutional restlessness; for the most disagreeable composition that I know in the world, is that of strong animal spirits, with a cold genius. Such a fellow is troublesomely active, frivolously busy, foolishly lively; talks much with little meaning, and laughs more, with less

reason: whereas, in my opinion, a warm and lively genius, with a cool constitution, is the perfection of human nature.

ON FLATTERY.

LONDON, *May* 22, *O.S.* 1749.

DEAR BOY: I recommended to you, in my last, an innocent piece of art; that of flattering people behind their backs, in presence of those, who, to make their own court, much more than for your sake, will not fail to repeat, and even amplify the praise to the party concerned. This is, of all flattery, the most pleasing, and consequently the most effectual. There are other, and many other inoffensive arts of this kind, which are necessary in the course of the world, and which he who practices the earliest, will please the most, and rise the soonest. The spirits and vivacity of youth are apt to neglect them as useless, or reject them as troublesome. But subsequent knowledge and experience of the world reminds us of their importance, commonly when it is too late. The principal of these things, is the mastery of one's temper, and that coolness of mind, and serenity of countenance, which hinders us from discovering, by words, actions, or even looks, those passions or sentiments by which we are inwardly moved or agitated; and the discovery of which gives cooler and abler people such infinite advantages over us, not only in great business, but in all the most common occurrences of life. A man who does not possess himself enough to hear disagreeable things, without visible marks of anger and change of countenance, or agreeable ones, without sudden bursts of joy and expansion of countenance, is at the mercy of every artful knave, or pert coxcomb; the former will provoke or please you by design, to catch unguarded words or looks; by which he will easily decipher the secrets of your heart, of which you should keep the key yourself, and trust it with no man living. The latter will, by his absurdity, and without intending it, produce the same discoveries, of which other people will avail themselves. You will say, possibly, that this coolness must be constitutional, and consequently does not depend upon the will: and I will allow that constitution has some power over us; but I will maintain, too, that people very often, to excuse themselves, very unjustly accuse their constitutions. Care and reflection, if properly used, will get the better: and a man may as surely get a habit of letting his reason prevail over his constitution, as of letting, as most people do, the latter prevail over

the former. If you find yourself subject to sudden starts of passion or madness (for I see no difference between them, but in their duration), resolve within yourself, at least, never to speak one word, while you feel that emotion within you. Determine, too, to keep your countenance as unmoved and unembarrassed as possible; which steadiness you may get a habit of, by constant attention. I should desire nothing better, in any negotiation, than to have to do with one of those men of warm, quick passions; which I would take care to set in motion. By artful provocations, I would extort rash unguarded expressions; and, by hinting at all the several things that I could suspect, infallibly discover the true one, by the alteration it occasioned in the countenance of the person. *Volto sciolto con pensieri stretti*, is a most useful maxim in business. It is so necessary at some games, such as *Berlan Quinze*, etc., that a man who had not the command of his temper and countenance, would infallibly be outdone by those who had, even though they played fair. Whereas, in business, you always play with sharpers; to whom, at least, you should give no fair advantages. It may be objected, that I am now recommending dissimulation to you; I both own and justify it. It has been long said, *Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare:* I go still farther, and say, that without some dissimulation, no business can be carried on at all. It is *simulation* that is false, mean, and criminal: that is the cunning which Lord Bacon calls, crooked or left-handed wisdom, and which is never made use of but by those who have not true wisdom. And the same great man says, that dissimulation is only to hide our own cards, whereas simulation is put on, in order to look into other people's. Lord Bolingbroke, in his "Idea of a Patriot King," which he has lately published, and which I will send you by the first opportunity, says very justly, that simulation is a *stiletto*, not only an unjust but an unlawful weapon, and the use of it very rarely to be excused, never justified. Whereas dissimulation is a shield, as secrecy is armor; and it is no more possible to preserve secrecy in business, without some degree of dissimulation, than it is to succeed in business without secrecy. He goes on, and says, that those two arts, of dissimulation and secrecy, are like the alloy mingled with pure ore: a little is necessary, and will not debase the coin below its proper standard; but if more than that little be employed, (that is, simulation and cunning,) the coin loses its currency, and the coiner his credit.

Make yourself absolute master, therefore, of your temper and your countenance, so far, at least, as that no visible change do appear in either, whatever you may feel inwardly. This may be difficult, but it is by no means impossible; and, as a man of sense never attempts impossibilities on one hand, on the other, he is never discouraged by difficulties: on the contrary, he redoubles his industry and his diligence, he perseveres, and infallibly prevails at last. In any point which prudence bids you pursue, and which a manifest utility attends, let difficulties only animate your industry, not deter you from the pursuit. If one way has failed, try another; be active, persevere, and you will conquer. Some people are to be reasoned, some flattered, some intimidated, and some teased into a thing; but, in general, all are to be brought into it at last, if skillfully applied to, properly managed, and indefatigably attacked in their several weak places. The time should likewise be judiciously chosen; every man has his *mollia tempora*, but that is far from being all day long; and you would choose your time very ill, if you applied to a man about one business, when his head was full of another, or when his heart was full of grief, anger, or any other disagreeable sentiment.

In order to judge of the inside of others, study your own; for men in general are very much alike; and though one has one prevailing passion, and another has another, yet their operations are much the same; and whatever engages or disgusts, pleases or offends you, in others, will *mutatis mutandis*, engage, disgust, please, or offend others, in you. Observe, with the utmost attention, all the operations of your own mind, the nature of your passions, and the various motives that determine your will; and you may, in a great degree, know all mankind. For instance, do you find yourself hurt and mortified when another makes you feel his superiority, and your own inferiority, in knowledge, parts, rank, or fortune? You will certainly take great care not to make a person, whose good will, good word, interest, esteem, or friendship, you would gain, feel that superiority in you, in case you have it. If disagreeable insinuations, sly sneers, or repeated contradictions, tease and irritate you, would you use them where you wish to engage and please? Surely not, and I hope you wish to engage and please, almost universally. The temptation of saying a smart and witty thing, or *bon mot;* and the malicious applause with which it is commonly received; has made people who can say them, and,

still oftener, people who think they can, but cannot, and yet try, more enemies, and implacable ones too, than any one other thing that I know of. When such things, then, shall happen to be said at your expense, (as sometimes they certainly will,) reflect seriously upon the sentiments of uneasiness, anger and resentment, which they excite in you; and consider whether it can be prudent by the same means to excite the same sentiments in others against you. It is a decided folly to lose a friend for a jest; but, in my mind, it is not a much less degree of folly, to make an enemy of an indifferent and neutral person, for the sake of a *bon mot*. When things of this kind happen to be said of you, the most prudent way is to seem not to suppose that they are meant at you, but to dissemble and conceal whatever degree of anger you may feel inwardly; but, should they be so plain that you cannot be supposed ignorant of their meaning, to join in the laugh of the company against yourself; acknowledge the hit to be a fair one, and the jest a good one, and play off the whole thing in seeming good humor; but by no means reply in the same way; which only shows that you are hurt, and publishes the victory which you might have concealed. Should the thing said, indeed injure your honor or moral character, there is but one proper reply; which I hope you never will have occasion to make.

As the female part of the world has some influence, and often too much, over the male, your conduct with regard to women, (I mean women of fashion, for I cannot suppose you capable of conversing with any others,) deserves some share in your reflections. They are a numerous and loquacious body: their hatred would be more prejudicial than their friendship can be advantageous to you. A general complaisance and attention to that sex is therefore established by custom and certainly necessary. But where you would particularly please any one, whose situation, interest, or connections, can be of use to you, you must show particular preference. The least attentions please, the greatest charm them. The innocent but pleasing flattery of their persons, however gross, is greedily swallowed and kindly digested: but a seeming regard for their understandings, a seeming desire of, and deference for, their advice, together with a seeming confidence in their moral virtues, turns their heads entirely in your favor. Nothing shocks them so much as the least appearance of that contempt which they are apt to suspect men of entertaining of their capacities; and you may be very

sure of gaining their friendship if you seem to think it worth gaining. Here dissimulation is very often necessary, and even simulation sometimes allowable; which, as it pleases them, may be useful to you, and is injurious to nobody.

This torn sheet, which I did not observe when I began upon it, as it alters the figure, shortens too the length of my letter. It may very well afford it: my anxiety for you carries me insensibly to these lengths. I am apt to flatter myself, that my experience, at the latter end of my life, may be of use to you at the beginning of yours; and I do not grudge the greatest trouble, if it can procure you the least advantage. I even repeat frequently the same things, the better to imprint them on your young, and, I suppose, yet giddy mind; and I shall think that part of my time the best employed, that contributes to make you employ yours well. God bless you, child!

ON ATTENTION TO DICTION.

LONDON, *Dec.* 9, *O. S.* 1749.

DEAR BOY: It is now above forty years since I have never spoken nor written one single word, without giving myself at least one moment's time to consider, whether it was a good or a bad one, and whether I could not find out a better in its place. An unharmonious and rugged period, at this time, shocks my ears; and I, like all the rest of the world, will willingly exchange and give up some degree of rough sense, for a good degree of pleasing sound. I will freely and truly own to you, without either vanity or false modesty, that whatever reputation I have acquired as a speaker, is more owing to my constant attention to my diction than to my matter, which was necessarily just the same as other people's. When you come into Parliament, your reputation as a speaker will depend much more upon your words, and your periods, than upon the subject. The same matter occurs equally to everybody of common sense, upon the same question; the dressing it well, is what excites the attention and admiration of the audience.

NEW YEAR'S ADVICE.

LONDON, *Dec.* 26, *O. S.* 1749.

MY DEAR FRIEND: The new year is the season, in which custom seems more particularly to authorize civil and harmless lies, under the name of compliments. People reciprocally pro-

fess wishes which they seldom form; and concern, which they seldom feel. This is not the case between you and me, where truth leaves no room for compliments.

Dii tibi dent annos, de te nam cætera sumes; was said formerly to one, by a man who certainly did not think it. With the variation of one word only, I will with great truth say it to you. I will make the first part conditional, by changing, in the second, the *nam* into *si.* May you live as long as you are fit to live, but no longer! or may you rather die, before you cease to be fit to live, than after! My true tenderness for you makes me think more of the manner than of the length of your life, and forbids me to wish it prolonged, by a single day, that should bring guilt, reproach, and shame upon you. I have not malice enough in my nature, to wish that to my greatest enemy. You are the principal object of all my cares, the only object of all my hopes: I have now reason to believe, that you will reward the former, and answer the latter; in that case, may you live long, for you must live happy; *de te nam cætera sumes.* Conscious virtue is the only solid foundation of all happiness; for riches, power, rank, or whatever, in the common acceptation of the word, is supposed to constitute happiness, will never quiet, much less cure, the inward pangs of guilt. To that main wish, I will add those of the good old nurse of Horace, in his epistle to Tibullus: *Sapere*, you have it in a good degree already. *Et fari ut possit quæ sentiat.* Have you that? More, much more is meant by it, than common speech, or mere articulation. I fear that still remains to be wished for, and I earnestly wish it you. *Gratia* and *Fama* will inevitably accompany the above-mentioned qualifications. The *Valetudo* is the only one that is not in your own power: Heaven alone can grant it you, and may it do so abundantly! As for the *mundus victus, non deficiente crumena*, do you deserve, and I will provide them.

It is with the greatest pleasure that I consider the fair prospect which you have before you. You have seen, read, and learned more, at your age, than most young fellows have done at two or three and twenty. Your destination is a shining one, and leads to rank, fortune, and distinction. Your education has been calculated for it; and, to do you justice, that education has not been thrown away upon you. You want but two things, which do not want conjuration, but only care, to acquire; eloquence and manners; that is, the graces of speech, and the graces of behavior. You may have them; they are as much in your

power as powdering your hair is; and will you let the want of them obscure (as it certainly will do) that shining prospect which presents itself to you? I am sure you will not. They are the sharp end, the point of the nail that you are driving, which must make way first for the larger and more solid parts to enter. Supposing your moral character as pure, and your knowledge as sound, as I really believe them both to be; you want nothing for that perfection, which I have so constantly wished you, and taken so much pains to give you, but eloquence and politeness. A man, who is not born with a poetical genius, can never be a poet, or at best an extremely bad one; but every man, who can speak at all, can speak elegantly and correctly if he pleases, by attending to the best authors and orators; and, indeed, I would advise those, who do not speak elegantly, not to speak at all; for I am sure they will get more by their silence than by their speech. As for politeness; whoever keeps good company, and is not polite, must have formed a resolution, and taken some pains not to be so; otherwise he would naturally and insensibly take the air, the address, and the turn of those he converses with. You will, probably, in the course of this year, see as great a variety of good company, in the several capitals you will be at, as in any one year of your life; and consequently must (I should hope) catch some of their manners, almost whether you will or not; but, as I dare say you will endeavor to do it, I am convinced you will succeed, and that I shall have the pleasure of finding you, at your return here, one of the best bred men in Europe.

I imagine that when you receive my letters, and come to those parts of them which relate to eloquence and politeness, you say, or at least think, What, will he never have done upon those two subjects? Has he not said all he can say upon them? Why the same thing over and over again? If you do think or say so, it must proceed from your not yet knowing the infinite importance of those two accomplishments, which I cannot recommend to you too often, nor inculcate too strongly. But if, on the contrary, you are convinced of the utility, or rather the necessity of those two accomplishments, and are determined to acquire them, my repeated admonitions are only unnecessary; and I grudge no trouble which can possibly be of the least use to you.

I flatter myself, that your stay at Rome will go a great way towards answering all my views: I am sure it will, if you employ your time, and your whole time, as you should. Your first

morning hours, I would have you devote to your graver studies with Mr. Harte; the middle part of the day I would have employed in seeing things; and the evenings in seeing people. You are not, I hope, of a lazy inactive turn, in either body or mind; and, in that case, the day is full long enough for everything; especially at Rome, where it is not the fashion, as it is here and at Paris, to embezzle at least half of it at table. But if, by accident, two or three hours are sometimes wanting for some useful purpose, borrow them from your sleep. Six, or at most seven hours sleep is, for a constancy, as much as you or anybody can want; more is only laziness and dozing; and is, I am persuaded, both unwholesome and stupefying. If, by chance, your business, or your pleasures, should keep you up till four or five o'clock in the morning, I would advise you, however, to rise exactly at your usual time, that you may not lose the precious morning hours; and that the want of sleep may force you to go to bed earlier the next night. This is what I was advised to do when very young, by a very wise man; and what, I assure you, I always did in the most dissipated part of my life. I have very often gone to bed at six in the morning, and rose, notwithstanding, at eight; by which means I got many hours in the morning that my companions lost; and the want of sleep obliged me to keep good hours the next, or at least the third night. To this method I owe the greatest part of my reading; for, from twenty to forty, I should certainly have read very little, if I had not been up while my acquaintances were in bed. Know the true value of time; snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it. No idleness, no laziness, no procrastination; never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day. That was the rule of the famous and unfortunate Pensionary De Witt; who, by strictly following it, found time, not only to do the whole business of the republic, but to pass his evenings at assemblies and suppers, as if he had had nothing else to do or think of.

Adieu, my dear friend, for such I shall call you, and as such I shall, for the future, live with you; for I disclaim all titles which imply an authority, that, I am persuaded, you will never give me occasion to exercise.

ON VANITY.

BATH, *Nov.* 16, *O. S.* 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Vanity, or to call it by a gentler name, the desire of admiration and applause, is, perhaps, the most uni-

versal principle of human actions; I do not say, that it is the best; and I will own, that it is sometimes the cause of both foolish and criminal effects. But it is so much oftener the principle of right things, that though they ought to have a better, yet, considering human nature, that principle is to be encouraged and cherished, in consideration of its effects. Where that desire is wanting, we are apt to be indifferent, listless, indolent, and inert; we do not exert our powers; and we appear to be as much below ourselves, as the vainest man living can desire to appear above what he really is.

As I have made you my confessor, and do not scruple to confess even my weaknesses to you, I will fairly own that I had that vanity, that weakness, if it be one, to a prodigious degree; and, what is more, I confess it without repentance; nay, I am glad I had it; since, if I have had the good fortune to please in the world, it is to that powerful and active principle that I owe it. I began the world, not with a bare desire, but with an insatiable thirst, a rage of popularity, applause, and admiration. If this made me do some silly things on one hand, it made me, on the other hand, do almost all the right things that I did; it made me attentive and civil to the women I disliked, and to the men I despised, in hopes of the applause of both: though I neither desired, nor would I have accepted the favors of the one, nor the friendship of the other. I always dressed, looked, and talked my best; and, I own, was overjoyed whenever I perceived that by all three, or by any one of them, the company was pleased with me. To men, I talked whatever I thought would give them the best opinion of my parts and learning; and, to women, what I was sure would please them; flattery, gallantry, and love. And, moreover, I will own to you, under the secrecy of confession, that my vanity has very often made me take great pains to make a woman in love with me, if I could, for whose person I would not have given a pinch of snuff. In company with men, I always endeavored to outshine, or at least, if possible, to equal the most shining man in it. This desire elicited whatever powers I had to gratify it; and where I could not perhaps shine in the first, enabled me, at least, to shine in a second or third sphere. By these means I soon grew in fashion; and when a man is once in fashion, all he does is right. It was infinite pleasure to me, to find my own fashion and popularity. I was sent for to all parties of pleasure, both of men or women; where, in some measure, I gave the *ton*.

This gave me the reputation, of having had some women of condition; and that reputation, whether true or false, really got me others. With the men I was a Proteus, and assumed every shape, in order to please them all: among the gay, I was the gayest; among the grave, the gravest; and I never omitted the least attentions of good-breeding, or the least offices of friendship, that could either please, or attach them to me: and accordingly I was soon connected with all the men of any fashion or figure in town.

To this principle of vanity, which philosophers call a mean one, and which I do not, I owe great part of the figure which I have made in life. I wish you had as much, but I fear you have too little of it; and you seem to have a degree of laziness and listlessness about you, that makes you indifferent as to a general applause. This is not in character at your age, and would be barely pardonable in an elderly and philosophical man. It is a vulgar, ordinary saying, but it is a very true one, that one should always put the best foot foremost. One should please, shine, and dazzle, wherever it is possible. At Paris, I am sure you must observe *que chacun se fait valoir autant qu'il est possible;* and La Bruyère observes, very justly, *qu'on ne vaut dans ce monde que ce qu'on veut valoir:* wherever applause is in question, you will never see a French man, nor woman, remiss or negligent. Observe the eternal attentions and politeness that all people have there for one another. *Ce n'est pas pour leurs beaux yeux au moins.* No, but for their own sakes, for commendations and applause. Let me then recommend this principle of vanity to you; act upon it *meo periculo;* I promise you it will turn to your account. Practice all the arts that ever coquette did, to please. Be alert and indefatigable in making every man admire, and every woman in love with you. I can tell you too, that nothing will carry you higher in the world.

RUFUS CHOATE.

Choate, Rufus, an American lawyer and orator; born at Ipswich, Mass., October 1, 1799; died at Halifax, Nova Scotia, July 13, 1859. At sixteen he entered Dartmouth College, and from the first took place at the head of his class. After graduating he studied at the Law School in Cambridge, and afterward entered the office of William Wirt, then United States Attorney-General, in Washington. He began the practice of his profession at Danvers, Mass., but soon removed to Salem, and subsequently to Boston. While a resident at Salem he was elected to Congress. In 1841 he was elected United States Senator, taking the place of Daniel Webster, who had accepted the position of Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Harrison. In the Senate he made several important speeches upon the leading questions of the day. On leaving the Senate, in 1845, he returned to Boston, and devoted himself to the practice of his profession, declining all invitations to accept official positions, though he took a deep interest in public affairs, and delivered many addresses before literary societies. His health began to fail in 1858, and he was compelled to withdraw from active life. In the summer of 1859 he set out upon a voyage to Europe, but upon reaching Halifax, Nova Scotia, he found that he could proceed no further. He took lodgings there, hoping to gain sufficient strength to enable him to return to Boston; but a sudden relapse took place, and he died at Halifax. A sketch of his life appeared in "The Golden Age of American Oratory," by E. G. Parker (1857). "The Works of Rufus Choate," with a Memoir of his Life, by Samuel Gilman Brown, was published in 1862.

The Age of the Pilgrims the Heroic Period of our History:

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED IN NEW YORK BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATION, DECEMBER, 1843.

We meet again, the children of the Pilgrims, to remember our fathers. Away from the scenes with which the American portions of their history are associated forever, and in all men's

DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS FROM DELFT HAVEN 1620

From Painting by Charles W. Cope

minds, — scenes so unadorned, yet clothed to the moral eye with a charm above the sphere of taste: the uncrumbled rock, the hill from whose side those "delicate springs" are still gushing, the wide, brown, low woods, the sheltered harbor, the little island that welcomed them in their frozen garments from the sea, and witnessed the rest and worship of that Sabbath-day before their landing, — away from all those scenes, — without the limits of the fond old colony that keeps their graves, without the limits of the New England which is their wider burial place and fitter monument, — in the heart of this chief city of the nation into which the feeble land has grown, — we meet again, to repeat their names one by one, to retrace the lines of their character, to recall the lineaments and forms over which the grave has no power, to appreciate their virtues, to recount the course of their life full of heroic deeds, varied by sharpest trials, crowned by transcendent consequences, to assert, the directness of our descent from such an ancestry of goodness and greatness, to erect, refresh, and touch our spirits by coming for an hour into their more immediate presence, such as they were in the days of their human "agony of glory." The two centuries which interpose to hide them from our eye, centuries so brilliant with progress, so crowded by incidents, so fertile in accumulations, dissolve away for the moment as a curtain of clouds, and we are once more by their side. The grand and pathetic series of their story unrolls itself around us, vivid as if with the life of yesterday. All the stages, all the agents, of the process by which they and the extraordinary class they belonged to were slowly formed from the general mind and character of England; the influence of the age of the Reformation, with which the whole Christian world was astir to its profoundest depths and outermost limits, but which was poured out unbounded and peculiar on them, its children, its impersonation; that various persecution prolonged through two hundred years and twelve reigns, from the time of the preaching of Wickliffe, to the accession of James I., from which they gathered sadly so many precious fruits, — a large measure of tenderness of conscience, the sense of duty, force of will, trust in God, the love of truth, and the spirit of liberty; the successive development and growth of opinions and traits and determinations and fortunes by which they were advanced from Protestants to Republicans, from Englishmen to Pilgrims, from Pilgrims to the founders of a free Church, and the fathers of a free people in a new world: the retirement to Holland; the

resolution to seek the sphere of their duties and the asylum of their rights beyond the sea; the embarkation at Delft Haven, — that scene of interest unrivalled, on which a pencil of your own has just enabled us to look back with tears, praise, and sympathy, and the fond pride of children; that scene of few and simple incidents, just the setting out of a handful of not then very famous persons on a voyage, — quite the commonest of occurrences, — but which dilates as you gaze on it, and speaks to you as with the voices of an immortal song; which becomes idealized into the auspicious going forth of a colony, whose planting has changed the history of the world, — a noble colony of devout Christians, educated and firm men, valiant soldiers, and honorable women; a colony on the commencement of whose heroic enterprise the selectest influences of religion seemed to be descending visibly, and beyond whose perilous path are hung the rainbow and the westward star of empire; the voyage of "The Mayflower;" the landing; the slow winter's night of disease and famine in which so many, the good, the beautiful, the brave, sunk down and died, giving place at last to the spring-dawn of health and plenty; the meeting with the old red race on the hill beyond the brook; the treaty of peace unbroken for half a century; the organization of a republican government in "The Mayflower" cabin; the planting of these kindred and coeval and auxiliar institutions without which such a government can no more live than the uprooted tree can put forth leaf or flower, — institutions to diffuse pure religion; good learning; austere morality; the practical arts of administration; labor, patience, obedience; "plain living and high thinking;" the securities of conservatism; the germs of progress; the laying deep and sure, far down on the rock of ages, of the foundation stones of the imperial structure, whose dome now swells towards heaven; the timely death at last, one after another, of the first generation of the original Pilgrims, not unvisited, as the final hour drew nigh, by visions of the more visible glory of a latter day, — all these high, holy, and beautiful things come thronging fresh on all our memories, beneath the influence of the hour. Such as we heard them from our mothers' lips, such as we read them in the histories of kings, of religions, and of liberty, they gather themselves about us; familiar, certainly, but of an interest that can never die, — an interest intrinsical in themselves, yet heightened inexpressibly by their relations to that eventful future into which they have expanded, and through whose lights they show.

And yet, with all this procession of events and persons moving before us, and solicited this way and that by the innumerable trains of speculation and of feeling which such a sight inspires, we can think of nothing and of nobody, here and now, but the Pilgrims themselves. I cannot, and do not, wish for a moment to forget that it is their festival we have come to keep. It is their tabernacles we have come to build. It is not the Reformation, it is not colonization, it is not ourselves, our present or our future, it is not political economy or political philosophy, of which to-day you would have me say a word. We have a specific and single duty to perform. We would speak of certain valiant, good, and peculiar men, our fathers. We would wipe the dust from a few old, plain, noble urns. We would shun husky disquisitions, irrelevant novelties, and small display; would recall rather and merely the forms and lineaments of the heroic dead — forms and features which the grave has not changed, over which the grave has no power.

The Pilgrims, then, of the first generation, just as they landed on the rock, are the topic of the hour. And in order to insure some degree of unity, and of definiteness of aim, and of impression, let me still more precisely propound as the subject of our thoughts, the Pilgrims, their age and their acts, as constituting a real and a true heroic period; one heroic period in the history of this Republic.

I regard it as a great thing for a nation to be able, as it passes through one sign after another of its zodiac pathway, in prosperity, in adversity, and at all times, — to be able to look to an authentic race of founders, and a historical principle of institution, in which it may rationally admire the realized idea of true heroism. Whether it looks back in the morning or evening of its day; whether it looks back, as now we do, in the emulous fervor of its youth, or in the full strength of manhood, its breasts full of milk, its bones moistened with marrow; or in dotage and faintness, the silver cord of union loosened, the golden bowl of fame and power broken at the fountain; from the era of Pericles or the era of Plutarch, — it is a great and precious thing to be able to ascend to, and to repose its strenuous or its wearied virtue upon, a heroic age and a heroic race, which it may not falsely call its own. I mean by a heroic age and race, not exclusively or necessarily the earliest national age and race, but one, the course of whose history and the traits

of whose character, and the extent and permanence of whose influences, are of a kind and power not merely to be recognized in after time as respectable or useful, but of a kind and a power to kindle and feed the moral imagination, move the capacious heart, and justify the intelligent wonder of the world. I mean by a nation's heroic age a time distinguished above others, not by chronological relation alone, but by a concurrence of grand and impressive agencies with large results, — by some splendid and remarkable triumph of man over some great enemy, some great evil, some great labor, some great danger, — by uncommon examples of the rarer virtues and qualities, tried by an exigency that occurs only at the beginning of new epochs, the ascension of new dynasties of dominion or liberty, when the great bell of time sounds out another hour. I mean an age when extraordinary traits are seen, an age performing memorable deeds whereby a whole people, whole generations, are made different and made better. I mean an age and race to which the arts may go back, and find real historical forms and groups, wearing the port and grace, and going on the errand of demi-gods, — an age far off, on whose moral landscape the poet's eye may light, and reproduce a grandeur and beauty stately and eternal, transcending that of ocean in storm or at peace, or of mountains, staying as with a charm the morning star in his steep course, or the twilight of a summer's day, or voice of solemn bird, — an age "doctrinal and exemplary," from whose personages, and from whose actions, the orator may bring away an incident or a thought that shall kindle a fire in ten thousand hearts, as on altars to their country's glory, and to which the discouraged teachers of patriotism and morality to corrupted and expiring States may resort for examples how to live and how to die.

You see, then, that certain peculiar conditions and elements must meet to make a heroic period and a heroic race. You might call, without violence, the men who brought on and went through the war of Independence, or fell on the high places of its fields, — you might call them and their times heroic. But you would not so describe the half-dozen years from the peace to the Constitution, nor the wise men who framed that writing, nor the particular generation that had the sagacity and the tone to adopt it. Yet was this a grander achievement than many a Yorktown, many a Saratoga, many a Eutaw Springs; and this, too, in some just sense was the be-

ginning of a national experience. To justify the application of this epithet, there must be in it somewhat in the general character of a period, and the character and fortunes of its actors, to warm the imagination and to touch the heart. There must, therefore, be some of the impressive forms of danger there; there must be the reality of suffering, borne with the dignity of an unvanquished soul; there must be pity and terror in the epic, as in the tragic volume; there must be a great cause, acting on a conspicuous stage, or swelling towards an imperial consummation; some great interest of humanity must be pleading there on fields of battle, or in the desert, or on the sea!

When these constituents, or such as these, concur, there is a heroic time and race. Other things are of small account. It may be an age of rude manners. Prominent men may cook their own suppers, like Achilles, yet how many millions of imaginations, besides Alexander's, have trembled at his anger, shuddered at his revenge, sorrowed with his griefs, kindled with his passion of glory, melted as he turns gently and kindly from the tears of Priam, childless, or bereaved of his dearest and bravest by his unmatched arm! — divine faces, like that of Rose Standish in the picture, may look out, as hers there does, not from the worst possible head-dress; men may have worn steeple-crowned hats, and long, peculiar beards; they may have been austere, formal, intolerant; they may have themselves possessed not one ray of fancy, not one emotion of taste, not one susceptibility to the grace and sublimity that there are in nature and genius; yet may their own lives and deaths have been a whole Iliad in action, grander, sweeter, of more mournful pathos, of more purifying influences, than anything yet sung by old or modern bard, in hall or bower. See, then, if we can find any of the constituents of such a period in the character, time, and fortunes of the Pilgrims.

"Plantations," says Lord Bacon, "are amongst ancient, primitive, and heroical works." But he is thinking of plantations as they are the king's works, like parks or palaces, or solemn temples, or steadfast pyramids, as they show forth the royal mind, and heighten the royal glory. We are to seek the heroical ingredient in the planter himself, in the ends for which he set forth, the difficulties with which he contended, the triumphs which he won, the teeming harvest sprung from seed sown with his tears. And we shall find it there.

It would be interesting, if it were possible, which it is not,

to pause for a moment first, and survey the old English Puritan character, of which the Pilgrims were a variety. Turn to the class of which they were part, and consider it well for a minute in all its aspects. I see in it an extraordinary mental and moral phenomenon. Many more graceful and more winning forms of the human nature there have been, and are, and shall be. Many men, many races, there are, have been, and shall be, of more genial dispositions, more tasteful accomplishment, a quicker eye for the beautiful of art and nature; less disagreeably absorbed, less gloomily careful and troubled about the mighty interests of the spiritual being or of the commonwealth; wearing a more decorated armor in battle; contributing more wit, more song, and heartier potations to the garland feast of life. But where, in the long series of ages that furnish the matter of history, was there ever one — where *one* — better fitted by the possession of the highest traits of man to do the noblest work of man, — better fitted to consummate and establish the Reformation, save the English constitution at its last gasp from the fate of all other European constitutions, and prepare, on the granite and iced mountain-summits of the New World, a still safer rest, for a still better liberty?

I can still less pause to trace the history of these men as a body, or even to enumerate the succession of influences — the spirit of the Reformation within, two hundred years of civil and spiritual tyranny without — which, between the preaching of Wickliffe and the accession of James I., had elaborated them out of the general mind of England; had attracted to their ranks so much of what was wisest and best of their nation and time; had cut and burned, as it were, into their natures the iron quality of the higher heroism, — and so accomplished them for their great work there and here. The whole story of the cause and the effect is told in one of their own illustrations a little expanded: "Puritanism was planted in the region of storms, and there it grew. Swayed this way and that by a whirlwind of blasts all adverse, it sent down its roots below frost, or drought, or the bed of the avalanche; its trunk went up, erect, gnarled, seamed, not riven by the bolt; the evergreen enfolded its branches; its blossom was like to that 'ensanguined flower inscribed with woe.'"

One influence there was, however, I would mark, whose permanent and various agency on the doctrines, the character, and the destinies of Puritanism, is among the most striking things

in the whole history of opinion. I mean its contact with the republican reformers of the Continent, and particularly with those of Geneva.

In all its stages, certainly down to the peace of Westphalia, in 1648, all the disciples of the Reformation, wherever they lived, were in some sense a single brotherhood, whom diversity of speech, hostility of governments, and remoteness of place, could not wholly keep apart. Local persecutions drew the tie closer. In the reign of Mary, from 1553 to 1558, a thousand learned Englishmen fled from the stake at home, to the happier states of continental Protestantism. Of these, great numbers (I know not how many) came to Geneva. There they awaited the death of the Queen; and then, sooner or later, but in the time of Elizabeth, went back to England.

I ascribe to that five years in Geneva an influence which has changed the history of the world. I seem to myself to trace to it, as an influence on the English race, a new theology; new politics; another tone of character; the opening of another era of time and of liberty. I seem to myself to trace to it the great civil war of England; the Republican Constitution framed in the cabin of "The Mayflower;" the divinity of Jonathan Edwards; the battle of Bunker Hill; the Independence of America. In that brief season, English Puritanism was changed fundamentally, and forever. Why should we think this extraordinary? There are times when whole years pass over the head of a man, and work no change of mind at all. There are others again, when, in an hour, old things pass away, and all things become new! A verse of the Bible; a glorious line of some old poet, dead a thousand years before; the new-made grave of a child; a friend killed by a thunder-bolt; some single, more intolerable pang of despised love; some more intolerable act of "the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely;" a gleam of rarer beauty on a lake, or in the sky; something slighter than the fall of a leaf, or a bird's song on the shore, — transforms him as in the twinkling of an eye. When, before or since, in the history of the world, was the human character subjected to an accumulation of agents so fitted to create it all anew as those which encompassed the English exiles at Geneva?

I do not make much account in this of the material grandeur and beauty which burst on their astonished senses there, as around the solitude of Patmos, — although I cannot say that

I know, or that anybody knows, that these mountain summits, ascending, "from their silent sea of pines," higher than the thunder cloud, reposing among their encircling stars, while the storm sweeps by below, before which navies, forests, the cathedral tombs of kings, go down, all on fire with the rising and descending glory of the sun, wearing his rays as a crown, unchanged, unscaled; the contrasted lake; the arrowy Rhone and all his kindred torrents; the embosomed city, — I cannot say that these things have no power to touch and fashion the nature of man. I cannot say that in the leisure of exile a cultivated and pious mind, opened, softened, tinged with a long sorrow, haunted by a brooding apprehension, perplexed by mysterious providences, waiting for the unravelling of the awful drama in England, — a mind, if such there were, like Luther's, like Milton's, like Zwingle's, — might not find itself stayed and soothed, and carried upward, at some evening hour, by these great symbols of a duration without an end, and a throne above the sky. I cannot say that such an impression might not be deepened by a renewed view, until the outward glory reproduced itself in the inward strength; or until

> "The dilating soul, enwrapt, transfused,
> Into the mighty vision passing there,
> As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven."

Nobody can say that.

It is of the moral agents of change that I would speak. I pass over the theology which they learned there, to remark on the politics which they learned. The asylum into which they had been admitted, the city which had opened its arms to pious, learned men, banished by the tyranny of an English throne and an English hierarchy, was a republic. In the giant hand of guardian mountains, on the banks of a lake lovelier than a dream of the Fairy Land, in a valley which might seem hollowed out to enclose the last home of liberty, there smiled an independent, peaceful, law-abiding, well-governed, and prosperous commonwealth. There was a state without king or nobles; there was a church without a bishop; there was a people governed by grave magistrates which it had selected, and equal laws which it had framed. And to the eye of these exiles, bruised and pierced through by the accumulated oppressions of a civil and spiritual tyranny, to whom there came tidings every day from England that another victim had been

struck down, on whose still dear home in the sea every day a gloomier shadow seemed to fall from the frowning heights of power, was not that republic the brightest image in the whole transcendent scene? Do you doubt that they turned from Alpine beauty and Alpine grandeur, to look with a loftier emotion, for the first time in their lives, on the serene, unveiled statue of classical Liberty? Do you not think that this spectacle, in these circumstances, prompted in such minds pregnant doubts, daring hopes, new ideas, thoughts that wake to perish never, doubts, hopes, ideas, thoughts, of which a new age is born? Was it not then and there that the dream of republican liberty — a dream to be realized somewhere, perhaps in England, perhaps in some region of the Western sun — first mingled itself with the general impulses, the garnered hopes, of the Reformation? Was that dream ever let go, down to the morning of that day when the Pilgrims met in the cabin of their shattered bark, and there, as she rose full on the stern New England sea, and the voices of the November forest rang through her torn topmast rigging, subscribed the first republican constitution of the New World? I confess myself of the opinion of those who trace to this spot and that time the Republicanism of the Puritans. I do not suppose, of course, that they went back with the formal design to change the government of England. The contests and the progress of seventy years more were required to mature and realize so vast a conception as that. I do not suppose, either, that learned men — students of antiquity, the readers of Aristotle and Thucydides and Cicero, the contemporaries of Buchanan, the friends of his friend, John Knox — needed to go to Geneva to acquire the idea of a commonwealth. But there they saw the problem solved. Popular government was possible. The ancient prudence and the modern, the noble and free genius of the old Paganism and the Christianity of the Reformation, law and liberty, might be harmoniously blended in living systems. This experience they never forgot.

I confess, too, that I love to trace the pedigree of our transatlantic liberty, thus backwards through Switzerland, to its native land of Greece. I think this the true line of succession, down which it has been transmitted. There was a liberty which the Puritans found, kept, and improved in England. They would have changed it, and were not able. But that was a kind which admitted and demanded an inequality

of many; a subordination of ranks; a favored eldest son; the ascending orders of a hierarchy; the vast and constant pressure of a superincumbent crown. It was the liberty of feudalism. It was the liberty of a limited monarchy, overhung and shaded by the imposing architecture of great antagonistic elements of the state. Such was not the form of liberty which our fathers brought with them. Allowing, of course, for that anomalous tie which connected them with the English crown three thousand miles off, it was republican freedom, as perfect the moment they stepped on the rock as it is to-day. It had not been all born in the woods of Germany; by the Elbe or Eyder; or the plains of Runnymede. It was the child of other climes and days. It sprang to life in Greece. It gilded next the early and the middle age of Italy. It then reposed in the hallowed breast of the Alps. It descended at length on the iron-bound coast of New England, and set the stars of glory there. At every stage of its course, at every reappearance, it was guarded by some new security; it was embodied in some new element of order; it was fertile in some larger good; it glowed with a more exceeding beauty. Speed its way; perfect its nature!

"Take, Freedom! take thy radiant round,
When dimmed revive, when lost return,
Till not a shrine through earth be found
On which thy glories shall not burn."

Thus were laid the foundations of the mind and character of Puritanism. Thus, slowly, by the breath of the spirit of the age, by the influence of undefiled religion, by freedom of the soul, by much tribulation, by a wider survey of man, nature, and human life, it was trained to its work of securing and improving the liberty of England, and giving to America a better liberty of her own. Its day over and its duty done, it was resolved into its elements, and disappeared among the common forms of humanity, apart from which it had acted and suffered, above which it had to move, out of which by a long process it had been elaborated. Of this stock were the Pilgrim Fathers. They came of heroical companionship. Were their works heroical?

The planting of a colony in a new world, which may grow, and which does grow, to a great nation, where there was none before, is intrinsically, and in the judgment of the world, of the largest order of human achievement. Of the chief of men are

the *conditores imperiorum*. To found a state upon a waste earth, wherein great numbers of human beings may live together, and in successive generations, socially and in peace, knit to one another by the innumerous ties, light as air, stronger than links of iron, which compose the national existence, — wherein they may help each other, and be helped in bearing the various lot of life, — wherein they may enjoy and improve, and impart and heighten enjoyment and improvement, — wherein they may together perform the great social labors, may reclaim and decorate the earth, may disinter the treasures that grow beneath its surface, may invent and polish the arts of usefulness and beauty, may perfect the loftier arts of virtue and empire, open and work the richer mines of the universal youthful heart and intellect, and spread out a dwelling for the Muse on the glittering summits of Freedom, — to found such a state is first of heroical labors and heroical glories. To build a pyramid or a harbor, to write an epic poem, to construct a system of the universe, to take a city, are great, or may be, but far less than this.

He, then, who sets a colony on foot, designs a great work. He designs all the good, and all the glory, of which, in the series of ages, it may be the means; and he shall be judged more by the lofty ultimate aim and result than by the actual instant motive. You may well admire, therefore, the solemn and adorned plausibilities of the colonizing of Rome from Troy, in the Æneid; though the leader had been burned out of house and home, and could not choose but go. You may find in the flight of the female founder of the gloomy greatness of Carthage a certain epic interest; yet was she running from the madness of her husband, to save her life. Emigrations from our stocked communities of undeified men and women, — emigrations for conquest, for gold, for very restlessness of spirit, — if they grow towards an imperial issue, have all thus a prescriptive and recognized ingredient of heroism. But when the immediate motive is as grand as the ultimate hope was lofty, and the ultimate success splendid, then, to use an expression of Bacon's, "the music is fuller."

I distinguish, then, this enterprise of our fathers, in the first place, by the character of the immediate motive.

And that was, first, a sense of religious duty. They had adopted opinions in religion which they fully believed they ought to profess, and a mode of public worship and ordinances

which they fully believed they ought to observe. They could not do so in England; and they went forth — man, woman, the infant at the breast — across an ocean in winter, to find a wilderness where they could. To the extent of this motive, therefore, they went forth to glorify God, and by obeying his written will, and his will unwritten, but uttered in the voice of conscience concerning the chief end of man.

It was next a thirst for freedom from unnecessary restraint, which is tyranny, — freedom of the soul, freedom of thought, a larger measure of freedom of life, — a thirst which two centuries had been kindling, a thirst which must be slaked, though but from the mountain torrent, though but from drops falling from the thunder cloud, though but from fountains lone and far, and guarded as the diamond of the desert.

These were the motives, — the sense of duty, and the spirit of liberty. Great sentiments, great in man, in nations, "pregnant with celestial fire!" — wherewithal could you fashion a people for the contentions and honors and uses of the imperial state so well as by exactly these? To what, rather than these, would you wish to trace up the first beatings of the nation's heart? If, from the whole field of occasion and motive, you could have selected the very passion, the very chance, which should begin your history, the very texture and pattern and hue of the glory which should rest on its first days, could you have chosen so well? The sense of duty, the spirit of liberty, not prompting to vanity or luxury or dishonest fame, to glare or clamor or hollow circumstance of being, silent, intense, earnest, of force to walk through the furnace of fire, yea, the valley of the shadow of death, to open a path amid the sea, to make the wilderness to bud and blossom as the rose, to turn back half a world in arms, to fill the amplest measure of a nation's praise!

I am glad, then, that one of our own poets could truly say, —

> "Nor lure of conquest's meteor beam,
> Nor dazzling mines of fancy's dream,
> Nor wild adventure's love to roam,
> Brought from their fathers' ancient home,
> O'er the wide sea, the Pilgrim host!"

I should be glad of it, if I were looking back to the past of our history merely for the moral picturesque, — if I were looking back merely to find splendid moral scenery, mountain eleva-

PURITANS GOING TO CHURCH

From Painting by G. H. Boughton

tions, falls of water watched by the rainbow of sunlight and moonlight, colossal forms, memorable deeds, renown and grace that could not die, — if I were looking merely to find materials for sculpture, for picture, for romance, — subjects for the ballad by which childhood shall be sung to sleep, subjects for the higher minstrelsy that may fill the eye of beauty and swell the bosom of manhood, — if I were looking back for these alone, I should be glad that the praise is true. Even to such an eye, the embarkation of the Pilgrims and the lone path of "The Mayflower" upon the "astonished sea" were a grander sight than navies of mightiest admirals seen beneath the lifted clouds of battle; grander than the serried ranks of armed men moving by tens of thousands to the music of an unjust glory. If you take to pieces and carefully inspect all the efforts, all the situations, of that moral sublime which gleams forth, here and there, in the true or the feigned narrative of human things, — deaths of martyrs, or martyred patriots, or heroes in the hour of victory, revolutions, reformations, self-sacrifices, fields lost or won, — you will find nothing nobler at their source than the motives and the hopes of that ever-memorable voyage. These motives and these hopes — the sacred sentiments of duty, obedience to the will of God, religious trust, and the spirit of liberty — have inspired, indeed, all the beautiful and all the grand in the history of man. The rest is commonplace. "The rest is vanity; the rest is crime."

I distinguished this enterprise of our fathers, next, by certain peculiarities of trial which it encountered and vanquished on the shores of the New World. You have seen the noble spring of character and motive from which the current of our national fortunes has issued forth. You can look around you to-day, and see into how broad and deep a stream that current has expanded; what beams of the sun, still climbing the eastern sky, play on its surface; what accumulations of costly and beautiful things it bears along; through what valley of happiness and rest it rolls towards some mightier sea. But turn for a moment to its earlier course.

The first generation of the Pilgrims arrived in 1620. I suppose that within fifty years more that generation had wholly passed away. Certainly its term of active labor and responsible care had been accomplished. Looking to its actual achievements, our first, perhaps our final, impulse is, not to pity, but to congratulate, these ancient dead on the felicity and

the glory of their lot on earth. In that brief time, not the full age of man, — in the years of nations, in the larger cycles of the race, less than a moment, — the New England which to-day we love, to which our hearts untravelled go back, even from this throne of the American commercial world, — that New England, in her groundwork and essential nature, was established forever between her giant mountains and her espoused sea. There already — ay, in "The Mayflower's" cabin, before they set foot on shore — was representative republican government. There were the congenial institutions and sentiments from which such government imbibes its power of life. There already, side by side, were the securities of conservatism and the germs of progress. There already were the congregational church and the free school; the trial by jury; the statutes of distributions; just so much of the written and unwritten reason of England as might fitly compose the jurisprudence of liberty. By a happy accident, or instinct, there already was the legalized and organized town, that seminary and central point, and exemplification of elementary democracy. Silently adopted, everywhere and in all things assumed, penetrating and tingeing everything, — the church, the government, law, education, the very structure of the mind itself, — was the grand doctrine, that all men are born equal and born free, that they are born to the same inheritance exactly of chances and of hopes; that every child, on every bosom, of right ought to be, equally with every other, invited and stimulated, by every social and every political influence, to strive for the happiest life, the largest future, the most conspicuous virtue, the fullest mind, the brightest wreath.

There already were all, or the chief and higher influences, by which comes the heart of a nation. There was reverence of law, — "Our guardian angel, and our avenging fiend." There were the councils of the still venerated aged. There was the open Bible. There were marriage, baptism, the burial of the dead, the keeping of the Sabbath-day, the purity of a sister's love, a mother's tears, a father's careful brow. All these there had been provided and garnered up. With how much practical sagacity they had been devised; how skilfully adapted to the nature of things and the needs of men; how well the principle of permanence had been harmonized with the principle of progression; what diffusiveness and immortality of fame they will insure, — we have lived late enough to know. On

these works, legible afar off, cut deep beyond the tooth of time, the long procession of the generations shall read their names.

But we should miss the grandest and most salutary lesson of our heroic age, we should miss the best proof and illustration of its heroic claims, if we should permit the wisdom with which that generation acted to hide from our view the intensity and dignity with which they suffered. It was therefore that I was about to distinguish this enterprise, in the second place, by certain peculiarities of its trials.

The general fact and the mournful details of that extremity of suffering which marked the first few years from the arrival, you all know. It is not these I design to repeat. We have heard from our mothers' lips, that, although no man or woman or child perished by the arrow, mightier enemies encompassed them at the very water's edge. Of the whole number of one hundred, one half landed to die within a year, — almost one half in the first three months, — to die of disease brought on by the privations and confinement of the voyage, by wading to the land, by insufficient and unfit food and dress and habitation, — brought on thus, but rendered mortal by want of that indispensable and easy provision which Christianity, which Civilization everywhere makes for all their sick. Once seven only were left in health and strength to attend on the others. There and thus they died. "In a battle," said the admirable Robinson, writing from Leyden to the survivors in the June after they landed, — "in a battle it is not looked for but that divers should die; it is thought well for a side, if it get the victory, though with the loss of divers, if not too many or too great." But how sore a mortality in less than a year, almost within a fourth of that time, of fifty in one hundred!

In a late visit to Plymouth, I sought the spot where these earlier dead were buried. It was on a bank, somewhat elevated, near, fronting, and looking upon the waves, — symbol of what life had been to them, — ascending inland behind and above the rock, — symbol also of that Rock of Ages on which the dying had rested in the final hour. As the Pilgrims found these localities, you might stand on that bank and hear the restless waters chafe and melt against that steadfast base; the unquiet of the world composing itself at the portals of the grave. There certainly were buried the first governor, and Rose, the wife of Miles Standish. "You will go to them,"

wrote Robinson in the same letter from which I have quoted; "but they shall not return to you."

When this sharp calamity had abated, and before, came famine. "I have seen," said Edward Winslow, "strong men staggering through faintness for want of food." And after this, and during all this, and for years, there brooded in every mind, not a weak fear, but an intelligent apprehension, that at any instant — at midnight, at noonday, at the baptism, at the burial, in the hour of prayer — a foe more cruel than the grave might blast in an hour that which disease and want had so hardly let live. How they bore all this, you also know. One fact suffices. When in April "The Mayflower" sailed for England, not one Pilgrim was found to go.

The peculiarity which has seemed to me to distinguish these trials of the Pilgrim Age from those, from the chief of those, which the general voice of literature has concurred to glorify as the trials of heroism; the peculiarity which gives to these, and such as these, the attributes of a truer heroism, is this, — that they had to meet them on what was then an humble, obscure, and distant stage; with no numerous audience to look on and applaud, and cast its wreaths on the fainting brow of him whose life was rushing with his blood, and unsustained by a single one of those stronger and more stimulating and impulsive passions and aims and sentiments, which carry a soldier to his grave of honor as joyfully as to the bridal bed. Where were the Pilgrims while in this furnace of affliction? Who saw and cared for them? A hundred persons, understood to be Lollards, or Precisians, or Puritans, or Brownists, had sailed away some three thousand miles, to arrive on a winter's coast, in order to be where they could hear a man preach without a surplice! That was just about all, England, or the whole world of civilization, at first knew, or troubled itself to believe, about the matter. If every one had died of lung fever, or starved to death, or fallen by the tomahawk, that first winter, and "The Mayflower" had carried the news, I wonder how many of even the best in England — the accomplished, the beautiful, the distinguished, the wise — would have heard of it. A heart, or more than one, in Leyden, would have broken; and that had been all. I wonder if King James would have cried as heartily as in the "Fortunes of Nigel" he does in anticipation of his own death and the sorrow of his subjects' I wonder what in a later day the author of "Hudibras" and the

author of the "Hind and Panther" would have found to say about it, for the wits of Charles the Second's court. What did anybody even in Puritan England know of these Pilgrims? They had been fourteen years in Holland; English Puritanism was taking care of itself! They were alone on the earth; and there they stood directly, and only, in their great Taskmaster's eye. Unlike even the martyrs, around whose ascending chariot-wheels and horses of fire, congregations might come to sympathize, and bold blasphemers to be defied and stricken with awe, — these were all alone. Those two ranges of small houses, not over ten in all, with oil paper for windows; that ship, "The Mayflower," riding at the distance of a mile, — these were every memorial and trace of friendly civilization in New England. Primeval forests, a winter sea, a winter sky, enclosed them about, and shut out every approving and every sympathizing eye of man! To play the part of heroism on its high places is not difficult. To do it alone, as seeing Him who is invisible, was the gigantic achievement of our age and our race of heroism.

I have said, too, that a peculiarity in their trial was, that they were unsustained altogether by every one of the passions, aims, stimulants, and excitations, — the anger, the revenge, the hate, the pride, the awakened dreadful thirst of blood, the consuming love of glory, that burn, as in volcanic isles, in the heart of a mere secularized heroism. Not one of all these aids did, or could, come in use for them at all. Their character and their situation, both, excluded them. Their enemies were disease, walking in darkness and wasting at noonday; famine which, more than all other calamity, bows the spirit of man, and teaches him what he is; the wilderness; spiritual foes in the high places of the unseen world. Even when the first Indian was killed, — in presence of which enemy, let me say, not one ever quailed, — the exclamation of Robinson was, "Oh, that you had converted some, before you had killed any!"

Now, I say, the heroism which in a great cause can look all the more terrible ills that flesh is heir to calmly in the face, and can tread them out as sparks under its feet without these aids, is at least as lofty a quality as that which cannot. To my eye, as I look back, it looms on the shores of the past with a more towering grandeur. It seems to me to speak from our far ancestral life, a higher lesson, to a nobler nature; certainly it is the rarer and more difficult species. If one were called on

to select the more glittering of the instances of military heroism to which the admiration of the world has been most attracted, he would make choice, I imagine, of the instance of that desperate valor, with which, in obedience to the laws, Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans, cast themselves headlong at the passes of Greece on the myriads of their Persian invaders. From the simple page of Herodotus, longer than from the Amphictyonic monument, or the games of the commemoration, that act speaks still to the tears and praise of all the world. Yet I agree with a late brilliant writer in his speculation on the probable feelings of that devoted band, left alone, or waiting, till day should break, the approach of a certain death in that solitary defile. "Their enthusiasm, and that rigid and Spartan spirit which had made all ties subservient to obedience to the law, all excitement tame to that of battle, all pleasures dull to the anticipation of glory, probably rendered the hour preceding death the most enviable of their lives. They might have exulted in the same elevating fanaticism which distinguished afterwards the followers of Mahomet, and have seen that opening paradise in immortality below, which the Moslemin beheld in anticipation above." Judge if it were not so. Judge if a more decorated and conspicuous stage was ever erected for the transaction of a deed of fame. Every eye in Greece; every eye throughout the world of civilization, — throughout even the civilized and barbaric East, — was felt to be turned directly on the playing of that brief part. There passed round that narrow circle in the tent, the stern, warning image of Sparta, pointing to their shields and saying, "With these to-morrow, or upon them!" Consider that the one concentrated and comprehensive sentiment, graven on their souls as by fire and by steel; by all the influences of their whole life; by the mother's lips; by the father's example; by the law; by venerated religious rites; by public opinion strong enough to change the moral qualities of things; by the whole fashion and nature of Spartan culture, was this: seek first, seek last, seek always, the glory of conquering or falling on a well-fought field. Judge if that night, as they watched the dawn of the last morning their eyes could ever see; as they heard with every passing hour the hum of the invading host, his dusky lines stretched out without end, and now almost encircling them around; as they remembered their unprofaned home, city of heroes and of the mothers of heroes; judge if watching there

in the gateway of Greece, this sentiment did not grow to the nature of madness; if it did not run in torrents of literal fire to and from the laboring heart. When morning came and passed, and they had dressed their long locks, and when at noon the countless and glittering throng was seen at last to move, was it not with rapture, as if all the enjoyment of all the sensations of life was in that one moment, that they cast themselves, with the fierce gladness of mountain torrents, on that brief revelry of glory?

I acknowledge the splendor of that transaction in all its aspects. I admit its morality, too, and its useful influence on every Grecian heart, in that her great crisis. And yet do you not think, that whoso could by adequate description bring before you that first winter of the Pilgrims; its brief sunshine; the nights of storms slow waning; its damp or icy breath felt on the pillow of the dying; its destitution; its contrasts with all their former experience of life; its insulation and utter loneliness; its death-beds and burials; its memories; its apprehensions; its hopes; the consultations of the prudent; the prayers of the pious; the occasional hymn which may have soothed the spirit of Luther, in which the strong heart threw off its burthen and asserted its unvanquished nature; do you not think that whoso could describe them calmly waiting in that defile, lonelier and darker than Thermopylæ, for a morning that might never dawn, or might show them when it did, a mightier arm than the Persian, raised as in act to strike, would he not sketch a scene of more difficult and rarer heroism, — a scene, as Wordsworth has said, "Melancholy, yea dismal, yet consolatory and full of joy," — a scene even better fitted than that to succor, to exalt, to lead the forlorn hopes of all great causes till time shall be no more?

I can seem to see, as that hard and dark season was passing away, a diminished procession of these Pilgrims following another, dearly loved and newly dead, to that bank of graves, and pausing sadly there before they shall turn away to see that face no more. In full view from that spot is "The Mayflower" still riding at her anchor, but to sail in a few days more for England, leaving them alone, the living and the dead, to the weal or woe of their new home. I cannot say what was the entire emotion of that moment and that scene; but the tones of the venerated elder's voice, as they gathered round him, were full of cheerful trust, and they went to hearts as noble as

his own. "This spot," he might say, "this line of shore, yea, this whole land, grows dearer daily, were it only for the precious dust which we have committed to its bosom. I would sleep here and have my own hour come, rather than elsewhere, with those who shared with us in our exceeding labors, whose burdens are now unloosed forever. I would be near them in the last day, and have a part in their resurrection. And now," he proceeded, "let us go from the side of the grave to work with all our might that which we have to do. It is on my mind that our night of sorrow is wellnigh ended, and that the joy of our morning is at hand. The breath of the pleasant southwest is here, and the singing of birds. The sore sickness is stayed; somewhat more than half our number still remain; and among these some of our best and wisest, though others are fallen on sleep. Matter of joy and thanksgiving it is, that among you all, the living and the dead, I know not one, even when disease had touched him, and sharp grief had made his heart as a little child's, who desired, yea, who could have been entreated, to go back to England by yonder ship. Plainly is it God's will that we stand or fall here. All His providences these hundred years declare it as with beams of the sun. Did He not set His bow in the clouds in that bitterest hour of our embarking, and build His glorious ark upon the sea for us to sail through hitherward? Wherefore, let us stand in our lot! If He prosper us, we shall found a church against which the gates of hell shall not prevail; and a colony, yea, a nation, by which all other nations shall be healed. Millions shall spring from our loins, and trace back with lineal love their blood to ours. Centuries hereafter, in great cities, the capitals of mighty States, from the tribes of a common Israel, shall come together the good, the eminent, the beautiful, to remember our dark day of small things; yea, generations shall call us blessed!"

Without a sigh, calmly, with triumph, they sent "The Mayflower" away, and went back, these stern, strong men, all, all, to their imperial labors.

I have said that I deemed it a great thing for a nation, in all the periods of its fortunes, to be able to look back to a race of founders and a principle of institution in which it might seem to see the realized idea of true heroism. That felicity, that pride, that help, is ours. Our past — both its great eras, that of settlement and that of independence — should announce,

should compel, should spontaneously evolve as from a germ, a wise, moral, and glorious future. These heroic men and women should not look down on a dwindled posterity. It should seem to be almost of course, too easy to be glorious, that they who keep the graves, bear the name, and boast the blood, of men in whom the loftiest sense of duty blended itself with the fiercest spirit of liberty, should add to their freedom, justice; justice to all men, to all nations; justice, that venerable virtue, without which freedom, valor, and power are but vulgar things.

And yet is the past nothing, even our past, but as you, quickened by its examples, instructed by its experience, warned by its voices, assisted by its accumulated instrumentality, shall reproduce it in the life of to-day. Its once busy existence, various sensations, fiery trials, dear-bought triumphs; its dynasty of heroes, all its pulses of joy and anguish, and hope and fear, and love and praise, are with the years beyond the flood. "The sleeping and the dead are but as pictures." Yet, gazing on these, long and intently and often, we may pass into the likeness of the departed, — may emulate their labors, and partake of their immortality.

COLLEY CIBBER.

Cibber, Colley, an English actor and dramatist, born at London, England, November 6, 1671; died there, December 12, 1757. His father, Caius Cibber, acquired a large fortune as a carver in wood and stone. The son, having received a good education, became infatuated with the stage and joined a company of actors. In 1711 he became one of the patentees and manager of Drury Lane Theatre. About 1731 he was named laureate, and formally retired from the theatre, though he occasionally appeared upon the stage, the last time being in 1745, when, at the age of seventy-four, he enacted the part of Panulph in a drama of his own, entitled, "Papal Tyranny." Cibber wrote several comedies, the best of which are "Love's Last Shift" and "The Careless Husband." When verging upon threescore and ten he put forth the "Apology for My Life," which presents a curious picture of the manners of the day, and has been several times reprinted. The version of Shakespeare's "Richard the Third" which kept possession of the stage for at least a century was the production of Colley Cibber. He is best known, after all, by the mention made of him by Pope in "The Dunciad," and by Johnson, as recorded by Boswell; and by a single short poem. The place of Cibber's interment has been the subject of considerable controversy. Cibber was a lively and amusing writer. His "Careless Husband" is still deservedly a favorite; and his "Apology for My Life" is one of the most entertaining autobiographies in the English language.

My First Error.

(From "The Apology.")

The unskilful openness, or, in plain terms, the indiscretion I have always acted with from my youth, has drawn more ill-will towards me, than men of worse morals and more wit might have met with. My ignorance and want of jealousy of mankind has been so strong, that it is with reluctance I even yet believe any person I am acquainted with can be capable of envy, malice, or ingratitude. And to show you what a mortification it was

to me, in my very boyish days, to find myself mistaken, give me leave to tell you a school story. A great boy, near the head taller than myself, in wrangle at play had insulted me; upon which I was foolhardy enough to give him a box on the ear. The blow was soon returned with another; that brought me under him, and at his mercy. Another lad, whom I really loved, and thought a good-natured one, cried out with some warmth to my antagonist, while I was down: "Beat him! beat him soundly!" This so amazed me, that I lost all my spirits to resist, and burst into tears. When the fray was over, I took my friend aside and asked him how he came to be so earnestly against me; to which, with some gloating confusion, he replied: "Because you are always jeering and making a jest of me to every boy in the school." Many a mischief have I brought upon myself by the same folly in riper life. Whatever reason I had to reproach my companion's declaring against me, I had none to wonder at it, while I was so often hurting him. Thus I deserved his enmity by my not having sense enough to know I *had* hurt him; and he hated me because he had not sense enough to know that I never *intended* to hurt him.

My Discretion.

(From "The Apology.")

Let me give you another instance of my discretion, more desperate than that of preferring the stage to any other views of life. One might think that the madness of breaking from the advice and care of parents, to turn Player, could not easily be exceeded. But what think you, sir, of — Matrimony? which, before I was two-and-twenty, I actually committed, when I had but twenty pounds a year, which my father had assured to me, and twenty shillings a week from my theatrical labors, to maintain, as I then thought, the happiest young couple that ever took a leap in the dark! If, after this, to complete my fortune, I turned Poet too, this last folly, indeed, had something a better excuse — necessity. Had it never been my lot to have come on the stage, 'tis probable I might never have been inclined, or reduced, to have wrote for it; but having once exposed my person there, I thought it could be no additional dishonor to let my parts, whatever they were, take their fortune along with it.

The Blind Boy.

Oh, say what is that they call the light
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
Oh, tell your poor blind boy.

You talk of wondrous things you see;
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 't were always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
Yet sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy.
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO.

Cicero, Marcus Tullius, a celebrated Roman statesman, orator, and philosopher, born at Arpinum, Italy, January 3, 106 B. C.; put to death near Formiæ, Italy, December 7, 43 B. C. He belonged to a wealthy family of the equestrian order, and was carefully educated, especially in Greek literature and philosophy. At the age of twenty-five he entered upon his public career as a pleader in the Forum, and before he had reached middle life he had become acknowledged to be by far the greatest of Roman orators. He passed rapidly through the various grades of public service, becoming consul at the age of forty-three. His consulship was notable for the frustration of the conspiracy of Catiline; and for the part which he bore in this, Cicero was hailed as the "Father of his Country" and the "Savior of Rome." At the close of 50 B. C. Rome was on the verge of a civil war between the parties headed by Cæsar and Pompey. Cicero endeavored to mediate between the parties; but when Cæsar took the decisive step of crossing the Rubicon, Cicero formally joined the party of Pompey. Cæsar, in 48 B. C., gained the supremacy by his decisive victory at Pharsalia. Cicero submitted himself to the victor, from whom he received the utmost clemency and respect. He had no share in the assassination of Cæsar (44 B. C.), though after the deed was done he applauded it as a wise and patriotic act. When the ambitious designs of Mark Antony began to manifest themselves, Cicero set himself in opposition, and delivered the fourteen orations styled "Philippics" against him. For a time it seemed that Cicero would be successful. But reverses came. Cicero was put to death at the door of his villa by the bravos of Mark Antony, near the close of the year 43 B.C. He had just reached the age of sixty-three. His head and hands were cut off and sent to Rome, where they were exposed to many indignities by order of Mark Antony. The extant works of Cicero may be classed in several groups: 1. Orations, of which we have about fifty. — 2. Literary and Philosophical Treatises, the principal of which are: "De Republica," "De Legibus," "De Oratore," "De Finibus," "De Senectute," "De Claris Oratoribus," "De Natura Deorum," "De Amicitia," "Tusculanae Disputationes," "De Divinatione," and "De Officiis." — 3. Epistles, of which several hundreds are extant.

Cicero on Old Age.

Is there no strength in old age? neither is strength exacted from old age. Therefore, by our laws and institutions, our time of life is relieved from those tasks which cannot be supported without strength. Accordingly, so far are we from being compelled to do what we cannot do, that we are not even compelled to do as much as we can. But so feeble are many old men, that they cannot execute any task of duty, or any function of life whatever; but that in truth is not the peculiar fault of old age, but belongs in common to bad health. How feeble was the son of Publius Africanus, he who adopted you! What feeble health, or rather no health at all, had he! and had that not been so, he would have been the second luminary of the state; for to his paternal greatness of soul a richer store of learning had been added. What wonder, therefore, in old men, if they are sometimes weak, when even young men cannot escape that. We must make a stand, Scipio and Lælius, against old age, and its faults must be atoned for by activity; we must fight, as it were, against disease, and in like manner against old age. Regard must be paid to health; moderate exercises must be adopted; so much of meat and drink must be taken, that the strength may be recruited, not oppressed. Nor, indeed, must the body alone be supported, but the mind and the soul much more; for these also, unless you drop oil on them as on a lamp, are extinguished by old age. And our bodies, indeed, by weariness and exercise, become oppressed; but our minds are rendered buoyant by exercise. For as to those, of whom Cæcilius speaks, "foolish old men," fit characters for comedy, by these he denotes the credulous, the forgetful, the dissolute; which are the faults not of old age, but of inactive, indolent, drowsy old age. As petulance and lust belong to the young more than to the old, yet not to all young men, but to those who are not virtuous; so that senile folly, which is commonly called dotage, belongs to weak old men, and not to all. Four stout sons, five daughters, so great a family, and such numerous dependents, did Appius manage, although both old and blind; for he kept his mind intent like a bow, nor did he languidly sink under the weight of old age. He retained not only authority, but also command, over his family: the slaves feared him; the children respected him; all held him dear: there prevailed in that house the manners and good disci-

pline of our fathers. For on this condition is old age honored if it maintains itself, if it keeps up its own right, if it is subservient to no one, if even to its last breath it exercises control over its dependents. For, as I like a young man in whom there is something of the old, so I like an old man in whom there is something of the young; and he who follows this maxim, in body will possibly be an old man, but he will never be an old man in mind. I have in mind my seventh book of Antiquities; I am collecting all the materials of our early history; of all the famous causes which I have defended, I am now completing the pleadings; I am employed on the law of augurs, of pontiffs, of citizens. I am much engaged also in Greek literature, and, after the manner of the Pythagoreans, for the purpose of exercising my memory, I call to mind in the evening what I have said, heard, and done on each day. These are the exercises of the understanding; these are the race-courses of the mind; whilst I am perspiring and toiling over these, I do not greatly miss my strength of body. I attend my friends, I come into the senate very often, and spontaneously bring forward things much and long thought of, and I maintain them by strength of mind, not of body; and if I were unable to perform these duties, yet my couch would afford me amusement, when reflecting on those matters which I was no longer able to do, — but that I am able, is owing to my past life: for, by a person who always lives in these pursuits and labors, it is not perceived when old age steals on. Thus gradually and unconsciously life declines into old age; nor is its thread suddenly broken, but the vital principle is consumed by length of time.

But in my whole discourse remember that I am praising that old age which is established on the foundations of youth: from which this is effected which I once asserted with the great approbation of all present, — that wretched was the old age which had to defend itself by speaking. Neither gray hairs nor wrinkles can suddenly catch respect; but the former part of life honorably spent, reaps the fruits of authority at the close. For these very observances, which seem light and common, are marks of honor — to be saluted, to be sought after, to receive precedence, to have persons rising up to you, to be attended on the way, to be escorted home, to be consulted; points which, both among us and in other states, in proportion as they are the most excellent in their morals, are the most scrupulously observed. They say that Lysander the Lacedæmonian, whom I mentioned a

little above, was accustomed to remark, that Lacedæmon was the most honorable abode for old age; for nowhere is so much conceded to that time of life, nowhere is old age more respected. Nay, further, it is recorded that when at Athens, during the games, a certain elderly person had entered the theatre, a place was nowhere offered him in that large assembly by his own townsmen; but when he had approached the Lacedæmonians, who, as they were ambassadors, had taken their seats together in a particular place, they all rose up and invited the old man to a seat; and when reiterated applause had been bestowed upon them by the whole assembly, one of them remarked, that the Athenians knew what was right, but were unwilling to do it. There are many excellent rules in our college, but this of which I am treating especially, that in proportion as each man has the advantage in age, so he takes precedence in giving his opinion; and older augurs are preferred not only to those who are higher in office, but even to such as are in actual command. What pleasures, then, of the body can be compared with the privileges of authority? which they who have nobly employed seem to me to have consummated the drama of life, and not like inexpert performers to have broken down in the last act. Still old men are peevish, and fretful, and passionate, and unmanageable, — nay, if we seek for such, also covetous: but these are the faults of their characters, not of their old age. And yet that peevishness and those faults which I have mentioned have some excuse, not quite satisfactory indeed, but such as may be admitted. They fancy that they are neglected, despised, made a jest of; besides, in a weak state of body every offence is irritating. All which defects, however, are extenuated by good dispositions and qualities; and this may be discovered not only in real life, but on the stage, from the two brothers that are represented in the Brothers; how much austerity in the one, and how much gentleness in the other! Such is the fact: for as it is not every wine, so it is not every man's life, that grows sour from old age. I approve of gravity in old age, but this in a moderate degree, like everything else; harshness by no means. What avarice in an old man can propose to itself I cannot conceive; for can anything be more absurd than, in proportion as less of our journey remains, to seek a greater supply of provisions?

A fourth reason remains, which seems most of all to distress and render anxious our time of life, namely, the near approach of death, which certainly cannot be far distant from old age. O

wretched old man, who in so long a time of life hast not seen that death is a thing to be despised! Which either ought altogether to be regarded with indifference, if it entirely annihilates the mind, or ought even to be desired, if it leads it to a place where it is destined to be immortal. Yet no third alternative certainly can be found.

What, therefore, should I fear, if after death I am sure either not to be miserable or to be happy? Although who is so foolish, though he be young, as to be assured that he will live even until the evening? Nay, that period of life has many more probabilities of death than ours has: young men more readily fall into diseases, suffer more severely, are cured with more difficulty, and therefore few arrive at old age. Did not this happen so, we should live better and more wisely, for intelligence, and reflection, and judgment reside in old men, and if there had been none of them, no states could exist at all. But I return to the imminence of death. What charge is that against old age, since you see it to be common to youth also? I experienced not only in the case of my own excellent son, but also in that of your brothers, Scipio, men plainly marked out for the highest distinction, that death was common to every period of life. Yet a young man hopes that he will live a long time, which expectation an old man cannot entertain. His hope is but a foolish one: for what can be more foolish than to regard uncertainties as certainties, delusions as truths? An old man indeed has nothing to hope for; yet he is in so much the happier state than a young one; since he has already attained what the other is only hoping for. The one is wishing to live long, the other has lived long. And yet, good gods! what is there in man's life that can be called long? For allow the latest period: let us anticipate the age of the kings of the Tartessii. For there dwelt, as I find it recorded, a man named Arganthonius at Gades, who reigned for eighty years, and lived 120. But to my mind, nothing whatever seems of long duration, in which there is any end. For when that arrives, then the time which has passed has flowed away; that only remains which you have secured by virtue and right conduct. Hours indeed depart from us, and days and months and years; nor does past time ever return, nor can it be discovered what is to follow. Whatever time is assigned to each to live, with that he ought to be content: for neither need the drama be performed entire by the actor, in order to give satisfaction, provided

he be approved in whatever act he may be: nor need the wise man live till the *plaudite*. For the short period of life is long enough for living well and honorably; and if you should advance further, you need no more grieve than farmers do when the loveliness of spring-time hath passed, that summer and autumn have come. For spring represents the time of youth, and gives promise of the future fruits; the remaining seasons are intended for plucking and gathering in those fruits. Now the harvest of old age, as I have often said, is the recollection and abundance of blessings previously secured. In truth everything that happens agreeably to nature is to be reckoned among blessings. What, however, is so agreeable to nature as for an old man to die? which even is the lot of the young, though nature opposes and resists. And thus it is that young men seem to me to die, just as when the violence of flame is extinguished by a flood of water; whereas old men die, as the exhausted fire goes out, spontaneously, without the exertion of any force: and as fruits when they are green are plucked by force from the trees, but when ripe and mellow drop off, so violence takes away their lives from youths, maturity from old men; a state which to me indeed is so delightful, that the nearer I approach to death, I seem as it were to be getting sight of land, and at length, after a long voyage, to be just coming into harbor.

Of all the periods of life there is a definite limit; but of old age there is no limit fixed; and life goes on very well in it, so long as you are able to follow up and attend to the duty of your situation, and, at the same time, to care nothing about death: whence it happens that old age is even of higher spirit and bolder than youth. Agreeable to this was the answer given to Pisistratus, the tyrant, by Solon; when on the former inquiring, "in reliance on what hope he so boldly withstood him," the latter is said to have answered, "on old age." The happiest end of life is this — when the mind and the other senses being unimpaired, the same nature, which put it together, takes asunder her own works. As in the case of a ship or a house, he who built them takes them down most easily; so the same nature which has compacted man, most easily breaks him up. Besides, every fastening of glue, when fresh, is with difficulty torn asunder, but easily when tried by time. Hence it is that that short remnant of life should be neither greedily coveted, nor without reason given up: and Pythagoras forbids us

to abandom the station or post of life without the orders of our commander, that is of God. There is indeed a saying of the wise Solon, in which he declares that he does not wish his own death to be unattended by the grief and lamentation of friends. He wishes, I suppose, that he should be dear to his friends. But I know not whether Ennius does not say with more propriety,

"Let no man pay me honor with tears, nor celebrate my funeral with mourning."

He conceives that a death ought not to be lamented which an immortality follows. Besides, a dying man may have some degree of consciousness, but that for a short time, especially in the case of an old man: after death, indeed, consciousness either does not exist, or is a thing to be desired. But this ought to be a subject of study from our youth, to be indifferent about death; without which study no one can be of tranquil mind. For die we certainly must, and it is uncertain whether or not on this very day. He, therefore, who at all hours dreads impending death, how can he be at peace in his mind? concerning which there seems to be no need of such long discussion, when I call to mind not only Lucius Brutus, who was slain in liberating his country; nor the two Decii, who spurred on their steeds to a voluntary death; nor Marcus Atilius, who set out to execution, that he might keep a promise pledged to the enemy; nor the two Scipios, who even with their very bodies sought to obstruct the march of the Carthaginians; nor your grandfather Lucius Paulus, who by his death atoned for the temerity of his colleague in the disgraceful defeat at Cannæ; nor Marcus Marcellus, whose corpse not even the most merciless foe suffered to go without the honor of sepulture: but that our legions, as I have remarked in my Antiquities, have often gone with cheerful and undaunted mind to that place, from which they believe that they should never return. Shall, then, well-instructed old men be afraid of that which young men, and they not only ignorant, but mere peasants, despise? On the whole, as it seems to me indeed, a satiety of all pursuits causes a satiety of life. There are pursuits peculiar to boyhood; do therefore young men regret the loss of them? There are also some of early youth; does that now settled age, which is called middle life, seek after these? There are also some of this period; neither are they looked for by old age. There are

some final pursuits of old age; accordingly, as the pursuits of the earlier parts of life fall into disuse, so also do those of old age; and when this has taken place, satiety of life brings on the seasonable period of death.

Indeed, I do not see why I should not venture to tell you what I myself think concerning death; because I fancy I see it so much the more clearly, in proportion as I am less distant from it. I am persuaded that your fathers, Publius Scipio, and Caius Lælius, men of the greatest eminence and very dear friends of mine, are living; and that life too which alone deserves the name of life. For whilst we are shut up in this prison of the body, we are fulfilling as it were the function and painful task of destiny: for the heaven-born soul has been degraded from its dwelling-place above, and as it were buried in the earth, a situation uncongenial to its divine and immortal nature. But I believe that the immortal gods have shed souls into human bodies, that beings might exist who might tend the earth, and by contemplating the order of the heavenly bodies, might imitate it in the manner and regularity of their lives. Nor have reason and argument alone influenced me thus to believe, but likewise the high name and authority of the greatest philosophers. I used to hear that Pythagoras and the Pythagoreans, who were all but our neighbors, who were formerly called the Italian philosophers, had no doubt that we possess souls derived from the universal divine mind. Moreover, the arguments were conclusive to me, which Socrates delivered on the last day of his life, concerning the immortality of the soul, — he who was pronounced by the oracle Apollo the wisest of all men. But why say more? I have thus persuaded myself, such is my belief: that since such is the activity of our souls, so tenacious their memory of things past, and their sagacity regarding things future, — so many arts, so many sciences, so many discoveries, that the nature which comprises these qualities cannot be mortal; and since the mind is ever in action and has no source of motion, because it moves itself, I believe that it never will find any end of motion, because it never will part from itself; and that since the nature of the soul is uncompounded, and has not in itself any mixture heterogeneous and dissimilar to itself, I maintain that it cannot undergo dissolution; and if this be not possible, it cannot perish; and it is a strong argument, that men know very many things before they are born, since when mere boys, while they are learning difficult

subjects, they so quickly catch up numberless ideas, that they seem not to be learning them then for the first time, but to remember them, and to be calling them to recollection. Thus did our Plato argue.

Moreover, in Xenophon, Cyrus the elder, on his death-bed, discourses thus: "Never imagine, O, my dearest sons, that when I have departed from you, I shall exist nowhere, or cease to be: for while I was with you you never saw my soul; though you concluded from the actions which I performed that it was in this body. Believe, therefore, that it still exists, though you will see nothing of it. Nor, in truth, would the honors of illustrious men continue after death, if their own spirits did not make us preserve a longer remembrance of them. I could never, indeed, be persuaded that souls, while they were in mortal bodies, lived; and when they had quitted them, perished: nor, in truth, that the soul became senseless when it made its escape from a senseless body; but that it then became wise when freed from every corporeal admixture, it had become pure and genuine. Besides, when the constitution of man is broken up by death, it is clear whither each of its other parts depart; for they all return to the source from whence they sprang: whereas the soul alone neither shows itself when it is with us, nor when it departs. Further, you see there is nothing so like death as sleep. Yet the souls of persons asleep especially manifest their divine nature; for when they are disengaged and free, they foresee many future events. From which we conclude in what state they will be when they shall have altogether released themselves from the fetters of the body. Wherefore, if this is the case, regard me as a god, but if the soul is destined to perish along with the body, yet you, reverencing the gods, who oversee and control all this beautiful system, will affectionately and sacredly preserve my memory." Such were the dying words of Cyrus.

Let me, if you please, revert to my own views. No one will ever persuade me that either your father, Paulus, or two grandfathers, Paulus and Africanus, or the father of Africanus, or his uncle, or the many distinguished men whom it is unnecessary to recount, aimed at such great exploits as might reach to the recollection of posterity, had they not perceived in their mind that posterity belonged to them. Do you suppose, to boast a little of myself, after the manner of old men, that I should have undergone such great toils, by day and night, at home and in service, had I thought to limit my glory by the same bounds as my

life? Would it not have been far better to pass an easy and quiet life without any toil or struggle? But I know not how my soul, stretching upwards, has ever looked forward to posterity, as if, when it had departed from life, then at last it would begin to live. And, indeed, unless this were the case, that souls were immortal, the souls of the noblest of men would not aspire above all things to an immortality of glory. Why need I adduce that the wisest man ever dies with the greatest equanimity, the most foolish with the least? Does it not seem to you that the soul, which sees more and further, sees that it is passing to a better state, while that body, whose vision is duller, does not see it? I, indeed, am transported with eagerness to see your fathers, whom I have respected and loved: nor in truth is it those only I desire to meet whom I myself have known; but those also of whom I have heard or read, and have myself written. Whither, indeed, as I proceed, no one assuredly should easily force me back, nor, as they did with Pelias, cook me again to youth. For if any god should grant me, that from this period of life I should become a child again and cry in the cradle, I should earnestly refuse it: nor in truth should I like, after having run, as it were, my course, to be called back to the starting-place from the goal. For what comfort has life? What trouble has it not, rather? But grant that it has; yet it assuredly has either satiety or limitation (of its pleasures). For I am not disposed to lament the loss of life, which many men, and those learned men too, have often done; neither do I regret that I have lived, since I have lived in such a way that I conceive I was not born in vain: and from this life I depart as from a temporary lodging, not as from a home. For nature has assigned it to us as an inn to sojourn in, not a place of habitation. Oh, glorious day! when I shall depart to that divine company and assemblage of spirits, and quit this troubled and polluted scene. For I shall go not only to those great men of whom I have spoken before, but also to my son Cato, than whom never was better man born, nor more distinguished for pious affection; whose body was burned by me, whereas, on the contrary, it was fitting that mine should be burned by him. But his soul not deserting me, but oft looking back, no doubt departed to those regions whither it saw that I myself was destined to come. Which, though a distress to me, I seemed patiently to endure: not that I bore it with indifference, but I comforted myself with the recollection that the separation and distance between us

would not continue long. For these reasons, O Scipio (since you said that you with Lælius were accustomed to wonder at this), old age is tolerable to me, and not only not irksome, but even delightful. And if I am wrong in this, that I believe the souls of men to be immortal, I willingly delude myself: nor do I desire that this mistake, in which I take pleasure, should be wrested from me as long as I live; but if I, when dead, shall have no consciousness, as some narrow-minded philosophers imagine, I do not fear lest dead philosophers should ridicule this my delusion. But if we are not destined to be immortal, yet it is a desirable thing for a man to expire at his fit time. For, as nature prescribes a boundary to all other things, so does she also to life. Now old age is the consummation of life, just as of a play; from the fatigue of which we ought to escape, especially when satiety is superadded. This is what I had to say on the subject of old age; to which may you arrive! that, after having experienced the truth of those statements which you have heard from me, you may be enabled to give them your approbation.

Cicero on Friendship.

Now friendship is nothing else than a complete union of feeling on all subjects, divine and human, accompanied by kindly feeling and attachment; than which, indeed, I am not aware whether, with the exception of wisdom, anything better has been bestowed on man by the immortal gods. Some men prefer riches, others good health, others influence, others again honors, many prefer even pleasures: the last, indeed, is the characteristic of beasts; while the former are fleeting and uncertain, depending not so much on our own purpose, as on the fickleness of fortune. Whereas those who place the supreme good in virtue, therein do admirably: but this very virtue itself both begets and constitutes friendship; nor without this virtue can friendship exist at all. Now let us define this virtue according to the usage of life, and of our common language; and let us not measure it, as certain learned persons do, by pomp of language; and let us include among the good those who are so accounted — the Paulli, the Catos, the Galli, the Scipios, and the Phili; with these men ordinary life is content; and let us pass over those who are nowhere found to exist. Amongst men of this kind, therefore, friendship finds facilities so great that I can scarcely describe them. In the first place — to whom can life be "worth living,"

as Ennius says, who does not repose on the mutual kind feeling of some friend? What can be more delightful than to have one to whom you can speak on all subjects just as to yourself? Where would be the great enjoyment in prosperity, if you had not one to rejoice in it equally with yourself? And adversity would indeed be difficult to endure, without some one who would bear it even with greater regret than yourself. In short, all other objects that are sought after are severally suited to some one single purpose: riches, that you may spend them; power, that you may be courted; honors, that you may be extolled; pleasures, that you may enjoy them; good health, that you may be exempt from harm, and perform the functions of the body. Whereas friendship comprises the greatest number of objects possible: wherever you turn yourself, it is at hand; shut out of no place, never out of season, never irksome; and therefore we do not use fire and water, as they say, on more occasions than we do friendship. And I am not now speaking of commonplace or ordinary friendship (though even that brings delight and benefit), but of real and true friendship, such as belonged to those of whom very few are recorded: for prosperity, friendship renders more brilliant; and adversity more supportable, by dividing and communicating it.

And while friendship embraces very many and great advantages, she undoubtedly surpasses all in this, that she shines with a brilliant hope over the future, and never suffers the spirit to be weakened or to sink. Besides, he who looks on a true friend, looks as it were upon a kind of image of himself: wherefore friends, though absent, are still present; though in poverty, they are rich; though weak, yet in the enjoyment of health; and, what is still more difficult to assert, though dead they are alive; so entirely does the honor, the memory, the regret of friends attend them; from which circumstance, the death of the one seems to be happy, and the life of the other praiseworthy: nay, should you remove from nature the cement of kind feelings, neither a house nor a city will be able to stand; even the cultivation of the land will not continue. If it be not clearly perceived how great is the power of friendship and concord, it can be distinctly inferred from quarrels and dissensions; for what house is there so established, or what state so firmly settled, that may not utterly be overthrown by hatred and dissension? from which it may be determined how much advantage there is in friendship.

In friendship there is nothing false, and nothing pretended; and whatever belongs to it is sincere and spontaneous. Wherefore friendship seems to me to have sprung rather from nature than from a sense of want, and more from an attachment of the mind with a certain feeling of affection, than from a calculation how much advantage it would afford. And of what nature indeed it is, may be observed in the case of certain beasts; for they love their offspring up to a certain time, and are loved by them in such a way that their emotions are easily discovered. And this is much more evident in man. In the first place, from that affection, which subsists between children and parents, which cannot be destroyed without detestable wickedness: next, where a similar feeling of love has existed, if we have met with any one with whose character and disposition we sympathize, because we appear to discover in him a certain effulgence as it were of integrity and virtue. For nothing is more amiable than virtue, nothing which more strongly allures us to love it, seeing that because of their virtue and integrity we can in a certain degree love those whom we have never seen.

Now if such be the influence of integrity, that we love it even in those whom we have never seen, and, what is much more, even in an enemy, what wonder if men's feelings are affected when they seem to discover the goodness and virtue of those with whom they may become connected by intercourse? although love is confirmed by the reception of kindness, and by the discovery of an earnest sympathy, and by close familiarity; which things being added to the first emotion of the mind and the affections, there is kindled a large amount of kindly feeling. And if any imagine that this proceeds from a sense of weakness, so that there shall be secured a friend, by whom a man may obtain that which he wants, they leave to friendship a mean indeed, and, if I may so speak, anything but respectable origin, when they make her to be born of indulgence and want: were this the case, then in proportion as a man judged that there were the least resources in himself, precisely in that degree would he be best qualified for friendship; whereas the fact is far otherwise. For just as a man has most confidence in himself, and as he is most completely fortified by worth and wisdom, so that he needs no one's assistance, and feels that all his resources reside in himself; in the same proportion he is most highly distinguished for seeking out and forming friendships. For what did Africanus want of me? nothing whatever; nor

indeed did I need aught from him: but I loved him from admiration of his excellence; he in turn perhaps was attached to me from some high opinion which he entertained of my character, and association fostered our affection. But although many and great advantages ensued, yet it was not from any hope of these that the causes of our attachment sprang; for as we are beneficent and liberal, not to exact favor in return (for we are not usurers in kind actions), but by nature are inclined to liberality, thus I think that friendship is to be desired, not attracted by the hope of reward, but because the whole of its profit consists in love only. From such opinions, they who, after the fashion of beasts, refer everything to pleasure, widely differ: and no great wonder, since they cannot look up to anything lofty, magnificent, or divine, who cast all their thoughts on an object so mean and contemptible. Therefore let us exclude such persons altogether from our discourse; and let us ourselves hold this opinion, that the sentiment of loving, and the attachment of kind feelings, are produced by nature, when the evidence of virtue has been established; and they who have eagerly sought the latter, draw nigh and attach themselves to it, that they may enjoy the friendship and character of the individual they have begun to love, and that they may be commensurate and equal in affection, and more inclined to confer a favor than to claim any return. And let this honorable struggle be maintained between them; so not only will the greatest advantages be derived from friendship, but its origin from nature, rather than from a sense of weakness, will be at once more impressive and more true. For if it were expediency that cemented friendships, the same when changed would dissolve them; but because nature can never change, therefore true friendships are eternal.

Let this, therefore, be established as a primary law concerning friendship, that we expect from our friends only what is honorable, and for our friends' sake do what is honorable; that we should not wait till we are asked; that zeal be ever ready, and reluctance far from us; but that we take pleasure in freely giving our advice; that in our friendship, the influence of our friends, when they give good advice, should have great weight; and that this be employed to admonish not only candidly, but even severely, if the case shall require, and that we give heed to it when so employed; for, as to certain persons, whom I understand to have been esteemed wise men in Greece, I am of

opinion that some strange notions were entertained by them; but there is nothing which they do not follow up with too great subtlety: among the rest, that excessive friendships should be avoided, lest it should be necessary for one to feel anxiety for many; that every one has enough, and more than enough, of his own affairs; that to be needlessly implicated in those of other people is vexatious; that it was most convenient to hold the reins of friendship as loose as possible, so as either to tighten or slacken them when you please; for they argue, that the main point towards a happy life is freedom from care, which the mind cannot enjoy if one man be, as it were, in travail for others. Nay, they tell us that some are accustomed to declare, still more unfeelingly (a topic which I have briefly touched upon just above), that friendships should be cultivated for the purpose of protection and assistance, and not for kind feeling or affection; and therefore the less a man possesses of independence, and of strength, in the same degree he most earnestly desires friendships; that thence it arises that women seek the support of friendship more than men, and the poor more than the rich, and persons in distress rather than those who are considered prosperous. Admirable philosophy! for they seem to take away the sun from the world who withdraw friendship from life; for we receive nothing better from the immortal gods, nothing more delightful: for what is this freedom from care? — in appearances, indeed, flattering; but, in many cases, in reality to be disdained. Nor is it reasonable to refuse to undertake any honorable matter or action lest you should be anxious, or to lay it aside when undertaken; for if we fly from care, we must fly from virtue also; for it is impossible that she can, without some degree of distress, feel contempt and detestation for qualities opposed to herself; just as kindheartedness for malice, temperance for profligacy, and bravery for cowardice. Accordingly, you see that upright men are most distressed by unjust actions; the brave with the cowardly; the virtuous with the profligate: and, therefore, this is the characteristic of a well-regulated mind, both to be well pleased with what is excellent, and to be distressed with what is contrary. Wherefore, if trouble of mind befall a wise man (and assuredly it will, unless we suppose that all humanity is extirpated from his mind), what reason is there why we should altogether remove friendship from life, lest because of it we should take upon ourselves some troubles? for what difference

is there (setting the emotions of the mind aside), I do not say between a man and a beast, but between a man and a stone, or log, or anything of that kind? For they do not deserve to be listened to, who would have virtue to be callous, and made of iron, as it were; which indeed is, as in other matters, so in friendship also, tender and susceptible; so that friends are loosened, as it were, by happy events, and drawn together by distresses.

Wherefore the anxiety which has often to be felt for a friend is not of such force that it should remove friendship from the world, any more than that the virtues, because they bring with them certain cares and troubles, should therefore be discarded. For when it produces friendship (as I said above), should any indication of virtue shine forth, to which a congenial mind may attach and unite itself — when this happens, affection must necessarily arise. For what is so unmeaning as to take delight in many vain things, such as preferments, glory, magnificent buildings, clothing and adornment of the body; and not to take an extreme delight in a soul endued with virtue, in such a soul as can either love, or (so to speak) love in return? for there is nothing more delightful than the repayment of kindness, and the interchange of devotedness and good offices. Now if we add this, which may with propriety be added, that there is nothing which so allures and draws any object to itself as congeniality does friendship, it will of course be admitted as true, that the good must love the good, and unite them to themselves, just as if connected by relationship and nature; for nothing is more apt to seek and seize on its like than nature. Wherefore this certainly is clear, Fannius and Scævola (in my opinion), that among the good a liking for the good is, as it were, inevitable; and this indeed is appointed by nature herself as the very fountain of friendship. But the same kind disposition belongs also to the multitude; for virtue is not inhuman, or cruel, or haughty, since she is accustomed to protect even whole nations, and to adopt the best measures for their welfare, which assuredly she would not do did she shrink from the affection of the vulgar. And to myself, indeed, those who form friendships with a view to advantage seem to do away with its most endearing bond; for it is not so much the advantage obtained through a friend, as the mere love of that friend, which delights; and then only what has proceeded from a friend becomes delightful, if it has proceeded from zeal-

ous affection: and that friendship should be cultivated from a sense of necessity, is so far from being the case, that those who, being endowed with power and wealth, and especially with virtue (in which is the strongest support of friendship), have least need of another, are most liberal and generous. Yet I am not sure whether it is requisite that friends should never stand in any need; for wherein would any devotedness of mine to him have been exerted, if Scipio had never stood in need of my advice or assistance at home or abroad? Wherefore friendship has not followed upon advantage, but advantage on friendship.

Persons, therefore, who are wallowing in indulgence will not need to be listened to if ever they shall descant upon friendship, which they have known neither by experience nor by theory. For who is there, by the faith of gods and men, who would desire, on the condition of his loving no one, and himself being loved by none, to roll in affluence, and live in a superfluity of all things? For this is the life of tyrants, in which undoubtedly there can be no confidence, no affection, no steady dependence on attachment; all is perpetually mistrust and disquietude — there is no room for friendship. For who can love either him whom he fears, or him by whom he thinks he himself is feared? Yet are they courted, solely in hypocrisy, for a time; because, if perchance (as it frequently happens) they have been brought low, then is it perceived how destitute they were of friends. And this, they say, Tarquin expressed; that when going into exile, he found out whom he had as faithful friends, and whom unfaithful ones, since then he could no longer show gratitude to either party; although I wonder that, with such haughtiness and impatience of temper, he could find one at all. And as the character of the individual whom I have mentioned could not obtain true friends, so the riches of many men of rank exclude all faithful friendship; for not only is fortune blind herself, but she commonly renders blind those whom she embraces. Accordingl, such persons are commonly puffed up with pride and insolence, nor can anything be found more intolerable than a fortunate fool. And thus indeed, one may observe, that those who before were of agreeable character, by military command, by preferment, by prosperity, are changed, and old friendships are despised by them, and new ones cherished. For what can be more foolish than, when men are possessed of great influence by their wealth, power, and resources, to procure other things

which are procured by money — horses, slaves, rich apparel, costly vases — and not to procure friends, the most valuable and fairest furniture of life, if I may so speak; for while they are procuring those things, they know not for whom they are procuring them, nor for whose sake they are laboring. For every one of these things belongs to him who is most powerful, whereas the possession of his friendships is preserved to every one steadfast and secure; so that if those things are preserved which are, as it were, the gifts of fortune, yet a life unadorned and abandoned by friends cannot possibly be happy. But on this head enough.

But it is required to lay down what limits there are in friendship, and, as it were, what bounds of loving, concerning which I see three opinions held, of none of which I approve: — the first, that we should be affected towards a friend in the same manner as towards ourselves; the second, that our goodwill towards our friends should exactly and equally answer to their goodwill towards us; the third, that at whatever value a man sets himself, at the same he should be estimated by his friends. To none of these three opinions do I entirely assent. For the first one is not true, that as a man feels towards himself so he should be disposed towards his friend. For how many things, which, for our own sake, we should never do, do we perform for the sake of our friends? To ask favors of unworthy persons, to supplicate them, to inveigh bitterly against any one, and to accuse him with great vehemence, which in our own cases cannot be done creditably, in the case of our friends are most honorably done; and there are many cases in which good men subtract many things from their own interests, or allow them to be substracted, that their friends, rather than themselves, may enjoy them. The second opinion is that which limits friendship to an equality of kind actions and kind wishes: this is indeed to reduce friendship to figures too minutely and penuriously, so that there may be a balance of received and paid. True friendship seems to be far too rich and affluent for that, and not to observe, narrowly, lest it should pay more than it receives: nor need it be feared lest anything should be lost or fall to the ground, or lest more than what is fair should be accumulated on the side of friendship. But the third limitation is most detestable, that at whatever value a man sets on himself, at that value he should be estimated by his friends; for often, in certain persons, either their spirit is too

humble, or their hope of improving their condition too despondingly; it is not, therefore, the part of a friend to be towards him what he is to himself; but rather to use every effort, and to contrive to cheer the prostrate spirit of his friend, and to encourage better hopes and thoughts. Therefore I must lay down some other limit of true friendship, as soon as I shall have stated what Scipio was accustomed above all things to reprehend. He used to declare that no speech could be found more hostile to friendship, than his who had said that a man ought so to love as if one day he would come to hate. Nor, indeed, could he be induced to believe that this, as was supposed, was said by Bias, who was considered one of the seven wise men; but that it was the opinion of some wicked or ambitious man, or one who sought to bring everything under his own power. For in what manner can any one be a friend to him to whom he thinks he may possibly become an enemy? Moreover, it will follow that he desires and wishes his friend to do wrong as often as possible, that he may afford him, as it were, so many handles for reproach. And, again, at the right conduct and advantage of his friends he will necessarily be tormented, grieved, and jealous. Wherefore, this precept, to whomsoever it belongs, is powerful only for the destruction of friendship. This, rather, should have been the precept, that we should employ such carefulness in forming our friendships, that we should not any time begin to love the man whom we could ever possibly hate. Moreover, if we have been but unfortunate in our selection, Scipio was of opinion that this should be submitted to, rather than that a time of alienation should ever be contemplated.

I think, therefore, we must adopt these limitations, that when the character of friends is correct, then there should be a community between them of all things, of purpose and of will, without any exception; so that, even if by any chance it has happened that the less honorable wishes of our friends have to be forwarded, in which either their life is concerned, or their reputation, then you may decline a little from the straight path, provided only extreme infamy do not follow; for there is a point to which indulgence may be granted to friendship: yet reputation must not be disregarded; nor ought we to esteem the good will of our fellow countrymen as an engine of small value in the administration of the state, although to seek it by fawning and flattering is mean indeed; yet virtue, on which affection is consequent, should by no means be rejected. But fre-

quently (for I return to Scipio, the whole of whose discourse was concerning friendship) he used to complain, that in all other things men were comparatively careful; so that every man could tell how many goats or how many sheep he possessed, yet how many friends he had he could not tell; and in procuring the former, men employed carefulness, while in selecting their friends they were negligent, nor had they, as it were, any signs or marks by which they determined who were suited for friendship. The steadfast, then, and the steady, and the consistent are to be selected, of which class of persons there is a great scarcity; and, in truth, it is difficult for any one to judge, unless after he is experienced. Now the trial must be made in actual friendship; thus friendship outstrips judgment, and removes the power of making experiments. It is the part, therefore, of a prudent man, to check the impetus of his kindly feeling as he would his chariot, that we may have our friendships, like our horses, fully proved when the character of our friends has been in some measure tested. Of some, it is often discovered in small sums of money how void of worth they are. Some, whom a small sum could not influence, are discovered in the case of a large one. But, even if some shall be found who think it sordid to prefer money to friendship, where should we find those who do not place above friendship high dignities, magistracies, military command, civil authorities, and influence? so that, when on the one side these objects have been proposed, and the claim of friendship on the other, they would not far prefer the former. For nature is too weak to despise the possession of power; for, even if they have attained it by the slighting of friendship, they think the act will be thrown into the shade, because friendship was not overlooked without strong grounds. Therefore real friendships are found with most difficulty among those who are invested with high offices, or in business of the state. For where can you find the man who would prefer his friend's advancement to his own? And why? For to pass over those matters, how grievous, how impracticable to most men does participation in afflictions appear! to which it is not easy to find the man who will descend. Although Ennius truly says, "A sure friend, is discerned in an unsure matter." Yet these two charges of inconstancy and of weakness condemn most men: either in their prosperity they despise a friend, or in his trouble they desert him.

He who, therefore, shall have shown himself in both cases

as regards friendship, worthy, consistent, and steadfast; such a one we ought to esteem of a class of persons extremely rare, nay, almost godlike. Now, the foundation of that steadfastness and constancy, which we seek in friendship, is sincerity. For nothing is steadfast which is insincere. Besides, it is right that one should be chosen who is frank and good-natured, and congenial in his sentiments; one, in fact, who is influenced by the same motives; all which qualities have a tendency to create sincerity. For it is impossible for a wily and tortuous disposition to be sincere. Nor in truth can the man who has no sympathy from nature, and who is not moved by the same considerations, be either attached or steady. To the same requisites must be added, that he shall neither take delight in bringing forward charges, nor believe them when they arise; all which causes belong to that consistent principle, of which now for some time I have been treating. Thus the remark is true, which I made at first, that friendship can only exist among the good: for it is the part of a good man (whom at the same time we may call a wise man) to observe these two rules in friendship: first, that there be nothing pretended or simulated (for even to hate openly better becomes the ingenuous man, than by his looks to conceal his sentiments); in the next place, that not only does he repel charges when brought (against his friends) by any one, but is not himself suspicious, ever fancying that some infidelity has been committed by his friend. To all this there should be added a certain suavity of conversation and manners, affording as it does no inconsiderable zest to friendship. Now solemnity and gravity on all occasions, certainly, carry with them dignity; but friendship ought to be easier and more free and more pleasant, and tending more to every kind of politeness and good nature.

But there arises on this subject a somewhat difficult question; whether ever new friends, if deserving friendship, are to be preferred to old ones, just us we are wont to prefer young colts to old horses? a perplexity unworthy of a man; for there ought to be no satiety of friendship as of other things; every thing which is oldest (as those wines which bear age well) ought to be sweetest; and that is true which is sometimes said, "Many bushels of salt must be eaten together," before the duty of friendship can be fulfilled. But new friendships, if they afford a hope that, as in the case of plants which never disappoint, fruits shall appear, such are not to be rejected; yet the

old one must be preserved in its proper place, for the power of age and custom is exceedingly great; besides, in the very case of the horse, which I just mentioned, if there is no impediment, there is no one who does not more pleasurably use that to which he is accustomed than one unbroken and strange to him; and habit asserts its power, and habit prevails, not only in the case of this, which is animate, but also in the cases of those things which are inanimate, since we take delight in the very mountainous or woody scenery among which we have long dwelt. But it is of the greatest importance in friendship that the superior should be on an equality with the inferior.

As therefore those who are superior in the connection of friendship and of union ought to put themselves on a level with their inferiors; so ought the inferiors not to grieve that they are surpassed by their friends either in genius, or fortune, or rank: whereas most of them are always either complaining of something, or even breaking out into reproaches; and so much the more if they think they have anything which they can say was done by them in an obliging and friendly manner with some exertion on their part. A disgusting set of people assuredly they are who are ever reproaching you with their services; which the man on whom they are conferred ought indeed to remember, but he who conferred them ought not to call them to mind. Wherefore, as those who are superior ought in the exercise of friendship to condescend; so, in a measure, they ought to raise up their inferiors. For there are some persons who render friendships with them annoying, while they fancy they are slighted: this does not commonly happen except to those who think themselves liable to be slighted; and from this belief they require to be relieved, not only by your professions but by your actions. Now, first of all, so much advantage is to be bestowed on each as you yourself can produce; and in the next place, as much as he whom you love and assist can bear; for you could not, however eminent you might be, bring all your friends to the very highest honor; just as Scipio had power to make Publius Rutilius consul, but could not do the same for his brother Lucius: indeed, even if you have the power to confer what you please on another, yet you must consider what he can bear. On the whole, those connections only can be considered as friendships, when both the dispositions and age have been established and matured. Nor, when persons have been in early life attached to hunting or tennis, are they bound to make inti-

mates of those whom at that time they loved, as being endowed with the same taste; for on that principle, our nurses and the tutors of our childhood, by right of priority, will claim the greatest part of our affection; who, indeed, should not be neglected, but possess our regard in some other manner: otherwise friendships could not continue steadfast. For dissimilar habits and dissimilar pursuits ensue; the dissimilarity of which severs friendships; it is for no other cause that the good cannot be friends of the worthless, or the worthless of the good; but that there is between them the greatest difference that can subsist of characters and pursuits. For in friendships this precept may be properly laid down, not to let ill-regulated affection (as often is the case) thwart and impede the great usefulness of friends: nor in truth (to revert to fiction) could Neoptolemus have taken Troy if he had been inclined to listen to Lycomedes, with whom he had been brought up, when with many tears he sought to prevent his journey: and often important occasions arise, so that you must bid farewell to our friends; and he who would hinder them, because he cannot easily bear the regret for their loss, such an one is both weak and effeminate, and on that ground unjust in his friendship. And in every case it is necessary to consider, both what you would ask of a friend, and what favor you would permit to be obtained from yourself.

Now they are worthy of friendship in whom there exists a reason why they should be loved; a rare class (for in truth all that is excellent is rare); nor is aught more difficult than to find anything which in every respect is perfect of its kind: but most men recognize nothing as good in human affairs but what is profitable; and with their friends, as with cattle, they love those most especially from whom they hope they will receive most advantage; and thus they are destitute of that most beautiful and most natural friendship, which is desirable for itself and of itself; nor do they exemplify to themselves what and how powerful this quality of friendship is. For every one loves himself, not that he may exact from himself some reward of his affection, but that, for his own sake, every one is dear to himself. And unless this same principle be transferred to friendship, a true friend will never be found; for such an one is, as it were, a second self. Now, if this is apparent in beasts, birds, fishes, creatures of the field, tame and wild, that first they love themselves (for the principle is alike born with every living thing); in the next place, that they seek out and desire some

creatures of the same species to which they may unite themselves, and do this with desire, and with a kind of resemblance to human love; how much more naturally does this take place in man by nature, who not only loves himself, but seeks for another whose soul he may so mingle with his own, as almost to create one person out of two?

Yet most men, perversely, not to say shamelessly, desire to have a friend, such as they themselves are unable to be; and allowances which they themselves make not for their friends, they require from them. Now, the fair thing is, first that a man himself should be good, and then that he should seek another like to himself. Amongst such persons, there may be established that solidity of friendship which I have long been treating on: when men are united by benevolent feeling, they will first of all master those passions to which others are slaves; next, they will take pleasure in equity and justice, and the one will undertake everything for the other; nor will the one ever ask of the other anything but what is honorable and right: nor will they only mutually regard and love each other, but even have a feeling of respect; for he removes the greatest ornament of friendship, who takes away from it respect. Accordingly, there is a pernicious error in those who think that a free indulgence in all lusts and sins is extended in friendship. Friendship was given us by nature as the handmaid of virtues, and not as the companion of our vices: that since, alone and unaided, virtue could not arrive at the highest attainments, she might be able to do so when united and associated with another; and if such a society between any persons either exists or has existed, or is likely to do so, their companionship is to be esteemed, in respect of the chief good in life, most excellent and most happy. This, I say, is that association in which all things exist which men deem worthy the pursuit; reputation, high esteem, peace of mind, and cheerfulness; so that where these blessings are present, life is happy, and without these cannot be so. And whereas this is the best and highest of objects, if we would gain it, attention must be paid to virtue; without which we can neither obtain friendship nor anything worthy of pursuit: indeed, should this be disregarded, they who think they possess friends, too late find that they are mistaken, when some grievous misfortune compels them to make the trial. Wherefore (for I must say it again and again) when you have formed your judgment, then it behooves

to give your affections; and not when you have given your affections, then to form the judgment; but while in many cases we suffer for our carelessness, so especially in choosing and cultivating friends; for we adopt a preposterous plan, and set about doing what has been already done, which we are forbidden by the old proverb to do. For, being entangled on every side, either by daily intercourse or else by kind offices, suddenly, in the middle of our course, on some offence arising, we break off our friendships altogether.

Wherefore so much the more is this great negligence to be blamed in a matter of the highest necessity. For friendship is the only point in human affairs, concerning the benefit of which, all with one voice agree; although by many virtue herself is despised, and is said to be a mere bragging and ostentation. Many persons despise riches; for, being content with a little, moderate food and a moderate style of living delights them; as to high offices, in truth, with the ambitious desire of which some men are inflamed, how many men so completely disregard them, that they think nothing is more vain and more trifling: and likewise there are those who reckon as nothing other things which to some men seem worthy of admiration: concerning friendship, all to a man have the same opinion. Those who have devoted themselves to political affairs, and those who find pleasure in knowledge and learning, and those who transact their own affairs at their leisure, and lastly, those who have given themselves wholly up to pleasure, feel that without friendship life is nothing, at least if they are inclined in any degree to live respectably; for somehow or other, friendship entwines itself with the life of all men, nor does it suffer any mode of spending our life to be independent of itself. Moreover, if there is any one of such ferocity and brutality of nature, that he shuns and hates the intercourse of mankind, such as we have heard that one Timon was at Athens; yet even he cannot possibly help looking out for some one on whom he may disgorge the venom of his ill-nature. And this would be most clearly decided if something of this kind could happen — that some god should remove us from the crowded society of men, and place us somewhere in solitude, and there supplying us with abundance and plenty of all things which nature requires, yet should take from us altogether the opportunity of seeing a human being; who would then be so insensible that he could endure such a life, and from whom would not solitude take

away the enjoyment of all pleasure? Accordingly, there is truth in that which I have heard our old men relate to have been commonly said by Archytas of Tarentum, and I think heard by them from others their elders, that if any one could have ascended to the sky, and surveyed the structure of the universe, and the beauty of the stars, that such admiration would be insipid to him; and yet it would be most delightful if he had some one to whom he might describe it. Thus nature loves nothing solitary, and always reaches out to something, as a support, which ever in the sincerest friend is most delightful.

On the Death of Cæsar.

Is it really so? Has all that has been done by our common Brutus come to this, that he should live at Sanuvium, and Trebonius repair by devious marches to his government? That all the actions, writings, words, promises and purposes of Cæsar should carry with them more force than they would have done, had he been alive? You may remember what loud remonstrances I made the very first day we met in the capitol, that the Senate should be summoned thither by the prætors. Immortal gods! What might we not have then carried amidst the universal joy of our patriots, and even our half-patriots, and the general rout of those robbers. You disapprove of what was done on the 18th of March, but what could be done? We were undone before that day. Do not you remember you called out that our cause was ruined, if Cæsar had a public funeral? But a funeral he had, and that too in the Forum, and graced with pathetic encomiums, which encouraged slaves and beggars, with flaming torches in their hands, to burn our houses. What followed? Were they not insolent enough to say, "Cæsar issued the command, and you must obey?" I cannot bear these and other things. I therefore think of retiring, and leaving behind me country after country; and even your favorite Greece is too much exposed to the political storm to continue in it.